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Risking some heat from this growing group of alarmists, Forbes took an independent look at the situation. What we found was indeed alarming. But it was hype, not heat. Not only does the latest data show that the effects of the greenhouse effect are—at worst—minimal, the cure being touted could easily result in a revolt of the poor countries against the rich and hurl the world economy into the red.

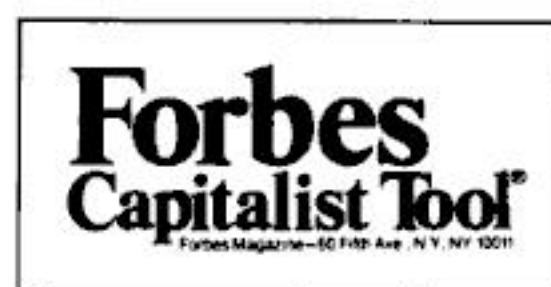
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SPY

THE COVER
Ann Magnuson photographed
by Bonnie Schiffman. Styled
by Barbara Tfrank.
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► Pry teeth from corpse; sell teeth to gold traders; melt teeth down; refashion them into attractive jewelry for rap groups. It's called popping chops, and it's highly lucrative—a good-size mortuary could easily make \$3,000 a month off the dearly departed. No one's talking about it. Except PHILIP WEISS. Plus: JOE QUEENAN asks morticians how he can get the teeth of his (fictional) old aunt 100

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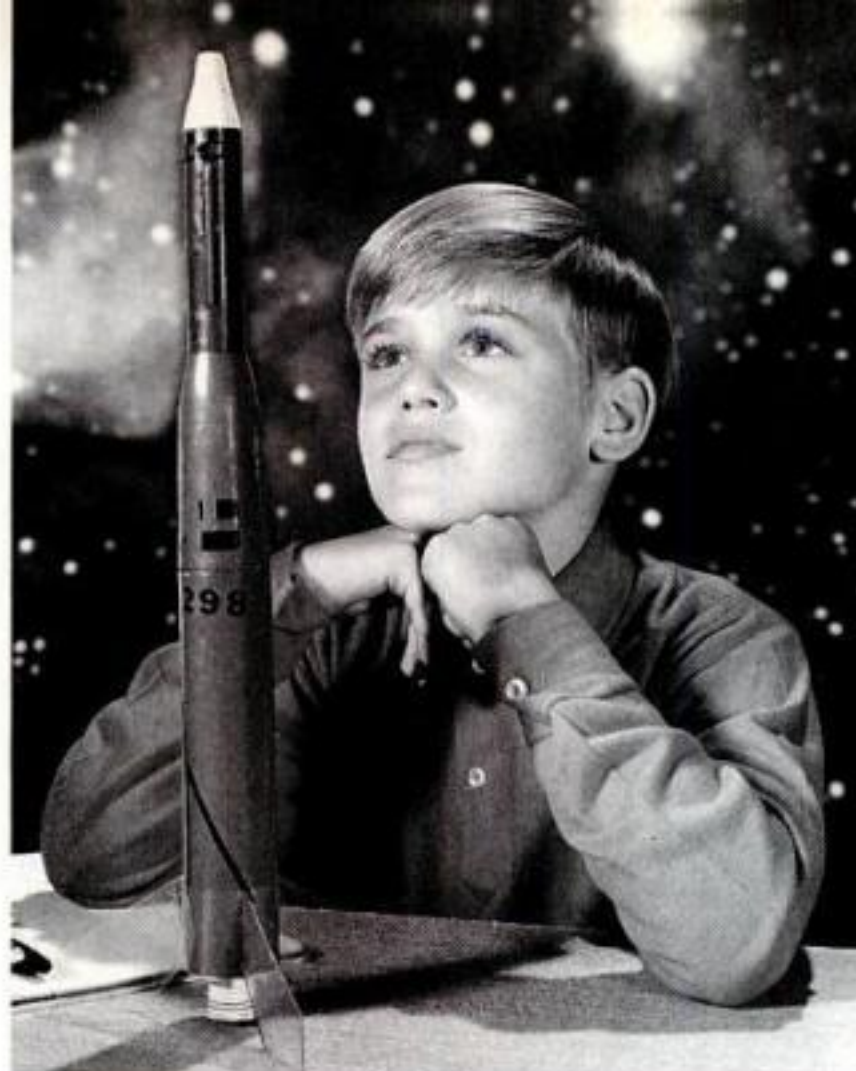


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MARCH EQUALS CHARM, ANAGRAMMATICALLY SPEAKING. YOU KNOW: M-A-R-C-H...PULL THE CH FROM THE END OF the word to the front, put the *m* at the end. And so by means of our very own branch of occult science we have hit at last on the perfect moniker for these next ten years: this is the Charm Decade—which looks to be pretty much the same as the eighties but with a couple of fond looks at the kids, some heartfelt thank-you notes and a few hundred dollars thrown in for charity. *ws* Ivana Trump epitomizes a certain kind of charm. “Most feminists,” she announced re-

cently, “aren’t married, and have no children.... They’re never going to get married, because they can’t find a husband.... I’m a normal woman.” The one part of nineties style she doesn’t quite get is charity. Why don’t the Trumps give more money away to the needy? “We’re young,” she explained, “and we need the money to build and do more.” *Not* the continuation of unashamed greed, *no*: a celebration of youth, of family values, of dreams for the future. *ws* A new earnestness is epidemic. Consider Barry Slotnick, the lawyer and PR machine who spent the eighties working to



become the new Roy Cohn—defending mafiosi and Bernhard Goetz, threatening to defend Manuel Noriega. Now that it’s the nineties, Slotnick says he may run for Congress. *Not* the continuation of unbridled egotism, *no*: a recommitment to civic life, to giving a damn about the state of this nation. “Washington,” Slotnick says, “is where it’s at.” *ws* Lee “Washington Is Where It’s At” Atwater, America’s preeminent Republican blues artist (his album with B. B. King and Isaac Hayes, *Red Hot & Blue*, will be in stores soon), says that during the eighties “I was being blamed on”—he probably means blamed *for*—“everything.” But these are the nineties, and Atwater is a new man. “With baby-boomers now,” says the man who tried to smear the speaker of the House as a closet homosexual, “the trend is toward understanding the importance, the richness, the beauty of human relationships. I think

M

arch equals charm

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Atwater is a new man. “With baby-boomers now,” says the man who tried to smear the speaker of the House as a closet homosexual, “the trend is toward understanding the importance, the richness, the beauty of human relationships. I think



that simple notion will manifest itself a thousand different ways in the political system." *Not* more cynical, jingoistic, race-baiting political campaigns, *no*: important, rich, beautiful human relationships. In fact, this just may be the Relationship Decade.

Other fun-loving rednecks have been a bit slower to grasp the lip-service-to-racial-tolerance part of the nineties. In Shreveport, Louisiana, local businesses sported a cartoon-map poster—bearing the local tourist bureau's logo—that depicted residents of black Shreveport neighborhoods as cockroaches being sprayed with insecticide by a white hand. In one neighborhood on the map there was a gorilla saying "Ya we bad." A pretty shocking thing in this day and age—but *no*, that's just it: the map was produced in the 1980s. Even the reaction against the map was couched in anachronistic, eighties terms: "It's not going to help us with Wall Street, with our bond rating," one Shreveport city councilman said. Yet when certain people's hurt feelings were brought to the map publisher's attention, the publisher was shocked and very, very sorry: *no*, Centennial Publishing said, caricaturing black people as vermin and apes was *not* meant to be any kind of racial statement.

No, the Dinkins Decade (New York's new mayor is insisting reporters call him Mr. Dinkins, not David, even though he tends to call reporters Buddy) is about reaching out to people of all races and ethnic origins. "I *habla* [sic] a little *español*, *poquito*," the president of the United States said to the Hispanic wife of an American soldier who had fought in the recent Panama adventure. The woman apparently spoke perfect English, but that didn't stop Poppy from reaching out some more, asking whether she still had "*familia*" down there. That's our tough-love commander in chief: kicking Central American butt one day, mortifying Central American immigrants the next. In the nineties, the citizenry has such faith in the president that even the White House spokesman, the official full-time promoter of George Bush, feels free to dribble out arch, ironic endorsements of him: "We see him," a smiling Marlin Fitzwater told reporters, "as the same bold, visionary, macho, strong, *whatever* leader he's always been."

One new way to think about George Bush: he's not just a schoolboyish ditz, not

just a hearty leader-by-default but rather a combination of Gilligan and the Skipper. "He was *so* strong," Bob "Gilligan" Denver said of Alan "Skipper" Hale Jr. after Hale died earlier this year, "that I could run across the stage and he could catch me like a feather. That," Denver hardly needed to



add, "is what made our comedy so great."

What makes the Gottis' comedy so great? John Gotti's son John, called Junior by his pals, is said by the *Daily News* to have formally joined his father's business about a year ago and to now manage one of its extortion-loan-sharking-narcotics subsidiaries. But the key to Gotti-fun is their lawyer, the big, blustery Alan Hale-like Bruce Cutler. Junior, Cutler insists, is a "totally legitimate businessman." Mafia? No, no, *not* that: he's a transportation entrepreneur. "He's got nothing to do with any mob or anything like that, and he's the opposite of a bully." Yes, his friends are the sons of mobsters, Cutler admits, but that's only because—remember, this is the Decade of the Family—"his father is friends with their fathers."

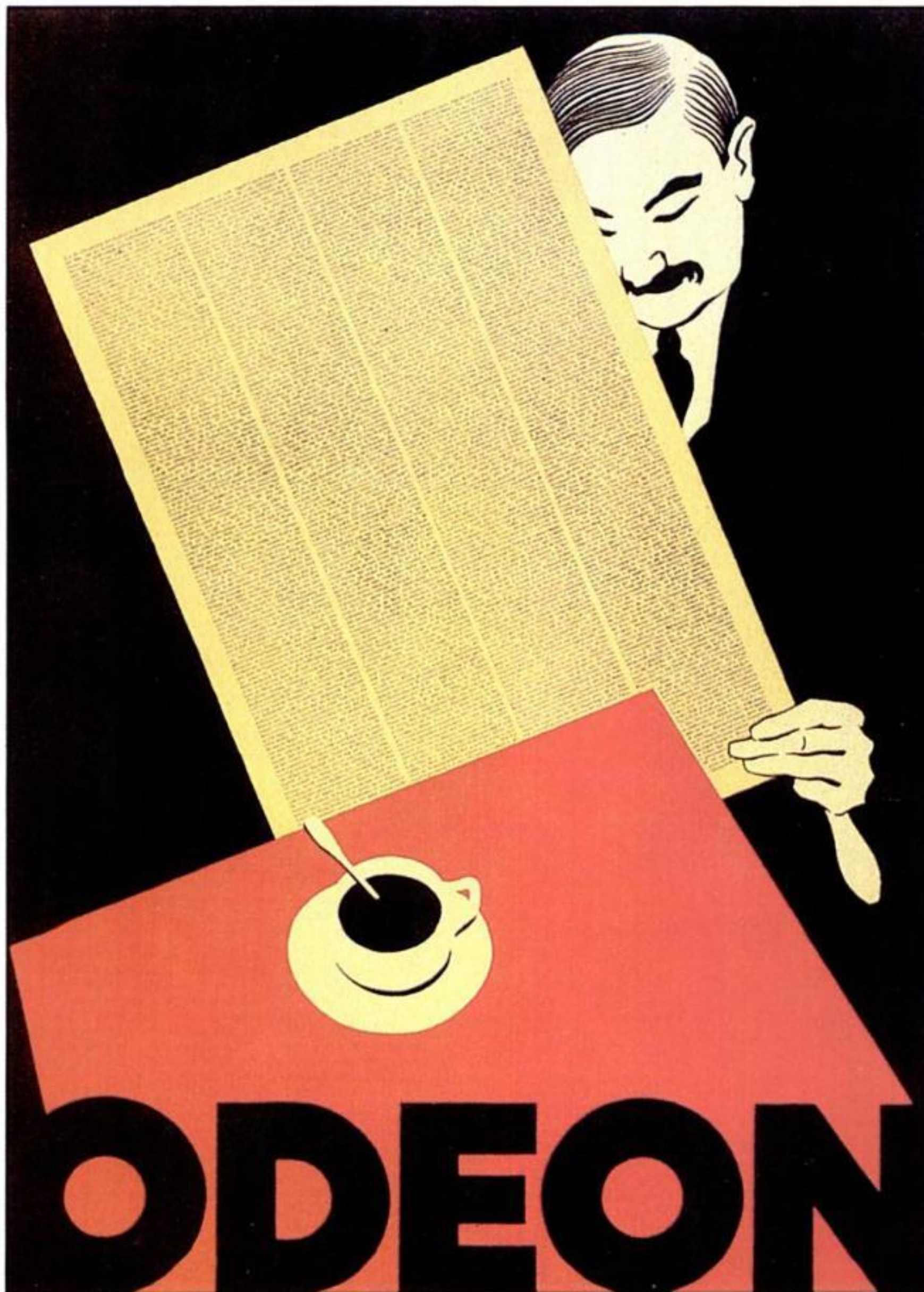
Norman Mailer was friends, after a fashion, with Truman Capote, and in *Tru*, the one-man Broadway show based on Capote's life, the Capote character, rationalizing notoriety, says that "when Norman Mailer stabbed his wife [in 1960]...his fee went up." Mailer isn't happy. Once again, we've run into a decade-transition problem: *Tru* was written in the mean, mean eighties, but now, in the sweet, courteous nineties, Mailer finds the gibe off-putting. It's "crass," he says, "an ugly line designed to cater to rich out-of-town yahoos." Ugly lines catering to out-of-town yahoos—something you'd never catch Norman (Marilyn) Mailer writing, not in this, the Tasteful Decade.

Rich out-of-town yahoos: precisely the group that was underwriting U.S. senator David Durenberger's regular trips to a Boston marriage counselor. And now Durenberger, a Minnesota Republican, is accused of renting to himself a Minneapolis condo he owns, then putting in for federal reimbursements of the rent he paid. *Not* a continuation of a deeply corrupt system of congressional self-enrichment, *no*: just one of the thousand different ways that understanding the importance, richness and beauty of human relationships is manifesting itself in the political system. Or, as Durenberger puts it, "If I weren't involved in these other [instances of alleged misconduct], and if 50 other guys weren't involved in something, the new charges wouldn't seem that egregious."

And what's more, if he hadn't been caught at his various charades, there wouldn't be any charges at *all*. But in the Honesty Decade all hoaxes seem to unravel promptly. The \$35 million Lotto hoax lasted less than a day. The some-black-guy-killed-my-wife-in-Boston hoax didn't fly ("I'm dying for the movie to come out so I can see how it ends," one of Chuck Stewart's neighbors said just before CBS announced it was producing a made-for-TV movie about the case). The New Jersey county prosecutor's some-black-guy-in-a-car-tried-to-kill-me-but-I-killed-him hoax ("I had my shotgun on my lap, and I just let go [and] saw his head explode") fell apart almost immediately. And then the biggest one of all, Robert Campeau's pay-no-attention-to-my-onerous-debt hoax, dissolved in a gush of bankruptcy filings and reassurances that Bloomingdale's charge cards would remain operative.

But hey, we don't call the nineties the Hopeful Decade for nothing: there's a definite up side to widespread economic collapse. "Failure," one investment banker told the *Times*, "is a growth business." So we are most certainly *not* doomed to spend years in a dreary grind of fiscal disarray and general penury, *no*: for some of us it's going to be an exciting, potentially very lucrative grind. "We have been busier than we have ever been," says the jolly man at Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom in charge of the law firm's bankruptcy practice. "I think a lot more business is coming down the road." ☛





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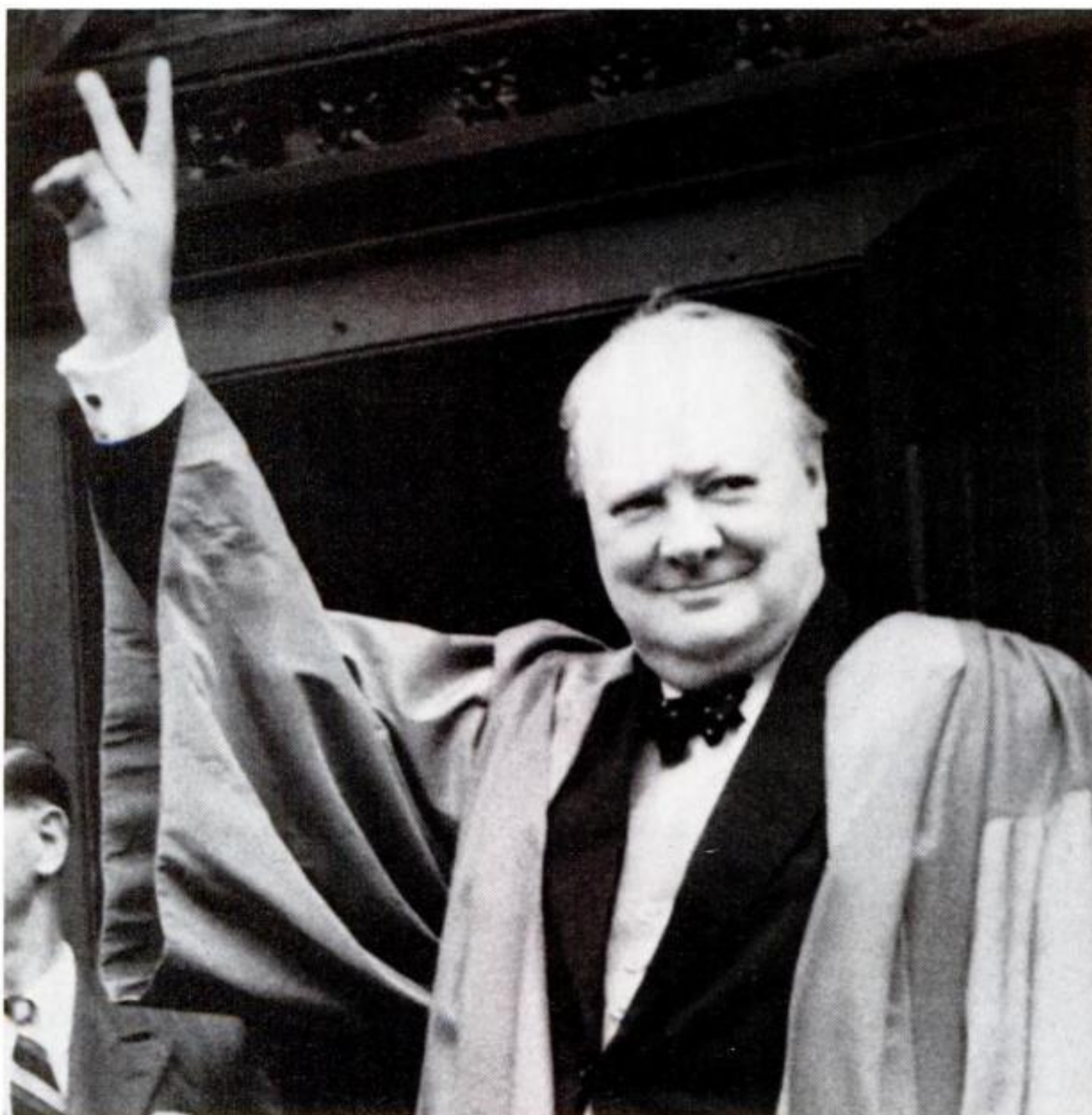
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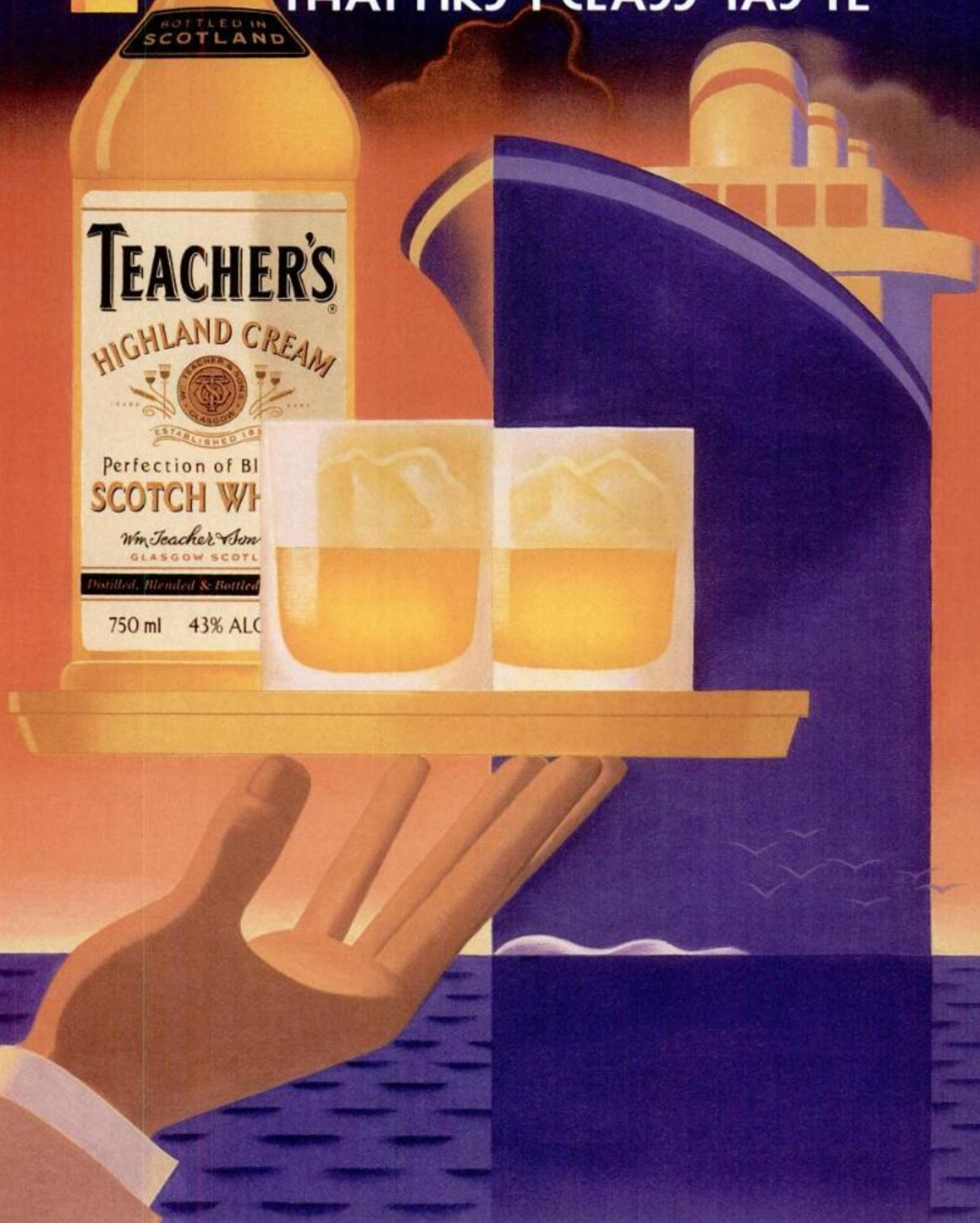
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From the SPY mailroom: There has, frankly, been some unusually disturbing mail lately, even by what-kind-of-mail-did-we-expect standards.

Not all of it, though. Not the droll, anonymous postcard from Brooklyn with



"X@!!#*" stamped all over it; that didn't bother us in the least. The only other message on it was a handwritten "yOUR MAG-

AZINE SUCKS LEMONS! DOWN WITH yOUR EDITOR!" and it's hard to get very upset when someone who arbitrarily uses uppercase and lowercase says he doesn't think highly of your magazine.

Nor were we particularly worried by the letter from a New Orleans gentleman that read in part, "Have you ever published a list of the government Spies?... I am interested in the number of spies in the U.S. Postal Service. They are called POSTAL INSPECTORS, and they intercept all of the mail of all people at all times." Why should we worry? We're 1,300 miles from New Orleans. (For the record, the spies in the U.S. Postal Service must be slipping—after all, his letter reached us.)

And we weren't even unduly distressed by the promotional material sent to us by a Long Island caterer announcing something called the Bark Mitzvah, a party gimmick for dogs that have turned 13. (Dog years or human years?) No, lying supine for about an hour with the blinds drawn put us right. (The press release's casual reference to proposed "Meow'rriages for cats" did provoke a brief relapse, however.)

The really disturbing mail has been disturbing in subtle, devious ways.

"This SPY subscriber has noticed a sneaky pattern of references to Elton John in issues past," writes Kathleen Pilarcik of St. John, Indiana. She goes so far as to accuse us of harboring an Elton John fan on staff (a random frisking yielded no eyeglasses shaped like grand pianos, but we're going to remain vigilant). When an intelligent reader—she admitted that "in the grand scheme of Life, Elton is rather insignificant"—starts seeing recurring subliminal messages about hair-plugged, roly-poly English pop stars in the pages of SPY, that's disturbing. Kathleen Pilarcik, by the ▶

DEAR EDITORS Everyone seems to suspect that your magazine is secretly owned by Donald Trump, but we have discovered the truth. We suspect that you are actually owned by *Esquire* magazine.

Your article entitled "Slaves of *The New Yorker*" [by Jennet Conant, September 1989] quotes one "often-told incident" about Ved Mehta. This incident was actually described in *Esquire* (July 1988). Coincidence?

Your "SPY 100" feature [October 1989] names as a mitigating factor to "Likable Fat" the fact that "Oprah looked better fat." Strange, in the August 1989 *Esquire* they state that Oprah Winfrey was the "woman we liked better fat." Wow! Déjà vu!

Then imagine our surprise to find tucked into the last page of your October issue an advertisement for Absolut vodka. Absolut, the official sponsor of *Esquire*, was now advertising in SPY? Hmmm. Wait, it gets better—your November 1989 issue has an Absolut ad on the first page!

Finally, for months now in your classified-ads section you have been running an ad for a "Danish Souperbag." This item is described in the ad as "the ultimate in relaxed panache—*Esquire*." Hmmm, *Esquire* again?

Chances are you have some sort of David Letterman-General Electric deal going. You take shots at your corporate parent, providing a bit of helpful advertising, and come off as a rebellious bad boy. Come clean!

Drew Atkins and John Carron
London, Ontario, Canada

(1) The fact that an often-told story was told in *Esquire* doesn't strike us as remarkable. Frequently often-told stories are told a lot.

(2) Similarly, often-told jokes are told a lot. In hindsight we regret the inclusion in *The SPY 100* of one or two lines that were already growing fur last summer—but hey, it's a huge feature. (3) Absolut, the official sponsor of *Esquire*? Do magazines have official sponsors? This is news. But in any event, Absolut has been advertising in this magazine since the first issue. (4) Ads for the Danish Souperbag have also appeared in *New York*, *The New Yorker* and *The Village Voice*. In short, you seem to have touched only the tip of the iceberg here, conspiracy-wise.

DEAR EDITORS Your vituperation of David Byrne because his *Rei Momo* album has musical motifs analogous to Paul Simon's *Graceland* is just another flimsy attempt to vilify a public figure in SPY's trademark expedient manner [Private Lives of Public Figures, illustrated by Drew Friedman, October]. As it happens, Byrne and Brian Eno released an album of non-Western musical styles, *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, with explicit references to African themes, in 1981. Moreover, Byrne's group, Talking Heads, released three albums from 1978 to 1980 with thoroughly assimilated African themes. All this more than five years before *Graceland*. Perhaps, SPY, if your interminable sarcasm had truth rather than truculence behind it, your attempts would be somewhat humorous. As it is, your magazine is nothing but meretricious, misanthropic garbage. (I guess that's why I read it.)

Jeff Bernstein
Northridge, California

Does your last line mean that you were kidding all along? We sure hope so. Otherwise it would mean that you completely missed the point. No, you were kidding...right?

DEAR EDITORS Loved your facsimile first issue [November]; I laughed out loud often, even while it brought back teary memories of a calmer, less trumped-up New York. But something kept pricking my memory.

Sure enough, in your November 1988 issue I found, on the letters page, a reference to "out-of-print Eisenhower-era SPYs." I guess you guys are so embarrassed by those early, primitive campus-rag issues that you've resorted to revisionist history to hide your humble origins. I say let the

world know! Be proud of your beginnings. Surely you realize the importance to future scholars of those pre-1964 SPYs?

Besides which, I'll never forget David Owen's scathing exposé of Elvis's secret military career, culminating in the King's behind-the-scenes role in the death of Pope Pius XII and the election of Cardinal Roncalli as Pope John XXII in the fall of '58.

Thanks for the memories, gang.
Matthew Hall
New York

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way, also sent us a copy of the Elton-obsessed newsletter *Tumbleweed Connection*, which she edits and writes under the nom de plume "K. Pilarcik," and in which we are pretty sure we can detect oblique, hostile references to SPY's messenger/critic-at-large, Walter Monheit™.

Tim Quillian of Decatur, Georgia, has an alarming request: "Please put my name in The SPY List. I have easily impressed friends." By doing what? Oh, we get it: your friends are easily impressed! Then they'll love this mailroom allusion; leave The SPY List to the professionals.

The letter we received from "Marshall M. Ney" of Richmond, Virginia—not Napoleonic France?—was also unsettling. "Ney" sent us a few poems inspired by the facsimile of our debut issue ("SPY's 25th-Anniversary Commemorative Keepsake Issue," November 1989), including the couplet "Yea, SPY is a serial droll; I read it quick as a vole." The postscript was "Please feel free to use my real name with these poems." We'd like to; what is it?

Ron Szabunia of Oshawa, Ontario, wrote to us at "The SPY Building...c/o Gilbert Gottfried." (So *that's* where it went.) When Szabunia saw the photos of Gottfried in the August 1989 Party Poop, he saw himself—he bears a slight resemblance to Gottfried, and he sent along a Polaroid to prove it. The demand for Gilbert Gottfried impersonators can only go up, especially in Canada, so if Szabunia just sits tight and doesn't change a dimple, his financial future is secure.

Another disquieting photo arrived, from Karla L. Manus of Seattle, who spotted it in *The Seattle Times*. Under the heading GASTRONOMICALLY BUSY, the clipping shows two men preparing gyros at a local food booth. One of them is identified as "Taso Lagos." Manus describes the clipping as a "photojournalistic answer to the question posed by Ryan Witte" in this space in August 1989 ("Just what exactly *is* a Taso Lagos?," Witte had asked). Manus modestly calls her find "the anthropological equivalent of the discovery of DNA." Easy does it. We're going to be cautious. We're examining the evidence. We've been in touch with the Smithsonian, and Mr. Lagos will undoubtedly soon be in touch with us. Or if we're lucky, with you.

"I would love to renew my sub- ▶

DEAR EDITORS **C**ongratulations on "Inside Bohemian Grove" [by Philip Weiss, November]. It's noteworthy that Reagan and others, with their childish sexual jokes, have led the fight against abortion. I'm glad you have also contributed to demystifying Henry Kissinger.

John P. Mallan
Washington, D.C.

DEAR EDITORS **A** friend told me to read your publication. I saw your November issue, and no thank you. Two fat men, aging has-beens, one with coconut breasts, the other with layers of fat. I never got to give the news agent my money—you did a fine job of representing the contents on the cover!

Joan Brenner
Huntington, New York

Doesn't buy it, doesn't read it, but notes the address and sends a letter?

DEAR EDITORS **T**imes-bashing is great fun and often justified. But if you're going to indulge in Times-

bashing, you shouldn't be a dumshit [sic]. And when J. J. Hunsecker identifies Bernard Gwertzman as "the bureau's capable White House correspondent" [November], he sounds like a dumshit [sic]. Gwertzman was the bureau's capable diplomatic correspondent.

Richard Valeriani
Sherman, Connecticut

SPY regrets misidentifying Mr. Gwertzman. Mr. Valeriani, by the way, is a freelance television correspondent (formerly with NBC News), a medium in which spelling doesn't matter. Nyah, nyah.

DEAR EDITORS **I** thought your dismal riposte to my letter in your June 1989 issue had concluded our correspondence, so it is with disgust that I must correct another "nice fuck-up for a magazine that lists a chief of research on its masthead."

In November your terminally pointless hodgepodge of Doris Duke "facts" ["How to Be a Recluse: Life-style Lessons from Doris Duke, the Tobacco Heiress Who Adopted a Belly Dancer and Bailed Out Imelda Marcos," by P. J. Corkery] man-

ages to botch the four-letter name of one of her two pet camels. Princess yes, *Baby* no. The animal in question is named *Bebe*.

The story also fancifully has Ms. Duke's burdensome beasts wintering at her home in Hawaii. Wrong. The pair never set hoof there.

Councilman Abercrombie's remarks were addressed not to "officials who had allowed the camels to enter the state" but rather to those who ultimately denied admission to the Bactrian duo.

Semantically slither out of these screw-ups.

Ron Jacobs
Honolulu, Hawaii

In Mr. Jacobs's last attack on our chief of research (were you jilted by a chief of research, Ron? Was there a childhood trauma at the hands of a chief of research that you're not telling us about? Wouldn't it help to talk about it, rather than to go through life having an endless pattern of failed relationships and correspondences with chiefs of research that resonate with the pain of the first experience and always turn out the same?), he was, of course, wrong. So we were delighted to discover that out of this current crop of "corrections," one of them is actually half-right! Despite the fact that Ms. Duke was

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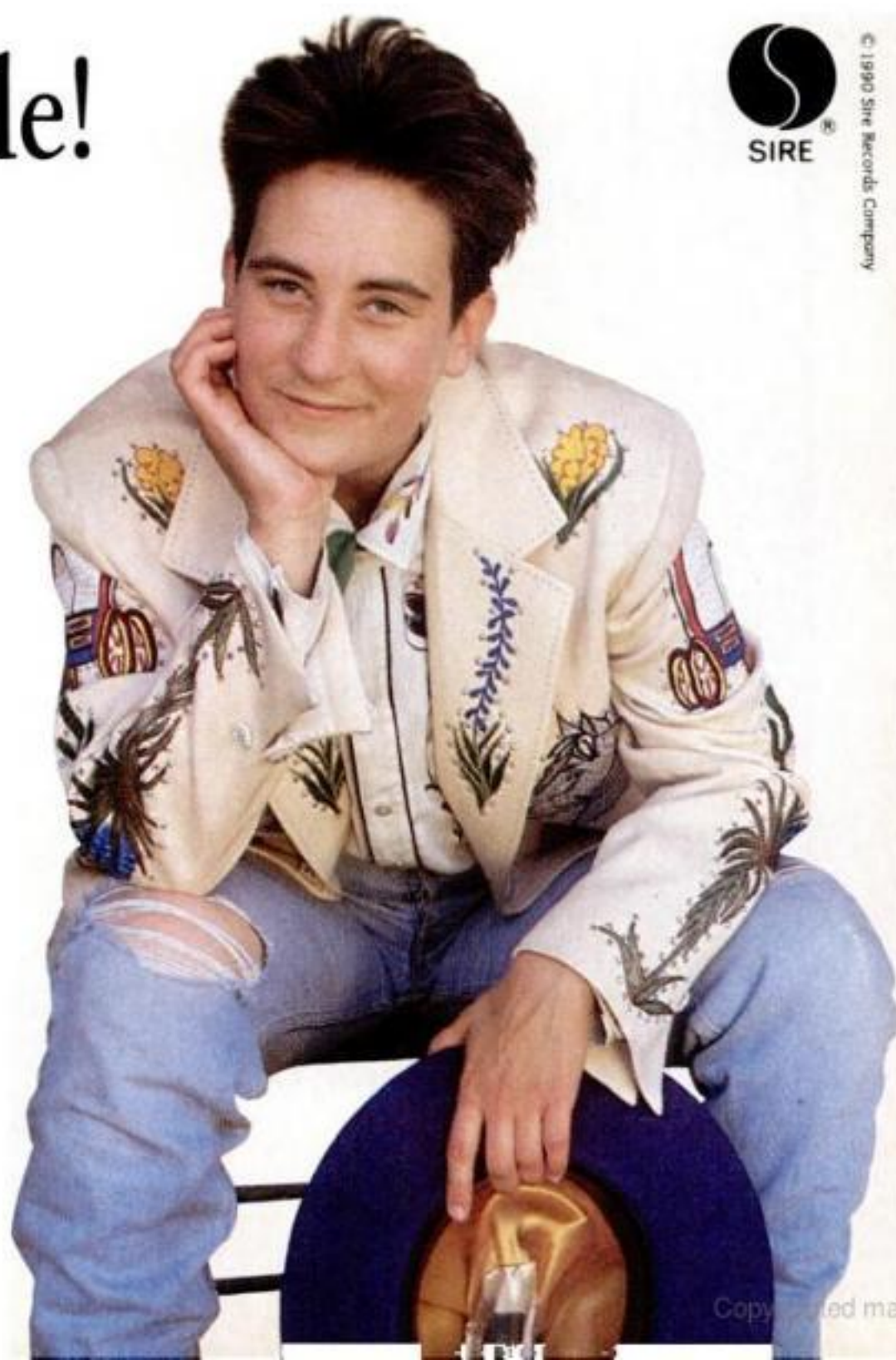
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granted permission to bring her camels to Hawaii, at the last minute she evidently decided against their wintering with her, since zoning laws would have prevented them from staying with her on the estate.

Till next time, Ron—haouli makahiki hou!

DEAR EDITORS **H**e may say *San Francisco Herald Examiner* when he means *San Francisco Examiner*, and he may say "I don't know" once too often. I don't know.

I do know, however, that your man Henry "Dutch" Holland scores a big fat bull's-eye with his wonderful dish of that most irksome of human subspecies, the critic, especially in your November issue. Close monitoring of critics is (dare I say it?) *urgently* needed, and in this way SPY never fails to please and delight.

Long ago André Gide observed, "Dogs bark, but the caravan rolls on." Not until now, with Dutch Holland's writing, has the matter of reviewers been taken so deftly in hand. On a scale of one to ten, I would give it a Christ-Almighty magnificent.

Robin Sutherland
San Francisco, California

DEAR EDITORS **I**magine my surprise to see a cartoon poking fun at my alma mater ["How to Start a Highbrow Career," by Robert Hutter, November] the very first time I read SPY magazine! It made me laugh and cry simultaneously, a task made easy by an education forged at SUNY Stony Brook, that concrete-and-brick leviathan of higher learning known as "the ivy-leaf school" until alert administrators noticed small mammals dwelling in the greenery without paying tuition and fees, and cut down all the vines.

David E.A. Goodman
Boston, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS **O**nce I get familiar with a magazine, I develop a certain approach to reading it. A certain order. Usually I read the comics first. Then my favorite columnist, then the serious news. In SPY, I flip to "Separated at Birth?" and then move straight to the grown-up's grown-up, Ellis Weiner, God on a stick. In my youth, my life imitated episodes of *The Brady Bunch*. In my adulthood, except for that nasty baby

part, my life imitates Ellis Weiner's. I too, for instance, have battled bats with a tennis racket (how they got hold of a tennis racket, I'll never know).

Brian Bouldrey
San Francisco, California

DEAR EDITORS **I** am glad to see you have recently improved your Liz Smith Tote Board, but I believe I have found a way to fine-tune it just a tad more. Instead of simply tallying the frequency of the various celebrity mentions, why not tally them according to their frequency in relation to the total mentions of the clients of press agent Jeffrey Richards?

For example, in the November issue, the clients of press agent Jeffrey Richards were mentioned once every 3.4 days, while Linda Blair was mentioned only once every 24 days. In other words, the clients of press agent Jeffrey Richards were mentioned 7.05 times *more often* than Linda Blair was mentioned by herself (24 days ÷ 3.4 days = 7.05 times)! You may consider carrying out the extra decimal point for accuracy.

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scription to SPY, I enjoy it tremendously, but the Florida Department of Corrections..." Here we go again. If that shrinking portion of SPY subscribers who are *not* currently incarcerated would please bear with us, we'll sort this out. Barry Nelson, temporarily residing at the Avon Park Correctional Institute in Florida, tells us that SPY has been banned from that facility. "They *forbid* me to receive it because it is not an 'approved' publication. My last three issues have been confiscated by the prison administration. If you can arrange for me to receive SPY, I would certainly renew my subscription.... Good luck." We'd love to help, but we're already in enough hot water with the authorities (see this column, January and February).

At this point the mail gets less nervous-making. But only a little.

Jeff A. Seinfeld of Stanford, California, has heeded our admonition to include phone numbers when writing to SPY (December 1989) and has sent us his. No letter to speak of, just the number.

"Hey guys, the jig is up! You've been had!" begins Mark W. Swaim of Durham, North Carolina, and we know instinctively that substantive, well-reasoned accusations will follow. Sure enough, Swaim, by cleverly adding an initial to his name on his SPY subscription and then looking out for that variation in all his subsequent mail, has caught us red-handed: yes, like pretty much every other magazine on the planet, we've rented out our mailing list. "Have you no shame?" Swaim asks, and he attaches two examples of the offending "dreck" he has received thanks to us—a Greenpeace survey and an offer to subscribe to *Fame*. Thank you for bringing this to our attention, Mark. The people who did this... this *thing*, this selling of the mailing list, will be tracked down and punished quick as a vole.

Having taken the vow—the one forswearing further discussion of nubbins—we're breaking it. The cartoon sent to us by Alan Pruzan of Seattle was too good to let pass unmentioned. Pruzan says it's from a 1958 publication called *Six HO Railroads You Can Build*. You probably have it in your library at home. In it, a man is holding two ends of model-railroad track that are supposed to join but don't quite reach. "Oh Nubbins!" he

says, with evident feeling. Trust us: this info means a lot to nubbins buffs.

"While reading a recent issue of SPY, I was impressed with an ad for Absolut vodka," wrote Robin A. Metzger, a teacher living in Alexandria, Egypt. *Why, thank you—thank you so very much. So, you—you liked the ad?* For some reason, we kept reading. And while nothing Metzger said in the rest of the letter indicated that he had read anything in SPY *besides* the mirrored vodka ad, we decided to try to comply with his request to send "additional mirror pages" for his science class's "experiments in light." Soft touches to the last.

"I do not have a telephone. Sorry." So begins Richard A. Showstead of Boston, effectively heading off a lecture from us. Mr. Showstead has a few questions regarding Donald Trump's bid to buy American Airlines: "Did Donald Trump find fear?? Did Donald Trump 'run into' some 'untouchables'? These are some very pertinent points that I, personally, doubt would be answered!" You're absolutely right, Mr. Showstead. We would never answer them, at least not while Kathleen Pilarcik, the U.S. Postal Service and the Florida authorities have their eyes on us. ☺

C O R R E C T I O N S

Tom Selleck was not on the Colorado River rafting trip described in the November 1989 Industry column. Director Costa-Gavras ("There's No Business Like Show Business," January 1990) is a longtime William Morris client. In "The SPY Map of Polka America" (February) the list of Phil Niekro's former teams incorrectly included the Brewers; compelling as the beer-polka connection is, the Milwaukee team was still called the Braves when Niekro pitched for them.

And we'll pass along another that appeared in *The Stanford Daily* (thanks to Bob Hansen of Santa Clara, California, for the clipping): "A story in yesterday's *Daily* reported that SPY magazine publisher Tom Phillips said his magazine consistently refers to Donald Trump as the 'short-fingered Bulgarian.' The term Phillips actually used was 'short-fingered vulgarian.' The misquotation was not intended as a slur against Bulgarians. The *Daily* regrets the error." ☺

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non-New York City readers, would you please provide us with a listing of exactly who press agent Jeffrey Richards's clients are? We barely know who Ivana Trump and Liz Smith are, so how can you expect us to be familiar with a particular press agent's clients?

Finally, what is a press agent, and how do I get one?

Jim Fuhrman

West Hollywood, California

You might try Jeffrey Richards.

DEAR EDITORS **V**ery jittery after reading "The Star-Spangled, Windshield-Wiping, Stir-Fried Banner? Making the Flag Safe for the 1990s" [by Bruce Handy, December 1989]: if this flag-burning statute gets enforced, it looks like I'm going to have to have that tattoo removed that I impulsively got in my less lucid college days. Unless, of course, they write in a grandfather clause for all those tattooed pre-1990.

Actually, for me it all depends on whether it's a content-based or a which-part-of-the-anatomy-based restriction. I sure hope it's the former; I mean, I think my tattoo is tasteful, it's just that I didn't really have all that many smooth, hairless surfaces on my body that I could bear the thought of an electric needle injecting ink into subcutaneously.

Stallone, in *Rocky IV*, literally wraps himself in the flag while all sweaty and covered with vegetable oil and fake blood; I express my genuinely patriotic sentiments toward the flag from the heart of my bottom. Should I go to jail while the man behind *Over the Top*, the first epic motion picture about *arm wrestling*, goes free? I think not.

Tim Moore

Wichita, Kansas

DEAR EDITORS **T**hanks for finally telling the truth about the horrifying gnome who has convinced himself (and apparently a few others) that he rules Fashion Avenue ["I'm Michael Coady—I Rule Seventh Avenue!," by Mark Laswell, December]. Nearly 15 years ago in San Antonio I was assigned, as a junior fashion reporter, to interview Coady during a whirlwind tour of the major fashion haunts (and potential *WWD* advertisers) of Texas: Neiman-Marcus, Sakowitz and

Frost Brothers. When my article was printed quoting Coady as saying he was in San Antonio because "Frost Brothers is and knows fashion in South Texas," I was summarily called before my editor and told that the paper's largest retail advertiser (not Frost Brothers) was furious and that Coady had denied making the remark and had called for my dismissal. Only by producing extensive interview notes and with the corroboration of the photographer who recorded the meeting did I keep my job.

It is heartwarming not only to see the bastard skewered in print but also to see what the ravages of time have done to his once-boyish hatchet face.

Charles Decker
Brooklyn, New York

DEAR EDITORS **A**s a five-year veteran of Fairchild Publications (who was not contacted for the article), I applaud you for having the guts to report on the "Demon of 12th Street."

For too long Mr. Coady has abused his position, his power and his privilege of being a member of the journalism community.

Many talented people have lived under his wrath, and Fairchild has lost brilliant talent to other companies due to the unfair and cruel behavior of this one man.

Ironically, Capital Cities is a terrific company with superb management. Perhaps your story will make them aware of the one truly rotten apple in their ranks.

Name withheld on request
New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** thought long and hard before sending SPY this, my second letter, because I didn't want to become another Taso Lagos or even be perceived as a *potential* Taso Lagos. However, the article about human chameleons ["Here Today, Here Tomorrow," by Richard Stengel, December] reminded me of an epithet an art-history professor of mine gave Philip Johnson that I thought you might enjoy: "Philip Johnson is the weather vane of American architecture."

David Robinson
New York

Another Taso Lagos? Don't be silly. You aren't even another Ron Jacobs. Keep those cards and letters coming.

DEAR EDITORS **T**he SPY Map in your December issue incorrectly located the Ricardo family at 623 East 28th Street in — or just off of — Manhattan ["On the Street Where They Lived: A SPY Map of New York's Fictitious and Famous Addresses," by Randi Hacker and Jackie Kaufman]. Vincent Terrace's authoritative *Complete Encyclopedia of Television Programs* states their address as 623 East 68th Street.

Steve Sussmann
Brooklyn, New York

DEAR EDITORS **T**he Ricardos' building is indeed in the middle of the East River, but upstream at 68th Street. In addition, Lucy and Ricky's apartment number is 3-D, not 3-B.

Why do I know this?

Robert Frain
Lyndhurst, New Jersey

If you only knew what a can of worms you've reopened. The hours we spent on this one!

Cult TV, by John Javna, mentioned 28th Street. Shirley, who answered the phone at the library of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, confirmed 28th Street as the address,

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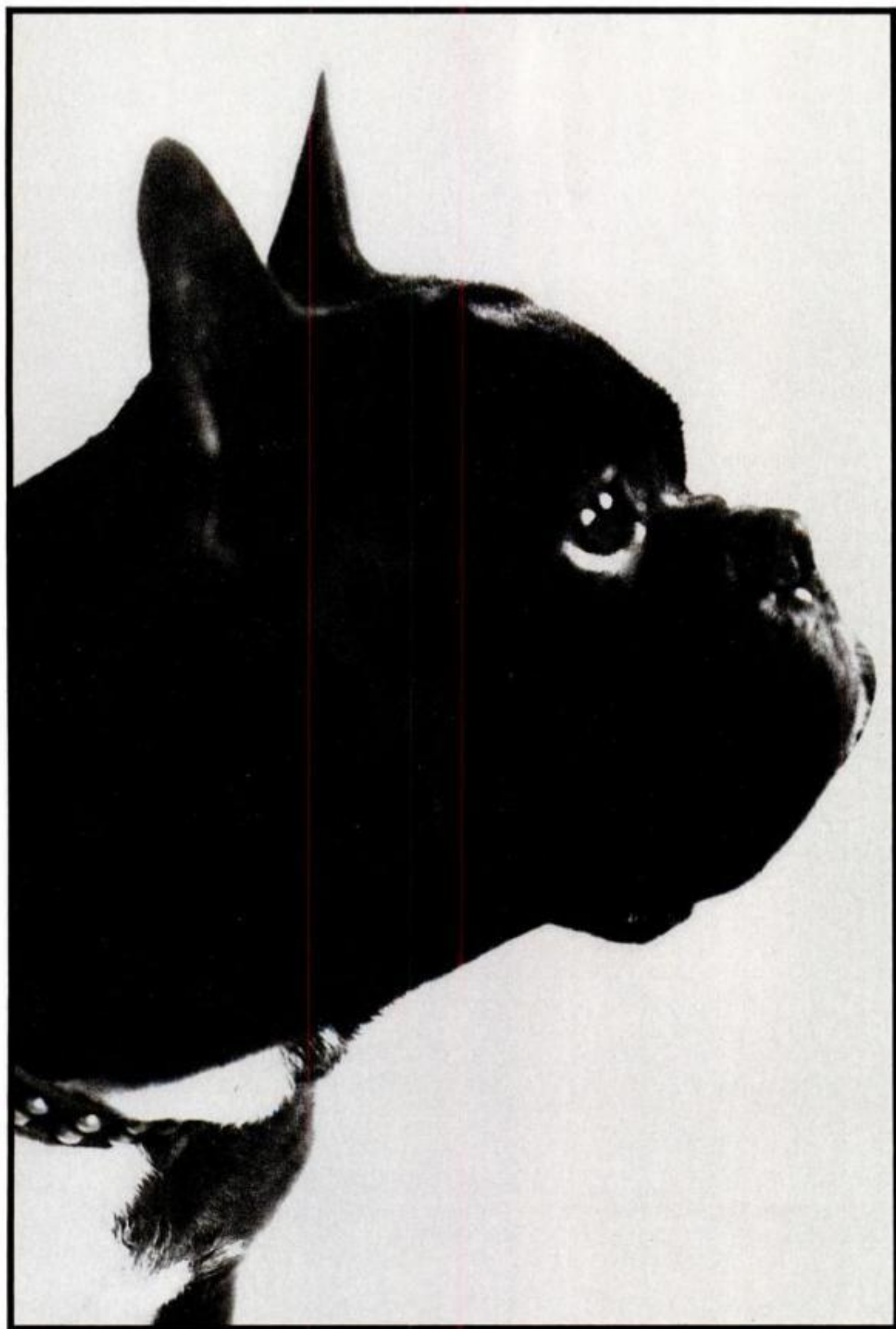


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on the authority of Vincent Terrace's three-volume Encyclopedia of Television Series, Pilots, and Specials 1937-1973. Unfortunately, as Bart Andrews, the author of *The I Love Lucy Book*, now tells us, Mr. Terrace did not have a good eye for detail. The correct address is 623 East 68th Street. According to Andrews, the Ricardos moved into apartment 3B during the 1953 season, to make room for Little Ricky.

Have we finally found a topic that will replace nubbins?

DEAR EDITORS **W**hy is SPY conspicuously absent from the list of publications that printed Bill McKibben's tale ["The Boy Who Couldn't See the Trees for the Forest," by David Kamp, December]? Fess up, now: how many trees did SPY kill on behalf of McKibben?

Carol Zingone

Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey

SPY would have killed at least 12 1/2 trees, were it not for our new Re-uze-it!™ program, in which we print all environment-related stories—including your letter—on recycled paper.

DEAR EDITORS **T**his is pretty technical but worth mentioning nonetheless. Noah Robinson Jr., Jesse Jackson's half brother, was *not* convicted of "beating up a witness to a slaying" [The Fine Print, by Jamie Malanowski, December]. He was convicted of being an accessory after the fact for *hiring* someone to beat up a witness to a slaying. The distinction is subtle, but crucial. Why sully one's hands when one can hire an admitted drug dealer named Freddie Sweeney to do the dirty work? That's entrepreneurship in the 1980s.

Carm A. Aiello

Greenville, South Carolina

DEAR EDITORS **I**want to thank you for mentioning me in your Christmas issue ["City for Sale: We Realize Our Most Incredible Fantasies—but at a Cost," by Julius Lowenthal and Jed Leland]. It's a great honor to be in SPY! However, I wanted to correct one misimpression: you referred to me as a "downtown nightclub fixture." In fact, the majority of my New York performances are at uptown

preppy clubs such as The Baja, Nick's Grove and the Surf Club. After all, *every* little girl deserves a wonder pony in her life.

Danny the Wonder Pony
New York

It's almost enough to make you disapprove of good sports.

DEAR EDITORS I am outraged by your article "Catholic Taste" [Eating, by Ann Hodgman, December]. Cancel my subscription.

Elizabeth W. Pino
Boston, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS After hearing so many good things about your magazine, I decided to purchase an issue. The articles in your December issue were both informative and entertaining.

However, as I was thumbing through the magazine I began to notice an abundance of ads for alcoholic beverages. Since this is the first issue I have purchased, I do not know if this is a regular

practice for your magazine. I was disappointed that you were not selective in your choice of advertisers. I am sure you could find other products to place in your magazine. The ads in a magazine reflect the magazine itself, so I believe that you should carefully choose whom you wish to represent. Please let me know what your advertising plans are for the future. I am looking forward to the next issue of SPY and any changes that have been made.

Lorie Trujillo
San Diego, California

DEAR EDITORS If animals could read, they would subscribe to SPY magazine. Thank you for being bold enough and (dare I say it) sensitive enough to print the graphic full-page antifur ad in your December 1989 issue. For that alone I renew my subscription. Perhaps SPY could do a piece on the love affair that New Yorkers (and all others) seem to have with their blood-soaked garments.

Kendel Rosenau
Boston, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS I noticed a wonderful antifur ad in your December issue, in which I also noticed an absence of fur ads. Is this deliberate or coincidental? If it is deliberate, then I truly love you.

Priscilla Palazzetti
New York

DEAR EDITORS I'd noticed that you'd mentioned Mike Ovitz in some of your most recent issues. I couldn't understand why. After all, he's only an agent; he doesn't mean anything to me. That's what I thought until I picked up a copy of the *Los Angeles Times* this October morning. Congratulations, you're very perceptive. My hopeful guess is that the mentions were a preliminary teaser pointing toward a major article you're planning about him. I'm looking forward to seeing that issue on the newsstands.

Thank you for the pleasure you've given us all. SPY is really something everybody should read.

Mimi Coye
Los Angeles, California
You're very perceptive, too, Ms. Coye. (See



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— Stories

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— Clint Holmes

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— Bo Donaldson & the Heywoods

The Night Chicago Died
— Paper Lace

Don't Pull Your Love
— Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds

Heartbeat, It's A Lovebeat
— The DeFranco Family

(You're) Having My Baby
— Paul Anka

Baby Don't Get Hooked On Me
— Mac Davis

The Candy Man
— Sammy Davis, Jr.

Thunder and Lightning
— Chi Coltrane

Play That Funky Music
— Wild Cherry

I Am Woman
— Helen Reddy

Afternoon Delight
— Starland Vocal Band

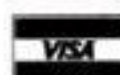
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— Looking Glass

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— David Geddes

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— Glen Campbell

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— Dr. Hook & the Medicine Show

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"There's No Business Like Show Business: The Chilling, Unabridged Mike Ovitz-Joe Eszterhas Correspondence, annotated by Celia Brady," January.)

DEAR EDITORS I've just attended the Canadian premiere of James Toback's film *The Big Bang* [see "The Pickup Artist's Guide to Picking Up Women: A Case-by-Case Look at Movie Director James Toback's Street Techniques," by Vincenza Demetz, March 1989], at Toronto's Festival of Festivals. One of my friends took the opportunity during Mr. Toback's question-and-answer period to ask his opinion of your publication. Mr. Toback's reply went something like this:

"I'll tell you something about SPY, all they print are lies. Pure fabrication. They make up everything they publish, just to sell magazines.

"If you're wondering why I don't sue them, it's because...lemme put it this way: in the U.S., if you shot a person dead in front of a hundred people and they all saw you do it, maybe, just maybe, you'd be prosecuted successfully; and in terms of a libel case, well, you've got no chance.

"Also, if you notice, their favorite people to make fun of are (1) sexually active people and (2) Jews. So I guess I was a pretty good target."

Are you guys not getting along or what? And does this mean Ivana Trump is a closet Jewish swinger?

Luis Ceriz

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Yes, it's been three and a half years of lies, lies, lies. How do we get away with it? Incidentally, if you see Toback again, please mention to him that we have a number of sexually active Jews on our staff.

DEAR EDITORS What ever happened to your resident psychiatrist, Dr. Nick? I enjoyed reading his diagnostic formulations, and I also thought it was most appropriate to have a psychiatrist on the staff of a magazine devoted to stories about megalomaniacs, histrionic fools and famous people with personality disorders. In fact, a whole team of psychiatrists could be kept busy analyzing the actions and motives of the appalling individuals who fill the pages of SPY every month.

Since it was pointed out in your magazine [Letters to SPY, October] that "humour has been shown to be a healthy stress mediator," I have started prescribing SPY to my anxious and stressed-out patients, and with excellent results, I might add. Thank you, SPY.

Peter Sakuls, M.D.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Dr. Nick will be back. It's just that his August lasts longer than most.

DEAR EDITORS Let "me" "see" "if" "I've" "got" "this" "right." "SPY" "magazine," "THE" "NEW" "YORK" "MONTHLY," "is" "owned" "by" "two" "people" "in" "Nebraska" "and" "one" "each" "in" "Tennessee," "Arizona," "Pennsylvania," "Massachusetts," "Louisiana" "and" "Missouri"? "And" "if" "I" "want" "to" "renew" "my" "subscription," "I" "write" "to" "someone" "in" "Florida"?

"No" "wonder" "you" "guys" "are" "doing" "so" "well."

D. J. Jaffe

New York

Yes, Dr. Nick will be right back.

DEAR EDITORS Listening to National Public Radio's *All Things Considered* one evening, I heard about a new magazine called *Wigwag*. Curious, I bought a copy. Copy is a good word; the only thing this son of *The New Yorker* lacks is originality. For a magazine that claims to be new, some of it sounds very familiar; some of it sounds like SPY. First, there's the Trump-bashing—where have I heard that before? Second, there's the variation on the 1999: *Casinos of the Third Reich* theme [see *Great Expectations*, September, October and December 1989 and January 1990]: a piece depicting casino employees in the future fin de siècle Atlantic City.

Tony Wade

Augusta, Georgia

For more on Wigwag's familiarity, see page 26.

DEAR EDITORS Here are some anagrams:

GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY

O, MR. ETERNAL SMOG CANOPY

MORAL MAJORITY

IMMORAL ART JOY

ACADEMY AWARDS

SAW DRAMA DECAY

Jim Lippard

Tucson, Arizona

DEAR EDITORS Here, have some anagrams:

WILLIAM SHATNER

WHAT MAN SILLIER?

TWINKIES

SWINE KIT

LEONARD NIMOY

DRY ALIEN MOON

TOM CRUISE

I.E., SCROTUM

Sam Worthen

Sapporo, Japan

DEAR EDITORS Please receive into evidence the following:

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DEMOCRATS

DEMONIC RATS SPIN LEGALESE, ROB HUD BIG

PROBE CRIME, SUE THOSE BALD DING-A-LINGS!

IDIOT BEER-AGE BO-LEG CHIMPS RUN S-AND-L'S

Jaim and Nina Bailey

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

DEAR EDITORS Here are some anagrams:

ROB LOWE

LOW ROBE

ED KOCH

CHOKED

JACKIE MASON

JISM ON A CAKE

DELTA BURKE

BULKED RATE

GARY COLEMAN

RACY L.A. GNOME

BEN VEREEN

NEVER-BEEN

THE GRATEFUL DEAD

THEE FATAL DRUDGE

BOB DYLAN

BLAND BOY

Chris Zahn

Brooklyn, New York

SPY welcomes anagrams, and the occasional letter, from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Please include your daytime telephone number. Typewritten letters are preferred. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. ♢

**“He works as hard as he plays.
And he drinks Johnnie Walker.”**



Good taste is always an asset.



N

aked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



R. CAMPEAU



S. GUTFREUND



J. PETERS

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

ON THE DISCRIMINATION PATROL: HUMAN RIGHTS VIOLATIONS, NEW YORK CITY-STYLE, INSTALLMENT ONE

While rummaging through the files of the New York State Division of Human Rights, we discovered that some large, well-known companies have had to face allegations by aggrieved employees.

Erna Vincent v. Coben Brothers Realty & Construction Corporation

"I am black. I charge the [defendants] terminated me... because of my race.... In July, 1981 I was hired [to be a] receptionist.... On or about July, 1982, a Black process server had reason to be present in the office. When the process server left the office, Edward Cohen, senior executive Vice President made the remark—'My father always told me, Black people belong in trees and not in offices.' There were other instances when Edward Cohen would make this same remark. On October 21, 1982, Richard Cohen, Son of Edward Cohen and Vice President... told me... I was terminated. I asked Richard Cohen for a reason.... He replied, 'I don't know, my father Edward Cohen asked me to do it. I was the only black employee among eleven or more employees.'"

THE DEFAULT DECADE has found its first poster child in **ROBERT CAMPEAU**. But the megalomaniacal entrepreneur, whose much-deserved Chapter 11 humiliation (predicted by James Grant in *SPY*, December 1988) finally came in January, is not one to be bothered by setbacks. In fact, he's not one to acknowledge setbacks, as a number of his golfing partners have discovered. One noticed that the mediocre player seemed to be consistently undercalculating his score by a stroke on each hole. *He shaved off a stroke here and there? That's nothing!* says a fellow Campeau golfing buddy and business associate, who recounts an incident in which Campeau clearly teed his ball off the par-4 dogleg fairway and into the trees—a guaranteed bogey. The mad Canadian, who over the last four years burdened two perfectly healthy retailing corporations with impossible debts, walked over to the hole, removed a ball and proclaimed, in all seriousness, *Look at that! A hole in one!*

CALL IT THE GOLDDIGGER'S BURDEN. **SUSAN GUTFREUND**, the former stewardess who struck the mother lode in marrying Salomon Brothers chairman **JOHN GUTFREUND**, has habitually whined about the horrifying expense of being a do-nothing, decorating-obsessed socialite. Her aggravations came to a head recently at an impromptu society-wife roundtable at La Caravelle, where she ordered in her horribly accented French and complained about the recent hysterical inflation of the art market. *A painting that cost \$10,000 a year ago costs \$100,000 today*, she raged, lamenting the increasing demands of spending her husband's money on artwork that is only going to be given away as a present. *When you're spending that much*, she said, *it takes all the joy out of giving!*

FRESH WORD ON THE CAREER OF DAMP, balding New York assistant managing editor **PETER HERBST!**

When last heard from, Herbst had tried to parlay a phone call from Disney into a promotion from his boss, **ED KOSNER**. When that backfired (Kosner told him to take the job), Herbst stayed on at the irrelevant, passionless magazine. Now he's looking to fulfill his dream of running his own magazine. *I don't care what it's about*, he has told any of his colleagues who'll listen. And so he's at work on the possible new Murdoch publication on parenting, to be called *Family*. (Never mind that this earnest niche is already more than glutted, and that so far the strongest prototype story he's concocted is a piece on shopping for bicycles.) Kosner, meanwhile, gives the lame duck very little to work on and is assiduously distancing himself from him, even going so far as to warn Herbst in a terse memo, *Stay away from The Four Seasons and Le Perigord {Kosner's favorite spots} at lunchtime.*

WITH HIS PURGE of **DAWN STEEL** completed under an enforced PR sheen of goodwill, mod relic **JON PETERS** is finally getting down to making the daring executive decisions that will rescue Columbia Pictures from the bog of mediocrity. He has screamed obscenities at Steel's departing assistants as they packed up their boss's old office (*Get the fuck out of here! This is my office now!*), ordered underlings to make sure the beloved framed photograph of **BARBRA STREISAND** in his office isn't tampered with, and plucked agent **DARRIS HATCH** from ICM and lavished her with a 500-series Mercedes-Benz and a job as executive vice president of production. Hatch, a **JESSICA LANGE** look-alike who until recently was burdened with the thankless task of handling **DARYL HANNAH**'s deals and publicity, is perhaps best known for holding the top spot on Peters's long list of post-Streisand paramours. By one account, when Peters approached his partner, **PETER GUBER**, with the idea of acquiring Hatch for a reported salary of \$250,000, Guber expressed some doubts about her suitability for the job. *Well, it's too late, anyway*, Peters told him. *I've already hired her.*

LIFE DURING WARTIME

Panama vs. New York: A Tale of Two Cocaine-Riddled, Anti-American, Intensely Third World Cities

or most New Yorkers, the U.S. invasion of Panama was an occasion for celebration, sadness and relief—relief because for the duration of the war, at least, there was a spot in North America more dangerous for us, more deadly, more indisputably warlike than our own.

Or so we thought. Our report on the week that began at 1:00 a.m. on December 20, 1989:

Panama—Twelve thousand U.S. troops of the 82nd Airborne and 7th Infantry divisions, plus SEALs and Rangers, arrived in Panama City in C-141 Starlifter transport planes, joining 12,000 troops already on the ground. Air support included Apache helicopter gunships, AC-130s and, making its first appearance in battle, a Stealth plane, which dropped two 2,000-pound bombs. The enemy consisted of 15,000 Panamanians, including 18 so-called Dignity Battalions, grenade-launching urban thugs armed with M-16 and AK-47 assault rifles. The melee was "worse than anyone could have imagined," said Sergeant Damon

Wolven of Bravo Company. Total number of Americans killed: 23.

New York—Running from three assailants who later claimed he had given them "dirty looks," an 18-year-old boy was pushed from a D-train window and crushed to death. Two men lounging in a Chrysler in a car-repair shop were struck by 9mm bullets. An elderly drape-maker was stabbed five times in the back in his factory. Stray bullets claimed both a preteen boy and an anticrime-patrol volunteer who was approaching an elevator. A pregnant woman and a teenager were killed in a random drive-by drug-gang shooting in Queens. After decorating her hallway walls with wreaths, a 79-year-old woman opened her door to someone who stabbed her in the throat. A man grabbed a policeman's flashlight and used it to attack the officer's partner, who shot him. "It's worse than last year," says Detective McConville of the New York Police Department. "Definitely worse." Estimated number of New Yorkers killed: 36.—*Martin Kihn*



Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

The case was settled without a hearing. By settling, neither Edward Cohen—whose nickname is "Shut Up, Eddie," from the affectionate way his younger brother, Sherman, frequently addresses him—nor his real-estate-development corporation admitted any violation of the law. The corporation, however, did pay Vincent \$2,750.

Ross Garrett v. the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel

"I am 58 years of age and am Black. I have worked for the respondent company for 25 years as a morning chef. I have trained cooks who are younger and less experienced than I. [The] Head Chef has been employed at the hotel for about six months. [He] has stated that as a black cook, I best know how to cook soul food. He does not come to me directly with instructions, but tells white cooks... to tell me what he wishes done. [The head chef] treats white employees with greater consideration.... I was told that if I did not accept a transfer, I would be terminated."

The case was settled without a hearing. Although the hotel admitted no discrimination or violation of the law, it did pay Garrett \$1,500.

Victoria Sanseverino v. Financial Relations Board, Inc., et al.

"I was employed as an administrative assistant... by Financial Relations Board... an investor relations company, from October 1, 1984 until January 29, 1985, when I resigned as a result of sexual harassment by [a highly placed executive in the firm]. During my employment, on at least four separate occasions, [the executive] tried to slide his hand up my leg under my skirt. [He] continually told me obscene jokes, although I repeatedly asked him to stop doing so.... On numerous occasions, [he] called me into his office, purportedly to discuss business, and then made lewd and obscene remarks.... On one occasion, [he], using obscene language, inquired into

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC FIGURES



Assistant District Attorney John F. Kennedy Jr. prepares to retake the bar exam.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Roseanne Barr

Milton Berle

Kathy Boudin

Billy Carter

Karen Finley

Eric Goode

Buddy Hackett

Cleon Jones

Jim McMahon

Bette Midler

Jim Morrison

Jack Nicholson

Lance Rentzel

Meryl Streep as

Karen Silkwood

Robin Williams

MEN: "I'M SORRY—I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY COUSIN!" IS OUT

In the Nineties It's "I'm Sorry—I'm Conducting a Sociological Study of the Career Girl's Response to the Invasion of Her Personal Space"

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

my sexual practices, and on another occasion, read me an obscene limerick concerning sexual intercourse."

The case was settled without a hearing. While the corporation acknowledged no violation of the law, Sanseverino was paid \$10,000.

Ali Farouq Abdul-Muid v. Bear Stearns & Company

"I am muslim.... From the inception of my employment... Mr. I., an associate partner... constantly harrassed [sic] me about my religion.... On or about the first of November, 1985, I was out ill, when I returned to work Monday... at close of business I was told I was terminated. The reason given was attendance. [I believe] I am being terminated because of my religion."

The case was settled before a hearing was held. While the brokerage house did not admit violating the law, it paid Abdul-Muid \$10,000.

Jeri Harmon v. the Girl Scout Council of Greater New York, Inc.

"I am black and have been employed by [the Girl Scouts] for ten years. I have been Asst. Executive Director for two years and for two years before that I was Director of Field Services. In July 1982 [Ms. L.] became Executive Director. In the Spring of 1983 she asked me if I thought she should hire her roommate for a position. I stated that I thought it might be a conflict of interest. In August 1983 Ms. L. gave me a \$2,000 bonus for doing outstanding work and in October 1983 I received a raise.... On October 13, 1983 Ms. L. terminated me stating that the reason was that two Board members—Norma Munves and Sandy Caron [—] claimed they could not work with me. In fact I had worked unfrequently [sic] with Ms. Munves and almost never with Ms. Caron. I was replaced by Ms. L.'s roommate... who is caucasian."

The case was settled before a hearing was held. While the Girl Scouts—the Girl Scouts!—acknowledged no wrongdoing, they did

When Deborah Gore Dean is called to account for mismanaging millions in HUD funds, and Mike Milken is cross-examined about his dubious billions in junk bonds, they, like any normal American, will try to get off the hook. But how? We get the feeling the plea of choice in the nineties is going to be the one first popularized by that fictional philanthropist and truth seeker Dr. Jekyll.

Already Apollonia (you know—Prince's Apollonia) has insisted she's never smoked marijuana, that when she was caught last year buying a dime bag from a ten-year-old in L.A.'s MacArthur Park, she was "doing research" for a screenplay called *Homegirl*. Likewise, after Vanessa Vadim (Jane Fonda's Vanessa Vadim) was arrested last fall on Manhattan's Lower East Side and charged with loitering for the purpose of buying drugs, obstruction of justice, and disorderly conduct (while her boyfriend was charged with possession of heroin and possession of a hypodermic needle), she told authorities she was "down from college doing a study on narcotics use." (He later pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct. Her case was ultimately dismissed.) And the late Dr. Rodney Thorp Wood of Southampton was ostensibly conducting a "research project [on the] sexual potential of the mature female" when he was charged in September with soliciting

male college students to have sex with his wife.

This latest vogue for hands-on research is part of a long and somewhat glorious tradition. Over the winter we were reminded that spooky, glassy-eyed anchorman Dan Rather may have been an inspiration to crack-trying *New Republic* writer Jefferson Morley: in a 1980 interview Rather told the *Ladies' Home Journal* that back in the mid-1950s he experimented with heroin in order to "do a story about it," and since then he has sampled other drugs, apparently including LSD, "as a reporter." Many of our foremost writers, in fact, have felt obliged by the demands of their profession to perform similar experiments. In order to write a proper account of the Ken Kesey cult in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, Tom Wolfe had to see what LSD was like. Wolfe may have been inspired by Aldous Huxley, who took mescaline in the 1950s while writing "The Doors of Perception." Wolfe, in turn, may have been a role model for fellow Upper East Side conservative dandy William F. Buckley Jr., who a year later got into his boat, sailed off the coast until he was in international waters and then smoked a joint in preparation for his testimony before Congress on the need to appoint a commission to study the effects of marijuana. And for his third book, *Story of My Life*, Jay McInerney "put [himself] in a pair of high-heel pumps. Size six-and-a-half or so" in order to create his memorable protagonist, a typical 1980s New York City cocaine-snorting promiscuous young woman.

Other spokesmen for today's generation include actor Matt Dillon, who "copped" drug paraphernalia to give his performance as a junkie in *Drugstore Cowboy* greater verisimilitude. Even our top-notch athletes have begun devoting themselves to such rigorous scholarship; clearly, former Washington Redskins defensive end Dexter Manley was investigating the NFL's drug-policing prowess when he was suspended for life for his third cocaine-related infraction.

To those who would challenge the constitutionality of such acts of sacrifice, it should be noted that celebrated law enforcers Rudolph Giuliani and his then-friend Senator Al D'Amato made a highly acclaimed, videotaped foray into a crack market way back in 1986, solely for the purpose of waging not a publicity campaign but a war on drugs.

Can a Marion Barry Chair in The Inner-City Small Business and a Rob Lowe Fellowship in Erotic Display and Television Science be far off?

—Bob Mack

YOU MAKE THE CALL

One of the pages reproduced below comes from a 1989 issue of *Wigwag*, the sweet monthly magazine that has published a feature on Mister Rogers and regularly runs poetry. The other comes from a 1988 issue of *Scholastic Scope*, the sweet weekly magazine that regularly runs poetry and may one day do a feature on Mister Rogers. Which is which? *You make the call.*

—Michael Hofmann

"I am a black man and I am a muslim.... From the inception of my employment... Mr. I., an associate partner... constantly harrassed [sic] me about my religion.... On or about the first of November, 1985, I was out ill, when I returned to work Monday... at close of business I was told I was terminated. The reason given was attendance. [I believe] I am being terminated because of my religion."

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Answer: left, *Scholastic Scope*; right, *Wigwag*

AS TRENDY AS IT WAS 375 YEARS AGO.



Groenlo, Holland, is an uncompromising town. For almost four centuries now, they've refused to change Grolsch's recipe. So if it seems all-natural, non-pasteurized Grolsch is the very latest trend, people in Groenlo would say it's about time. They thought it was pretty hip in 1615. **Grolsch**

Tastes the same here as it does over there.



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

pay Harmon \$9,000.

"HAVE MERCY, JUDGE!": THE PLEAS OF MIKE DEAVER, INSTALLMENT TWO

When the legal adventures of Mike Deaver were last reported in this space [February 1989], the Reagan administration's weaselly minister of propaganda turned influence peddler had orchestrated a letter-writing campaign directed at the judge who was to sentence him for his perjury conviction. It worked. Deaver was fined \$100,000 and ordered to perform community service, but he got off without doing prison time.

Now Deaver has returned. Last summer, before making any payments on his debt to society, he appealed to the judge to reduce his fine to \$25,000. "The direct and indirect financial costs of this case... have been overwhelming," wrote attorney Randall J. Turk, presumably one of the enormous direct financial costs. "As the Court is aware, Mr. Deaver's business was destroyed by the investigation and prosecution of this case. Since that time, Mr. Deaver has been without virtually any means of support.... Because of the abrupt and unanticipated interruption in his income, Mr. Deaver also incurred substantial penalties and interest on... income taxes he was unable to pay in a timely fashion.... He also incurred legal fees... in excess of \$1 million.... After almost three years of unemployment... Mr. Deaver has only recently been able again to obtain some employment in the field of public relations." Turk also had the gall to point out that Deaver was further hamstrung by the court's decree that Nancy Reagan's ex-slave refrain from lobbying the federal government until 1992, and he noted that the court's sentencing guidelines limit fines for offenses like Deaver's to the \$7,500-\$75,000 range.

Deaver documented his appeal with a copy of his personal financial statement. It shows that he owns a house he bought in November 1985 for \$990,000 that has

FROM THE HUMPBACK WHALES TO THE WILD TURKEYS...

This Piece Was Made for You and Me



Everyone who's been a smirking adolescent remembers two geography lessons: that Connecticut's state animal is the sperm whale and that Oregon's official nickname is the Beaver State. Indeed, the contemplation of state nicknames and icons can provide hours of harmless fun and bring us closer together as a nation.

Perhaps America—and the world, by extension—could be a place for all peoples to share, if we'd take the time to explain our differences to one another. We could all learn a lot from Montana's example. When asked why hers is the Treasure State, a spokeswoman replied, "Obviously you've never been to Montana. Everything is rich, lush, beautiful, and you can hold all the riches in your hand and it won't cost you a penny.... And I really mean it. I'm not saying this because I work for the chamber of commerce."

While some would argue that its being the birthplace of Pizza Hut is enough of a distinction, folks in Kansas, the Sunflower State, also take enormous pride in their state's being one of seven to have an official reptile. Their ornate box turtle may not be as swift as Florida's alligator, as popular as North Carolina's eastern box turtle or as tenacious as New Hampshire's red-spotted newt, but Kansans like it just fine.

Speaking of Florida (official home also of the panther, the dolphin and the manatee), its citizens bravely sing "Old Folks at Home" knowing full well that Stephen Foster knew no loyalty when it

came to writing state anthems. "My Old Kentucky Home," the official song of Kentucky, is also his. Perhaps fearing just such an embarrassment, the Buckeye State (Ohio) prudently declared a work by Dayton's own McCoys its official rock song; to date, "Hang On Sloopy" is the only one of its kind.

The morel mushroom is the only official fungus, and Minnesota lays claim to it. Arizona is the only state with official neckwear, the bolo tie.

When, in the mid-eighties, other states were drafting legislation for an official beverage, Kentucky frowned on the transparent political maneuverings of the milk states (Arkansas, Delaware, New York, North Carolina and South Carolina), not to mention Florida's earlier selection of orange juice and the Buckeye State's of tomato juice (the state claims that the first commercial variety of tomato was developed there). In response, Kentuckians unofficially adopted bourbon. But let us remember that Kentucky also had the quiet dignity to adopt the brachiopod as its official fossil, joining Georgia (shark's tooth), Maine (*Pertica quadrifaria*), Maryland (*Ecphora quadricostata*), Nebraska (mammoth), New York (sea scorpion), South Dakota (*Triceratops*), New Mexico (*Coelophysis*) and Ohio (trilobite). A geographically and culturally diverse group of states, to be sure, but their law-abiding people are as one in their respect for tradition and very old, very hard body parts.

—John Brodie



SOUND + VISION

THE DAVID BOWIE CATALOGUE

"THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO
CAN HEAR IT COMING."

Rykodisc presents the first three individual
titles in **SOUND + VISION**, the
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Catch up with this music which remains
as far ahead of its time now as
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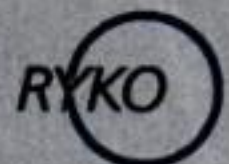
SPACE ODDITY
RCD 10131/RALP/RACS



THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD
RDC 10132/RALP/RACS



HUNKY DORY
RCD 10133/RALP/RACS



SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

appreciated in value to \$1,450,000, on which he owes a mortgage of \$871,000. The form further shows that Deaver has a 1984 Cutlass Ciera worth \$3,000 and household goods worth \$74,000. He has a total of seven checking, money-market and IRA accounts, worth a total of \$18,038, and owes \$3,360 to MasterCard and \$403 to Woodward & Lothrop, the Washington department store. His monthly income is \$6,500 (\$78,000 per annum); his monthly expenses—including \$1,200 a month for "groceries and supplies" and \$600 a month for clothes—total almost twice that, or \$12,343. His PR firm, MKD Inc., is \$810,000 in debt.

The independent prosecutor, for one, was not moved: "While we do not dispute that public disclosure of Deaver's lobbying activities, the scandal it touched off, and his subsequent criminal convictions... caused his lobbying business to suffer, it remains difficult to accept the claim of inability to pay... He has an annual salary of \$78,000, more than \$18,000 in cash on hand... and a house valued at approximately \$1.5 million.... Deaver and his wife have a joint equity interest of well over \$500,000 in their Foxhall house.... The 1988 presentence report showed that Deaver's one-half equity interest then was \$120,805.... His equity has therefore more than doubled in the interim—in an amount more than sufficient to pay off the fine in full....

"Deaver's use of the sentencing guidelines... is highly selective. He notes that the guidelines indicate an appropriate range of fines between \$7,500 and \$75,000. He fails to note that the presentence report also mentioned the possibility of a prison term up to ten months.... Any reduction in the fine should be viewed against the background of the leniency the Court has already exercised."

The court has yet to rule on Deaver's appeal. ►



Robert Mosbacher...



and Maury Povich?



Samuel Beckett...



and Cream's Ginger Baker?



Prince...



and Mexican actor Cantinflas?

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"Thank God for Arthur Schlesinger.... He reminds us that this Republic was not built of windy phrases concocted by media specialists and that soap opera grins are no substitute for logic, candor, and wit."—Harrison E. Salisbury on Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s

The Cycles of American History

"A marvelous memoir, rich, revealing, evocative and intensely American."—Schlesinger on Salisbury's *A Journey for Our Times*

"The saddest, funniest, most tragical, most comical picture of coming of age in the USA in the Depression years and World War II that has ever been written."—Harrison E. Salisbury on Russell Baker's

Growing Up

"One of the great reporters of our century. In this wonderful memoir, he takes us to the exotic places he has explored and introduces us to the extraordinary people—from Zhou Enlai to Abe Rosenthal—whom he met along the way."—Baker on Salisbury's *A Time of Change*

"A small classic, permeated with insight and earthy touches. It will be read widely and for many years."

—Harrison E. Salisbury on John K. Fairbank's *The Great Chinese Revolution*

"A splendid achievement."—Fairbank on Salisbury's *The Long March* —Howard Kaplan

CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

Subject: EDWARD I. KOCH
Sign: Sagittarius (b. 12/12/24)
Date: November 21, 1989



Notable Activity: Announced he'd be joining the law firm of Robinson, Silverman, Pearce, Aronsohn & Berman, which represents real estate developer and alleged SRO demolisher Harry Macklowe

Horoscope: "You're best off refraining from decisive action, and exercising caution and restraint until mid-December."—Katharine Merlin, *Town & Country*

Subject: EDWARD I. KOCH
Sign: Sagittarius (b. 12/12/24)
Date: December 15, 1989



Notable Activity: The *New York Post* announced he was in negotiations to endorse Ultra Slim-Fast
Horoscope: "This is not the best moment to sign a contract or finalize financial deals."—Patric Walker, *New York Post*

Subject: LEONA HELMSLEY
Sign: Cancer (b. 7/4/20)
Date: December 12, 1989



Notable Activity: Given four years in jail and fined \$7.15 million for tax evasion

Horoscope: "You're so vain if you imagine that you can control the future."—Robert Howard, *Self*

Subject: JOHN CARDINAL O'CONNOR, ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK
Sign: Capricorn (b. 1/15/20)
Date: December 10, 1989



Notable Activity: Said a Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral that was disrupted by protesters angry over his anticondom and pro-Operation Rescue statements, among others

Horoscope: "Familiar grievances and misunderstandings will probably resurface."—Katharine Merlin, *Town & Country*

—George Mannes

BOMBAY SAPPHIRE. POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.



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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

JESUS SAVES

Bad news for investors: apparently it is no longer safe to entrust your life savings to people who claim to have received their financial guidance directly from Almighty God. This has less to do with God's declining ability to suss out market trends than with the widespread insincerity of those advisers who claim divine guidance. According to the North American Securities Administrators Association, over the last five years more than 15,000 Americans have lost "well over" \$450 million to grifters and sharpies—few of whom have actually spoken to the Almighty—who play on religious beliefs to swindle the faithful. Among the scams:

† A former preacher, now serving time for securities-law violations, took in \$10 million from believers by promising a no-risk 36 percent annual return from T-bill investments. Investigators found that many of the investors were Christian fundamentalists who believed they were dealing with a man whom God had blessed with extraordinary business abilities—as evidenced by his \$16,000-a-month penthouse suite in Van Nuys and his diamond-encrusted Rolex.

† The former treasurer of the largest Baptist church in Alabama, now serving a 10-year sentence, bilked \$18 million from 193 investors, one of whom was Congressman Bill Dickinson, an otherwise forgettable Republican right-winger. The promoter promised an 8 percent to 30 percent return on investment—per month. One victim stated, "It was sort of comforting to see the Bible verse printed at the end of the monthly statements."

† Investors lost several million dollars in a company that said it planned to drill for oil and gas in Israel. The promoters cited as their inspiration Moses' blessing of the tribe of Asher in Deuteronomy 33:24, which predicts that the feet of the people will be bathed in oil. Less literal-minded securities

THE BIG LIE

Fact-Checked America, Episode One: Radio Stations

Advertising's shortcomings are obvious—automated perkiness, smarmy soundtracks, too much Bo Jackson and so on. Still, many consumers reasonably believe that even the most hyperbolic pitches are policed for accuracy. Well, imagine this: they are not. To prove this shocking assertion, we decided to gauge the validity of some incessantly repeated claims; we started simply and just turned on the radio.

THE CLAIM	THE TRUTH
"Another commercial-free hour on the way!" —WRKS-FM (98.7)	Number of minutes until next commercial: 51
"New York's only classic rock 'n' roll radio station!" —WXRK-FM (92.3)	New York's other radio stations that play classic rock 'n' roll: WNEW-FM (102.7) and WNYU-FM (93.9)
"The one and only station that gives you 12 songs in a row!" —WQHT-FM (97.1)	Another radio station that gives you 12 songs in a row: WRKS-FM (98.7)
"You give us 22 minutes; we'll give you the world!" —WINS-AM (1010)	Percent of world's surface ignored during recent 22-minute segment: 96
"More music!" —WRKS-FM (98.7)	Number of minutes devoted to music during an hour of a recent morning program: WRKS—34 minutes, 13 seconds WNEW—28 minutes, 46 seconds WQHT—27 minutes, 53 seconds
"More music!" —WNEW-FM (102.7)	
"We've got the most music!" —WQHT-FM (97.1)	

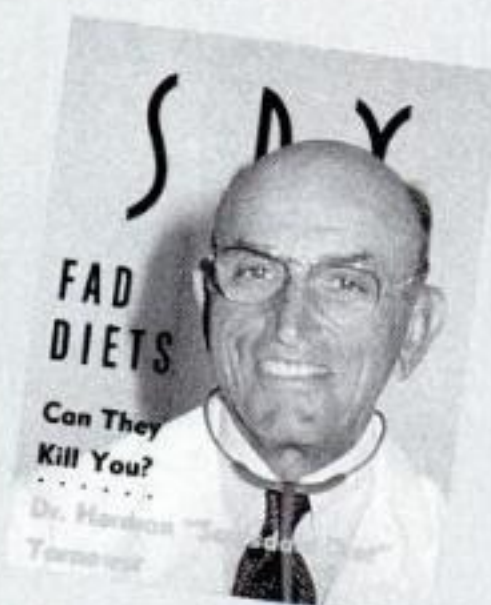
Next episode: advertisements underground.

—Martin Kihn

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

"[Noriega] is a world-class thug, but it would take the combined efforts of the United States Army and the Roman Catholic church to pry him out of Panama."

—from "Learning to Live Without the Canal," by David Owen, SPY, March 1980



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Our Monthly Anagram Analysis

SENATOR
TREASON

LARRY SPEAKES
RARELY SPEAKS

VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES DANFORTH
QUAYLE

HA! FAVOR PENIS QUEST:
MARILYN DEJECTED

BUCHAREST
BUSH—REACT!

—Andy Aaron



THE LIZ SMITH
TOTE BOARD
A Monthly Tally

mentioned once every...

Frank Rich	4.8
60 Minutes	4.8
Deborah Norville	6
Nancy Reagan	6
Steve Ross	6
Beverly Sills	6
Barbara Walters	6
A Few Good Men	8
Woody Allen	8
Kate Capshaw	8
Malcolm Forbes	8
Frank Sinatra	8
Liz herself (mentioned once as "a young bride")	8
Sylvester Stallone	8
Divine	12
Madonna	12
The Nederlanders	12
Lee Bailey	24
SPY	24

...days

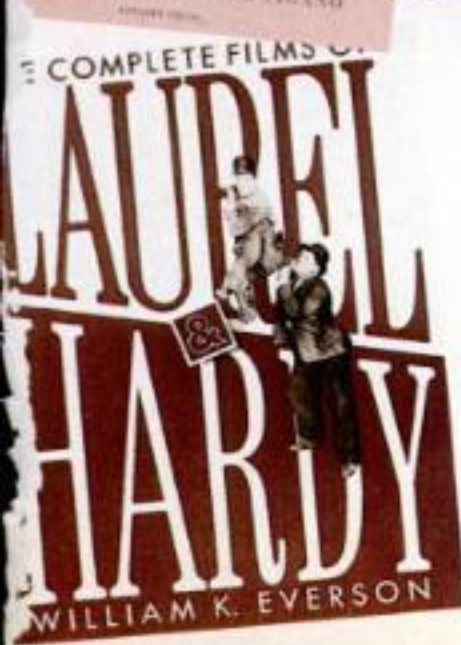
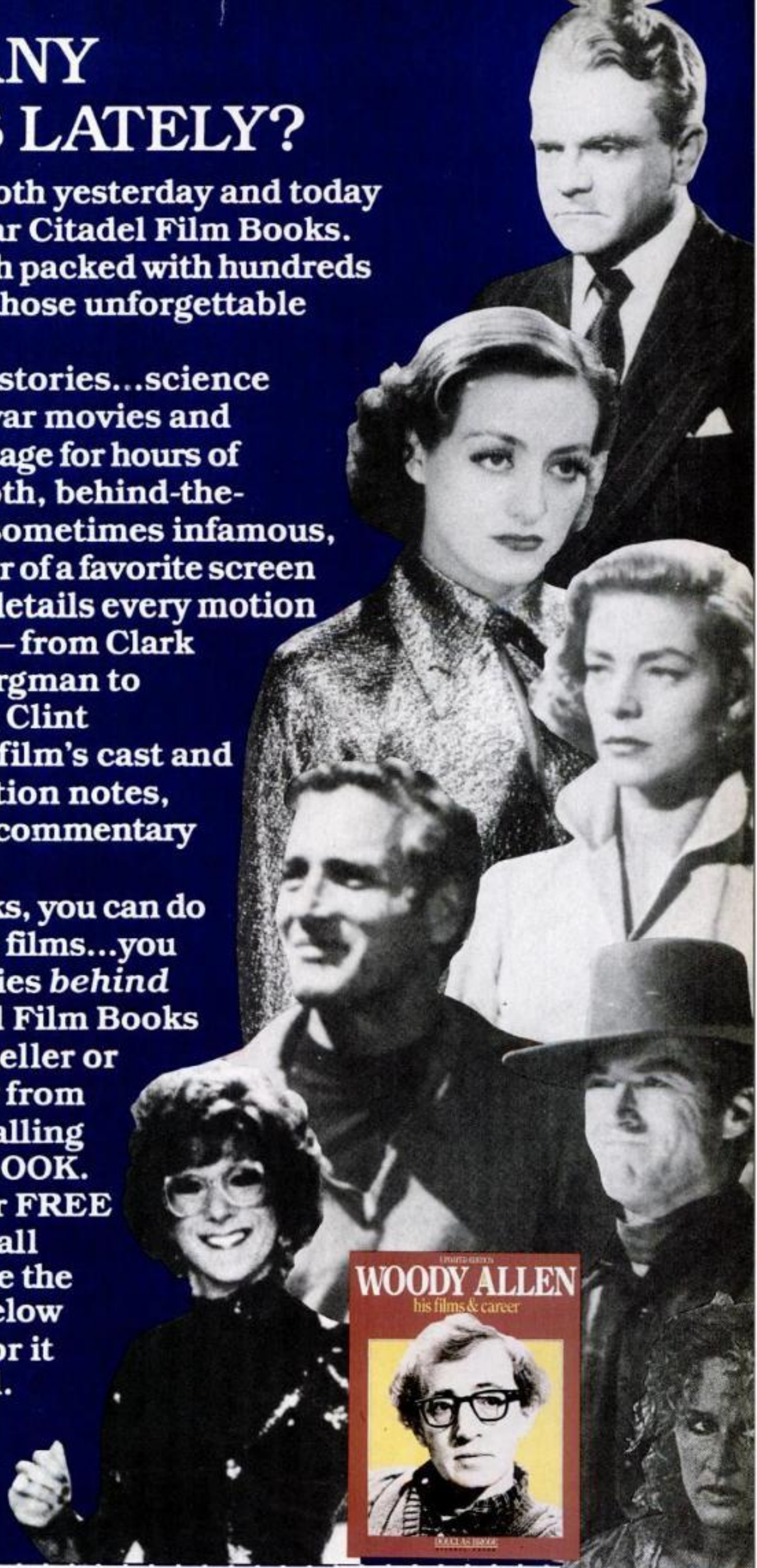
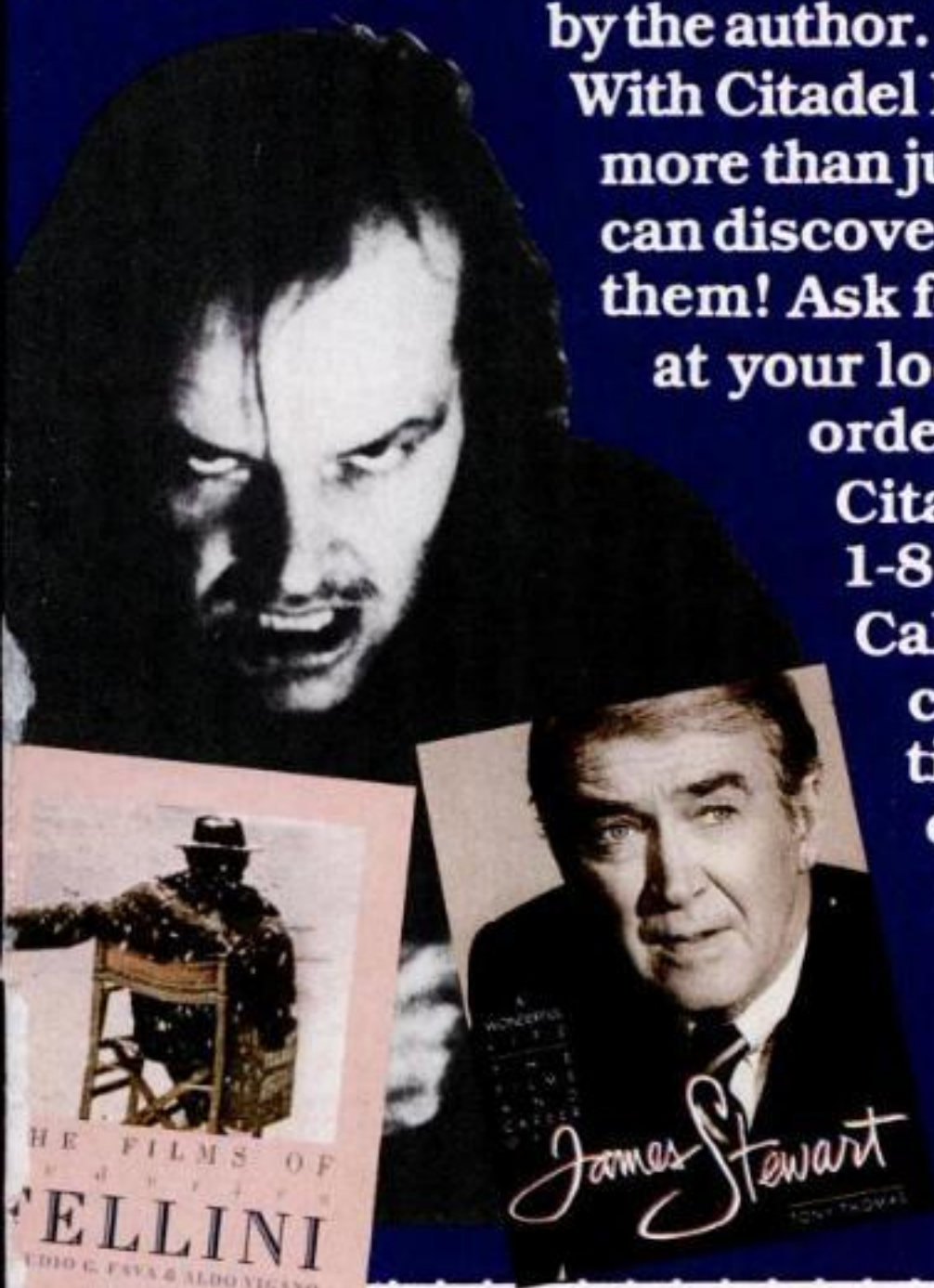
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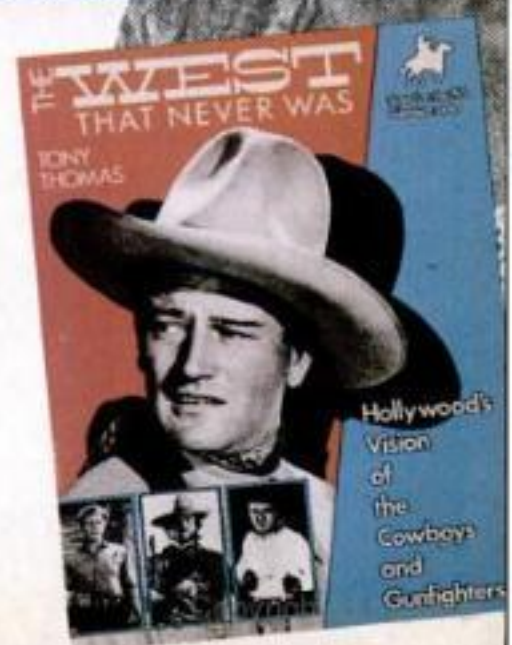
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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

regulators stopped the sale of the company's stock.

Pseudoreligious swindling may also play a role in one of the great unresolved mysteries of 1989—namely, that of Thomas Root, the wacky pilot who last summer sat unconscious as his plane cruised down the Eastern Seaboard and landed in the Atlantic, a crash from which he emerged alive but with an unexplained gunshot wound in his abdomen. Root, as it turned out, was an attorney who represented investors in Sonrise Management, a firm that put together more than 150 limited partnerships to buy radio stations. Sonrise used large boiler-room telephone-sales operations to lash together groups of 30 investors who would put up \$3,000 apiece; the partnerships would then apply to the FCC for a license to operate a new Christian radio station. Sonrise, which told investors that the *o* in its name was not a misspelling but an intentional reference to Jesus Christ, indicated that investors could expect a loaves-and-fishes-caliber return of 14 to 1 on their funds. Sonrise took in \$16-million; of which \$1.6 million ended up with the curious Root.

THE BRUNSWICK PIRATE

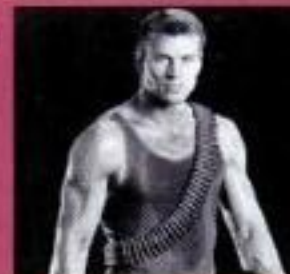
The reports of baseball's professional scouts can be trusted as highly reliable analyses of batting, running and throwing abilities, but they are not usually recommended for their psychological acuity. Nonetheless, the report filed by Pittsburgh Pirates scout Edward McCarrick appraising a 20-year-old prospect named Mario Cuomo has held up pretty well: "Potentially the best prospect on the club.... He is aggressive and plays hard. He is intelligent and is a straight-A student.... He is not an easy chap to get close to but is very well-liked by those who succeed in penetrating the exterior shell.... He is another who will run over you if you get in his way." Once, McCarrick might have added, he decides to run at all. ☛

"WHY DO I LIKE GUMBY? WELL, HE'S REALLY DOWN-TO-EARTH"

A SPY Guide to Fan Clubs

udy Garland had one. So did James Dean. Elvis's untimely death did nothing to diminish the efforts of his fan clubs (22 at last count), nor has Engelbert Humperdinck's failure to die (he has 9 fan clubs, ranging from Engelbert's "Goils" to the Humper Dears). The official Star Trek Fan Club has so many members (30,000) that presidential candidates might do well to seek its endorsement in 1992.

Club	Celebrity best known for	Year club formed	Number of members	Dues
International Bruce Boxleitner Fan Club, Alexandria, Virginia	<i>Scarecrow and Mrs. King</i>	1985	250	\$9 a year in U.S. and Canada, \$12 overseas
Lindsay Wagner's Official Fan Club, Maywood, New Jersey	<i>The Bionic Woman</i>	1978	500	\$15 a year
Simply Simon—The Official Simon MacCorkindale Fan Club, Canoga Park, California	Turning into a panther on <i>Manimal</i>	1982	70	\$8 a year
Barbara Eden International Fan Club, Allentown, Pennsylvania	<i>I Dream of Jeannie</i>	1977	320	\$8 a year in U.S., \$10 overseas
Tanya Roberts Fan Club, Daly City, California	Being the last, and worst, of Charlie's Angels	1984	115	\$8 a year
Jon-Erik Hexum Fan Club, Portland, Oregon	Accidentally killing himself in 1984 with a prop pistol on the set of the TV series <i>Cover Up</i>	1986	150	\$5 a year
Official Gumby Fan Club, Schaumburg, Illinois	Introducing millions of Americans to clay animation	1985	12,000	\$4.50 a year





But for every fan club devoted to, say, the Beatles, there's one dedicated to David Cassidy and the Partridge Family. In other words, you don't have to be currently popular or even talented to earn the adoration of several hundred souls scattered across the country who have worked up an interest in you that might be described as enthusiastic, or perhaps even...*unhealthy*.

Of course, membership has its privileges, as the following pocket guide demonstrates.

What you get for your money	Special activities	What is celebrity really like?	Fan facts
Membership card; fan club button; welcome note from Boxleitner ("I really appreciate your interest in my career and the club"); bio sheet; credits; questionnaire ("If you could ask Bruce any question, what would it be?"); two photos of Boxleitner; two bookmarks with photo of Boxleitner and costar Kate Jackson; bimonthly newsletter, <i>Master Control Program</i> , with information on Boxleitner's upcoming appearances on the Estée Lauder personal-products-for-men tour, plus an order form for Boxleitner T-shirts, ballpoint pens, calendars and color-photo medallions	Club periodically publishes a Boxleitner-centric magazine that features stories, poems and artwork about Bruce and the characters he has portrayed in <i>Tron</i> , <i>Bring 'Em Back Alive</i> , <i>Kenny Rogers as the Gambler</i> and <i>Scarecrow and Mrs. King</i>	"He's a real down-to-earth type of guy," according to club president Darla Vasilas	Fan club members deluged Boxleitner with mail to cheer him up when he was going through a divorce
Welcome letter from Wagner, with explanation of club's lotus-flower logo ("the symbol of purity in one's life, love, peace and harmony. It also represents my personal initials L.J.W."); welcome letter from club president; official filmography; Lindsay's vital physical statistics; Official Fan Club Appreciation Award certificate with space for member's name; three bookmarks with club logo; two pressure-sensitive club-logo decals; three photos of Wagner; poster of Wagner; newsletter, <i>The Lotus Blossom</i> ("It seems that in certain markets this weekend ABC aired Lindsay's <i>Police Story Burnout</i> TV movie on Saturday evenings and in other markets on Sunday afternoons. Still in other markets the movie was pulled at the last minute. . . . Please write to ABC-TV. . . letting them know just how disappointed you are")	Club took out an ad in <i>The Hollywood Reporter</i> last June touting Wagner for an Emmy for <i>The Taking of Flight 847: The Uli Derickson Story</i>	"She's very down-to-earth," according to club president Kathy Bartels	Bartels also runs the fan clubs for <i>Bionic Woman</i> costar Jennifer Darling, <i>Hunter</i> star Fred Dryer and character actor Ben Frank (<i>Death Wish II</i> , <i>Hollywood Vice Squad</i>)
Membership card; welcome letter; biography ("Hobby: collects elephant figurines"); credits; articles on MacCorkindale; <i>actual</i> autographed picture; newsletter with poem about MacCorkindale; list of potential pen pals	Club auctioned off a name badge MacCorkindale wore as a judge of the Miss Universe Pageant	"Simon is a very down-to-earth person," according to club president Lonna Poland	MacCorkindale has nicknamed club president Poland the pushy broad
Membership card; list of film credits, which include the TV movie <i>I Dream of Jeannie: 15 Years Later</i> ; list of television credits, which include a January 29, 1958, episode of <i>Father Knows Best</i> and a December 9, 1985, appearance on TV's <i>Bloopers and Practical Jokes</i> ; three color photographs; bimonthly newsletter with detailed information on Eden's movements and her press coverage, and ads for Eden-related products ("JEANNIE FANS!! For a very limited time you can now get that unpainted bottle that you've owned for years painted just like the ones on the TV show! . . . [Please note: I am NOT SELLING THE BOTTLES, only painting them. You will have to send YOUR bottle to me to be painted]")	Club recently raised \$3,500 for Eden's star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame (at 7003 Hollywood Boulevard, across from a Häagen-Dazs shop); Jamie Farr and Dawn Wells (Mary Ann on <i>Gilligan's Island</i>) attended the unveiling	"If you've ever seen her on talk shows, that's just the way she is offstage," according to club president Kenneth Bealer	A heretical BEIFC member recently tried to start a fan club devoted only to <i>I Dream of Jeannie</i> . Grouses Bealer, "That's the fanatical end of it"
<i>Sheena</i> button; four photos of Roberts; bio of Roberts from <i>A View to a Kill</i> press kit; periodically published newsletter, <i>The Tanya Roberts Times</i> ("New club member Cary Brown is looking for a poster of Tanya wearing a pink and white bikini against a blue background")	None	"My relationship is kind of indirect," says club president Chuck Meagher, who has never met Roberts	Roberts is said to be regarded highly in France
Press clippings about Hexum's career and death; index of the club's "Scrapbook," which consists of videotape anthologies of Hexum's TV talk show appearances and news reports about disbursement of his organs; list of TV and movie appearances; photographs; newsletter, <i>The Hex-Nut</i> (the December 1988 issue asks fans for information on "that elusive year J-E spent studying biomedical engineering at Case Western Reserve")	Club secretary Alan Carell has begun work on a Hexum biography. Working title: <i>Good Guy</i>	Hexum is dead	Hexum is honored by a <i>Star Trek</i> fan club in Columbia, Illinois, which calls itself U.S.S. <i>Hexum</i>
Welcome letter from Gumby creator Art Clokey; membership card with ID number; membership certificate (suitable for framing); autographed photo of Clokey, Gumby and Pokey; lyrics to "The Gumby Song" ("He was once a little green slab of clay—Gumby! You should see what Gumby can do today—Gumby!"); stickers and iron-ons; DON'T EVEN THINK OF DISTURBING THIS GUMBY FAN doorknob sign; three Gumby-Pokey bookmarks; Official Gumby Fan Club Product Catalog; quarterly newsletter, <i>GUMBY GRAM</i> , detailing Gumby's adventures and personal appearances	None, although Gumby's handlers are attempting to form collegiate chapters of the Official Gumby Fan Club	Gumby has all the properties of clay	Gumby's fan club is fast being overshadowed by that of rival children's TV show <i>Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles</i>

—John F. Kelly



THE SPY TRIP TIP

Where Playing to Win Was Born

You've seen where Lincoln lived, you've visited FDR's retreat. But the borough of Queens, New York, is the site of the boyhood home of an American more outgoing than Springfield's favorite son and more adept at financial prestidigitation than Hyde Park's most celebrated resident.

On Midland Parkway in Jamaica Estates stands the house in which New York's first citizen, Donald Trump, lived as a short-fingered boy. Nowadays, the quiet, tree-lined streets of the area form an oasis from the crack dealers on nearby Hillside Avenue. The used-Oldsmobile lots turn into Victorian and mock-Tudor houses as you find yourself suddenly in a

neighborhood more Forest Hills than Woodlawn.

The tastemaker and redeemer of the Manhattan and Atlantic City skylines came of age in a modest dwelling. A carefully landscaped front yard with a lawn jockey (face repainted white) runs up to the two-story house, a brick pseudo-Georgian with gigantic columns and pediment. Ring the doorbell to ask about a tour of young Donald's room (might his undoubtedly brass-plated Erector set still be in situ?). It's possible that no one will answer, even though Trump's driver's license (corrective lenses required) is registered to this address. Admire the interior through one of the four first-story windows

and imagine the bigger-better-swankier dream first being dreamed within those walls.

Bustling Hillside Avenue must have been where Trump and his little "friends" spent their nickels and dimes on a Saturday afternoon. Curiously, though—despite Trump's assertion that he was "always something of a leader in my neighborhood...and I tended to be the kid that others followed" (*The Art of the Deal*)—the lavishly made-up matron at Barton's candy shop says, "I've been running this store for 28 years, and I don't remember him."

Two and a half miles west in Kew Gardens is the Kew Forest School, a day school to which the

Donny had to be driven every day. Students play kickball and some take tennis lessons in the asphalt schoolyard behind the redbrick building through whose doors Trump passed 30 years ago. Imagine the pressure on little Don to make the highest-quality grades at a school where his father was a board member and donated construction materials for a new wing. Perhaps that's why the boy once "gave a teacher a black eye...because I didn't think he knew anything about music."

Trump was apparently the king of Kew Gardens as well as of Jamaica Estates: "As an adolescent I was mostly interested in creating mischief....I'd throw water balloons,

shoot spitballs and make a ruckus in the schoolyard." They say the child is father to the man.

—John Brodie

The Boyhood Home of Donald Trump, 85-14 Midland Parkway, Jamaica Estates, New York. Closed to the public 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Take the E or F train to 179th Street; walk west along Hillside Avenue until it intersects with Midland Parkway.

The Kew Forest School, 119-17 Union Turnpike, Kew Gardens. Take the E or F train to the Union Turnpike/Kew Gardens station; walk to the intersection of Queens Boulevard and Union Turnpike, then turn right. The school is on the next block.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY periodically publishes *Letters to the Editor* of *The New Yorker* because *The New Yorker* doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

DEAR BOB,

The Talk of the Town in the July 3, 1989, issue of *The New Yorker* includes a description of Senegalese vendors in the Bronx selling T-shirts that "can't be described in a family magazine." In the same issue—two pages later—the short story "You're Ugly, Too," by Lorrie Moore, is enlivened by these phrases: "A painting like that...just makes you shit"; "Great tits"; "Did you see that secretary out front? I finally fucked her"; and "Men are screwing rocks. Rocks!"

What the hell kind of shirts are they selling in the Bronx?

J. H. George
New York, New York

A knight in full plate armor stands in a dark, snowy stone archway. The armor is highly detailed with ornate designs. The knight's face is obscured by a dark visor. The background is a rough stone wall with snow on the ground and ledges. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the armor and the texture of the stone.

J&B

J&B on a cold night.

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SPY SALUTES THE STARS OF TOMORROW TODAY



HOWARD ELLIOT



SPY: What drew you to show business?

Howard Elliot, Star of Tomorrow: It was a chance to be recognized doing what I'd been doing all along—acting like an asshole.

SPY: What's been your most rewarding theatrical experience?

Elliot: I did a tour of *The Fantasticks* a while back. That was a very natural high. ☺

MARCH DATEBOOK

*Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming*

1 Bicentennial of the first U.S. census. Back in 1790 the largest city was Philadelphia (pop. 28,522). Sadly, Philly has since suffered a decline in stature: its population is now the fourth-largest, its police force recently blew up an entire block of row houses, and *thirtysomething* is set there.

2-4 The International Cat Show welcomes 900 entrants, 45 feline breeds and countless children's-book illustrators and bachelors with tabbies named Camembert and Anastasia; Madison

Square Garden. When not on the edge of your seat watching the judges' expressions, visit the Cat Supermarket, an emporium of toys, exercise equipment and grooming items (but *not*, alas, a spring-loaded swatter to whack them off the kitchen counter when they start eating the tuna salad out of the mixing bowl). Says spokeswoman Ellie Silverman, "We're looking to show every breed of cat—including the new mutations."

4 Last week of the Cooper-Hewitt's "Intimate World of Alexander Calder," featuring "wire caricatures of friends such as Saul Steinberg"—meaning, disappointingly, the artist and *New Yorker* contributor, not the more caricaturable, beaver-faced Reliance Group behemoth.

12 James Taylor turns 42. He and his family lunch on tabbouleh, dandelion salad, miso soup, zucchini bread and soy milk, then retire to the den for some acoustic strumming and steaming mugs of Lemon Zinger.

16 "New Directors/ New Films" series begins; Museum of Modern Art. Men and women in wire-rims and

bomber jackets view grainy, plotless films. *Times* runs laudatory reviews by an awed and uncomprehending Caryn James.

17 McDonald's patrons, dazzled by limited-time-only rhetoric, order green-dyed Shamrock Shakes. Several glutinous sips later, they regret their decision.

19 Jesús López-Cobos Alert! Jesús López-Cobos Alert! Carnegie Hall hosts the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and its way-cool conductor, Jesús López-Cobos. Silk-screened T-shirts bearing the conductor's likeness sell for \$12.

20 Vernal equinox, 4:19 p.m. Pallid New Agers try to make eggs stand upright along the rim of the fountain at World Trade Center Plaza. Explains organizer Donna Henes, "An egg is a whole life, and it responds to the cosmic balance of the universe."

31 Bunsen Burner Day. According to *Chase's Annual Events*, we honor inventor Robert Wilhelm Eberhard von Bunsen, who "provided

chemists and chemistry students with one of their most indispensable instruments."

Information on Graduated Cylinder Day to come. ☺



Cartoon by David Farley



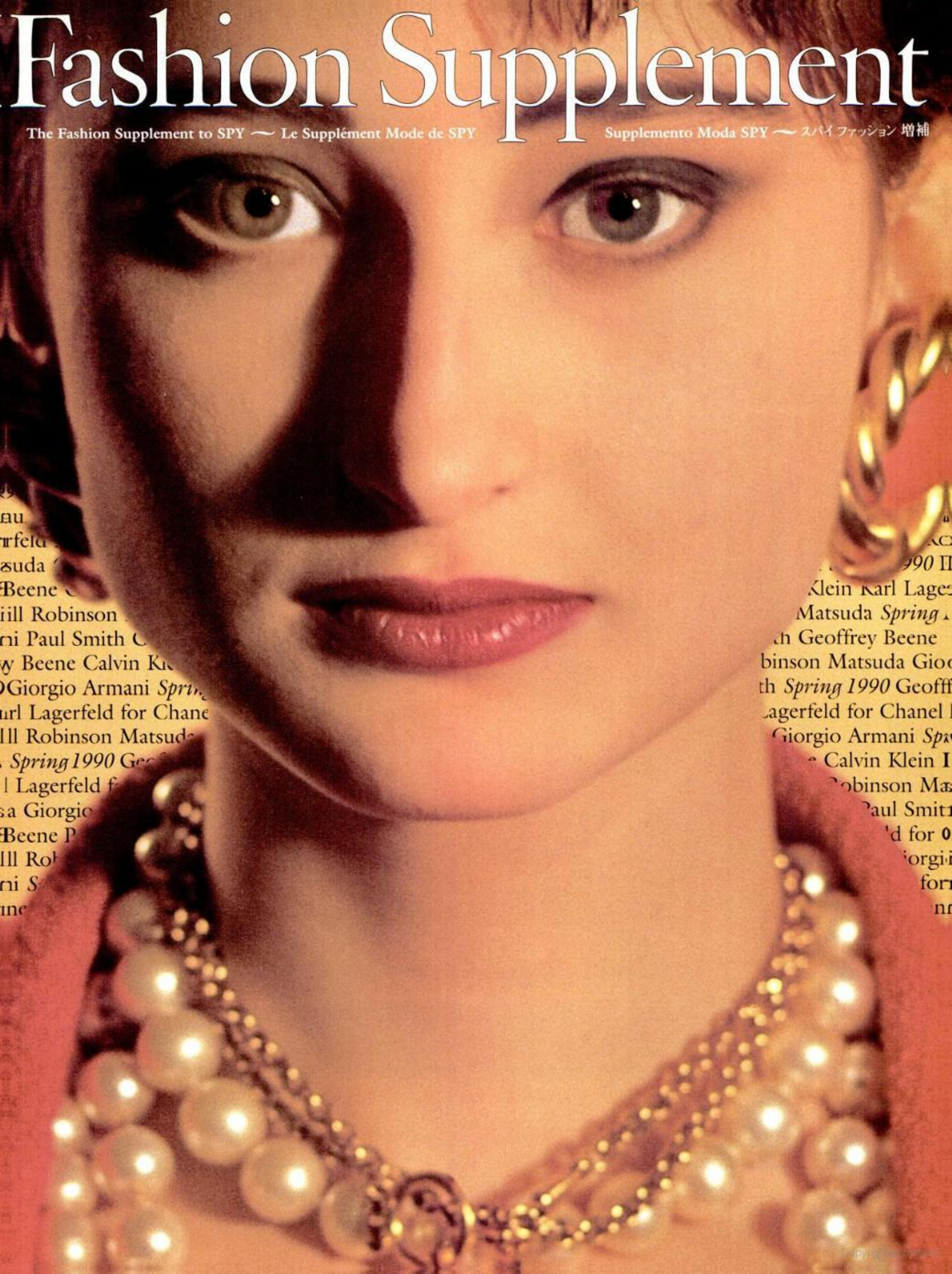
Fashion Supplement

The Fashion Supplement to SPY ~ Le Supplément Mode de SPY

Supplemento Moda SPY ~ スパイファッション 増補

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Macy's

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R O M A



GIORGIO ARMANI

815 Madison Avenue, New York • 436 No. Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills

With our cap at a jaunty angle

and our socks probably mismatched (we're afraid to look), we saunter into the world of fashion publishing with this first edition of *The Fashion Supplement to SPY*. ~ Our fashion supplement is designed to appeal to SPY readers of every sort, from those who think an accessory is the man who drives the getaway car to those who turn the word into a verb. From those who feel naked without an ascot to those who know nothing of spats except that Scrooge McDuck wears them. From those who'll marvel over the whimsy and spunk of the section to those who'll compose the inevitable peevish note to SPY's editors. ~ How can we be so sure of the broad appeal of the fashion supplement?

Easy. Casual observation over the last three years suggests that many, if not most, SPY readers own and wear clothing, much of it attractive, and more scientific research indicates that they also have plenty of money. ~ So they will surely want to see all the terrific fashion-oriented stuff in the supplement.

Stuff like *History Repeats Itself*. That is, the celebrated live forever. If Washington were crossing the Delaware in 1990 instead of 1776, would he choose the same old eighteenth-century frock to wear? We think not. *Best of Breed* is a stunning group photograph of perfect accessories—this season it's eyeglasses—with information on where to buy them and for how much and what part of the body you're supposed to put them on. And listen to *The Fashion Masters Speak*: discussions with today's most intriguing designers, merchandisers and clairvoyants. ~ So enjoy this and future editions of *The Fashion Supplement to SPY*. If you're not the sort of person who usually spends time with fashion magazines, don't worry: you don't have to tell anyone you read this. (One look at the new fashion-hep you, and they'll know.)

Produced and Designed by Drenttel Doyle Partners

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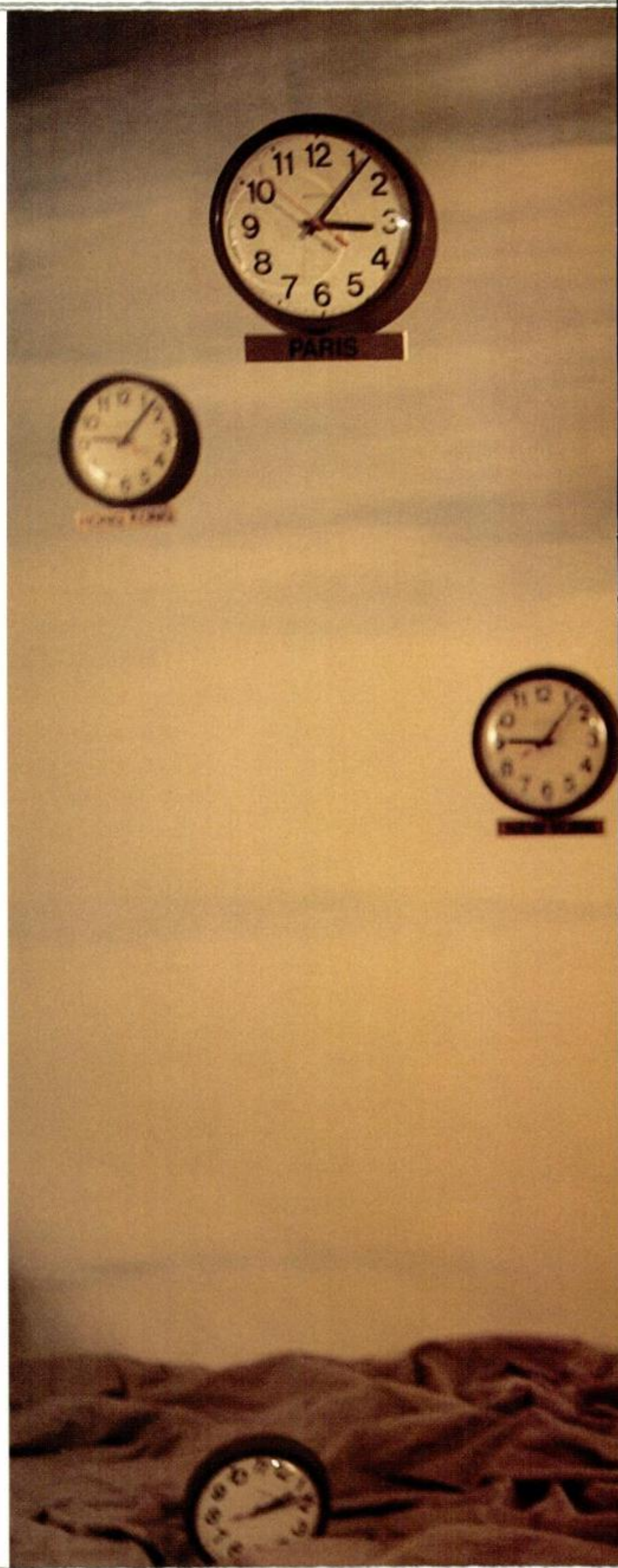
Hair and Makeup by Lori Barbaria for Liz Baruch Inc., Model: Bernadette of Abel Model Mgmt.

History Repeats Itself. Sort of.

As 6 different deadlines tick by,
Coco Chanel
(wearing—what else?—a
classic Chanel ensemble) keeps tabs
on 23 far-flung operatives,
17 annoying rumors and 7 distinct
Zeitgeists—and she does it
all the old-fashioned way: no fax,
no beeper, no decaf.

Fuchsia wool-bouclé jacket (sold with a
different drape-front skirt), \$2,200: Chanel
Boutique, New York, Beverly Hills
and Washington, D.C. Black silk-chiffon skirt,
\$1,035: Chanel Boutique, Ala Moana,
Hawaii. Both by Chanel by Karl Lagerfeld.
All accessories by Chanel. Hair and Makeup:
Lori Barbaria for Liz Baruch Inc.
Model: Bernadette of Abel Model Mgmt.

Photographs by
Josef Astor
Styling by Nian Fish





In a basement studio, way,
way downtown, with nothing but
his canvas-stretcher and—
of course—his Bill Robinson suit,

Vincent van Gogh

contemplates a 1990s career
dilemma: paint another
overappreciated masterpiece for
Mary Boone to sell, stare
at the ceiling and listen to the big
trucks roll overhead,
or go up to midtown and meet
with the people who want him to
appear in a liquor ad?

Saffron linen jacket, \$225, and saffron linen
pants, \$125, by Bill Robinson;
Bloomingdale's; I. Magnin; Marshall Field;
Neiman Marcus. Abstract-print rayon
shirt by Paul Smith, \$150: Bergdorf Goodman;
Carol Rollo/Riding High; Paul Smith,
New York and London; Louis, Boston.
Grooming by Mathu Andersen for Lisa Schiffman
Mgmt. Model: John Klotnia.







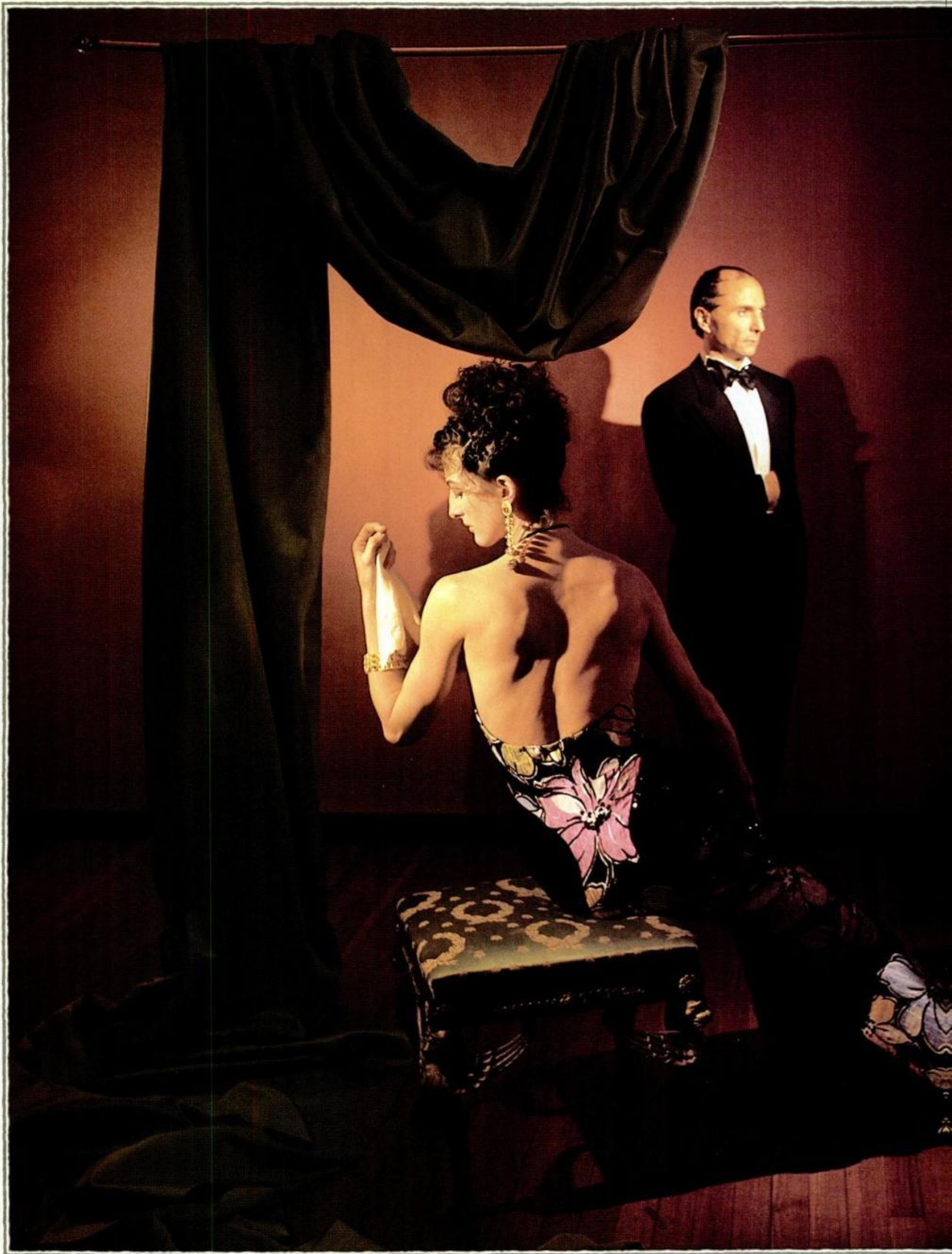
Sculptor of ingenious spaces. Bed-stand philosopher. Weekend paleontologist. Insufferable oenophile. A true Renaissance man for the nineties, **Thomas Jefferson** reveals his eye for the golden ratios of dimension in a colonially inspired Matsuda suit.

Cotton green-and-mauve pinstripe jacket, \$660. Khaki-and-rust pinstripe pants, \$440. Mauve jacket-vest, \$420. White cotton shirt, \$280. All by Matsuda, New York. Ascot by Etro. Stainless-steel watch by Heuer, available at Tourneau. Bone and ostrich egg: Maxilla & Mandible, New York. Grooming: Lindy King for Kramer+Kramer. Model: Frederick Washburn of Ice.



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full frontal assault on New York's
nightlife, he in Armani
and she in Geoffrey Beene, the
never-say-die power
couple of the late twentieth century,

Napoleon and Josephine,

prepare to hit the town—
and then be home by 11:20 to trade
strategic information, map
out tomorrow's plan of attack with
their public-relations
adviser and catch the first few
minutes of *Nightline*.

Black-sequined floral-print halter dress, Geoffrey
Beene, approximately \$6,300:

made-to-order at Saks Fifth Avenue; Bergdorf

Goodman, New York; I. Magnin,

San Francisco; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia. Jewelry

by Deanna Hamro at Fragments. Shoes

by Manolo Blahnik. Tuxedo, \$1,785, and wing-tip

tuxedo shirt, \$285, by Giorgio Armani:

Giorgio Armani boutique, New York, Beverly Hills

and Chicago. Men's evening furnishings

and tuxedo pumps by Giorgio Armani. 18K-gold

watch by Ebel. Empire Cheval mirror

courtesy of Hudson House Antiques, New York.

Empire bench: Newell Art Gallery.

Hair and Makeup: Mathu Andersen for

Lisa Schiffman Mgmt. Models: Karen O'Shea of

Faces; Christian Duvernois.

Couleurs Potpourri

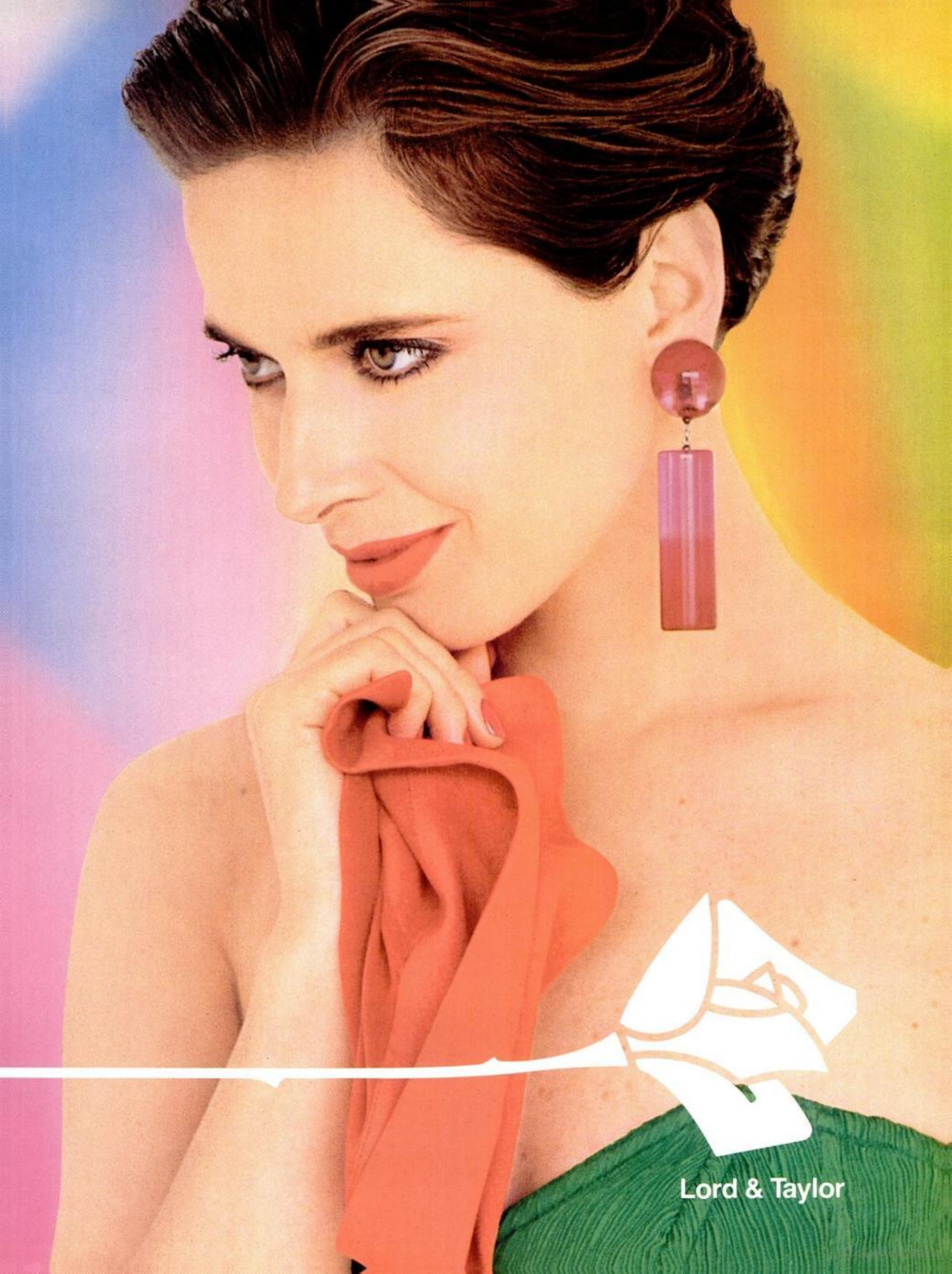
Brilliant new forms of colour freedom.



LANCÔME
PARIS

Green Top: Jeune Europe,
Earrings: Stuart Freeman

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Lord & Taylor



She doesn't need cue cards. She doesn't need to be told whether a full house beats a flush.
 And in a Calvin Klein outfit suitable for any Wooster—150 or Bertie—**Carole Lombard**
 doesn't need to be told how to dress for the remainder of the millennium.

Bristol-plaid wool-and-silk jacket, \$730: Bloomingdale's; The Bon; Montaldos. Buff suede pants, \$950: exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Ivory sea-island cotton polo, \$190: Bloomingdale's; The Bon; Montaldos. All by Calvin Klein. Silk scarf by Perry Ellis Scarves. Watch by Perry Ellis Watches. 24K-gold link bracelets by Robert Lee Morris. Brown lizard belt by Johnny Farah at Showroom 7. Shoes by Fratelli Rossetti. Hair and Makeup: Mathu Andersen for Lisa Schiffman Mgmt. Model: Angela Wilde of Next.



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The Fashion Masters Speak

Of the clothing you currently own and wear, what item will you still have 20 years from now?

Anna Wintour, editor in chief, Vogue:
Nothing.

Moschino, fashion designer:
Nothing except the underwear—white jockey briefs.

Gene Pressman, executive vice president, Barneys New York:
Everything except the underwear.

Alain Mikli, president, Alain Mikli Optical Frames:

My underwear and my socks, for sure! Probably my jeans and my boots as well.

Doug Tompkins, president, Esprit International:

Nothing, although I may very well replace things with the same items in 20 years.

Paul Smith, fashion designer:
Probably everything, knowing me, because I don't throw anything away.

Christian de Castelneau, fashion designer:

I've been buying the same thing for 30 years—shoes, pants, shirts—so I'll be buying the same thing for the next 20—30 years.

Isaac Mizrahi, fashion designer:
Navy-and-white cotton striped L. L. Bean boatneck and an extra-large black cashmere sweater from Berk's in the Burlington arcade in London.

Ellin Saltzman, senior vice president, R. H. Macy & Co. Inc.:
Black trousers.

Peter Rogers, president, Peter Rogers Associates:
Levi's: the best-fitting trouser in the world.

Marc Jacobs, fashion designer:
Button-fly jeans and a navy blazer.

What have you thrown away that you wish you still had?

Alain Mikli:
Money.

Gene Pressman:
My old Beatles rock 'n' roll tour

jacket; my Woodstock jeans, fringe jacket and T-shirt; my long hair and ponytail (sometimes).

Moschino:
An old leather jacket I bought on my first trip to New York.

Marc Jacobs:
I save clothes. I haven't thrown anything away.

Doug Tompkins:
I've thrown away nothing I wish I had not.

Christian de Castelneau:
Nothing, because I keep buying the same thing.

Paul Smith:
I don't throw things away. Unfortunately I have grown out of a few things as I put on a little bit of weight.

Peter Rogers:
I wish I still had anything with a 30-inch waist.

Anna Wintour:
Nothing.

Ellin Saltzman:
Floor-length trench coat.

Isaac Mizrahi:
The baby navy-blue-and-ocher ski suit with Tyrolean buttons and matching cap my aunt Ciela gave me.

H U G G S K I S S E S

ESPRIT

The Fashion Masters Speak

What country will be the next "hot" fashion country?

Anna Wintour:

Possibly Spain.

Ellin Saltzman:

Spain, then Russia, then the U.S.A. again.

Gene Pressman:

Spain—they're happening—classic but baroque, Dalí and Picasso. Russia—forget about it, not in this century.

Alain Mikli:

The USSR.

Peter Rogers:

Probably East Germany. I think a look—barbarian-looking jackets have been coming around already. And we're back to the loden coat.

Christian de Castelnau:

France, as usual.

Doug Tompkins:

Some say the French and Italians are fashionable, some say New Yorkers. We Californians say that if fashionable is what they think they are in New York, let them think so, we'll go for something else to be fashionable. Two years ago Russia was in. Last summer it was Beijing, maybe it's East Germany this last month, and people have pumped up Spain as the next Italy/France in the European stylish sense. Probably the rich Asian countries would be the next hot countries.

Paul Smith:

Had you asked me ten years ago, then it was a lot more to do

with things like a country or a trend, especially with people like Kenzo. You could always tell where he had been for his holidays, because it was like the Peruvian collection, or the Red Indian collection, or the Egyptian collection. Influences seem to come from everywhere now. Certainly my influences come from just walking down the street.

Moschino:

I hope none. The fascinating thing is watching how these poor cultures will be able to impress and influence ours, because fashion is only for the rich, fashion is richness. Clothing is something else—but every time that fashion touches something, it becomes fake and rich. Every time that music is moved to somewhere else—to Brazil or Africa—there is always a wonderful cocktail coming out. That doesn't happen in fashion, unfortunately. Too bad for me I'm not a musician.

Isaac Mizrahi:

America.

Marc Jacobs:

U.S.A. It's why Ralph Lauren makes so much sense right now. It's because the time is right for sort of classic American clothes, or things that are rooted in something

Can you sew?

Doug Tompkins:

I can sew. It's not rocket science.

Paul Smith:

Yes. Do you want me to make you a shirt?

Isaac Mizrahi:

Consummately.

Marc Jacobs:

I know how to sew—it just takes me forever.

Gene Pressman:

Give me a break. The question is, *would* I sew?

Peter Rogers:

In case of an emergency, I can sew a button on.

Christian de Castelnau:

I try not to.

Anna Wintour:

No.

Alain Mikli:

No.

Moschino:

No. I tried, of course I tried.

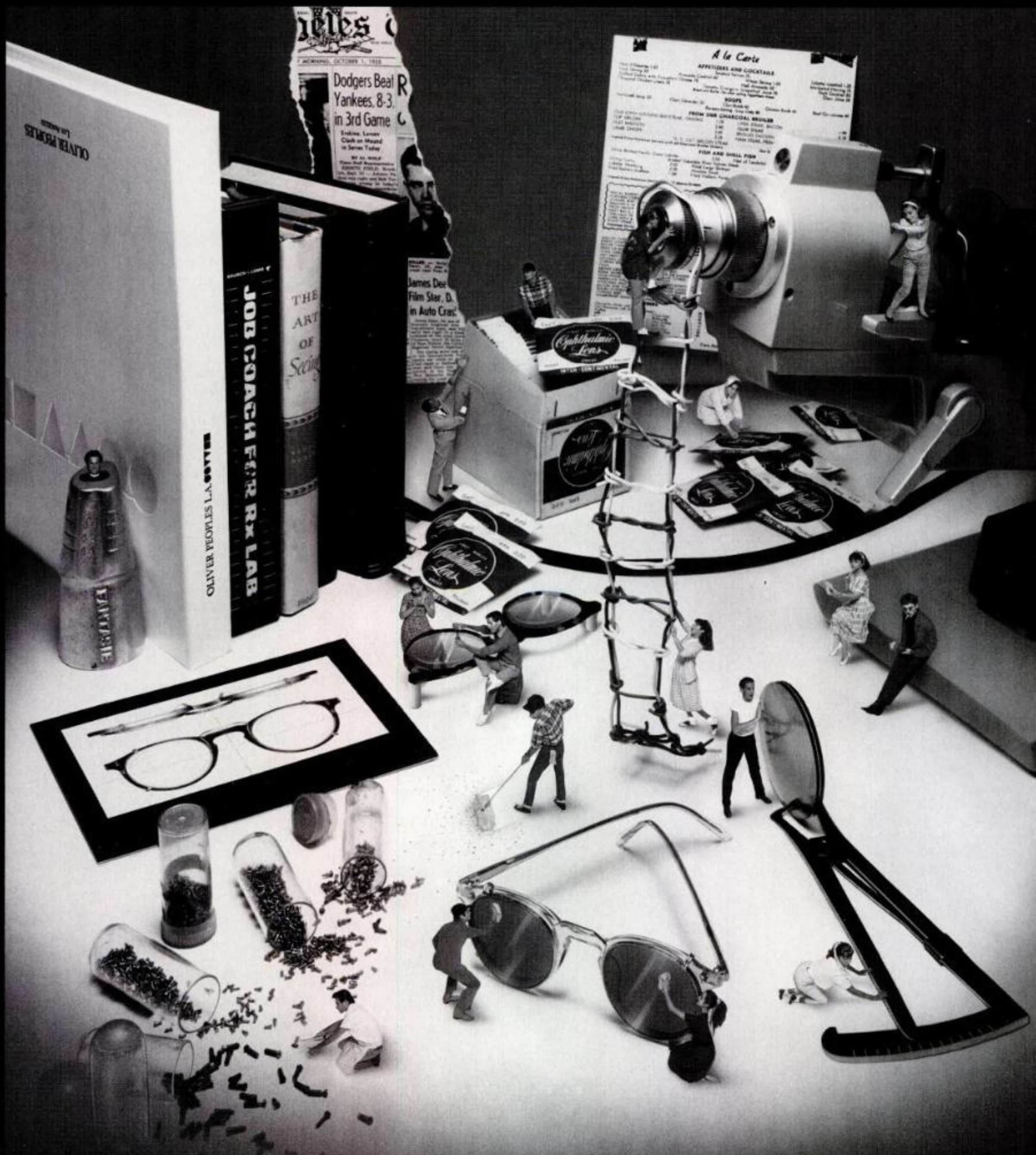
Ellin Saltzman:

No way!

What did you design that was too far ahead of its time and couldn't get made?

Moschino:

In 1973 or '74, there was a very glamorous fashion event in Milan. There was a show in Capri and all Italian designers, the most important ones, were invited to show their creations there because Capri was, of course, full of tourists—an incredibly rich public. And in this marvelous Roman theater were very beautiful monuments they used to build the runway. And once—I think by accident, only by accident—they invited Moschino. In fact, it



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Marshall Field's, Optica, Spex

MASSACHUSETTS

Louis, Boston
Ski Market

NEW MEXICO

Carol Strange

NEW YORK

Alain Mikli Boutique, Barneys
Bergdorf Goodman, Bloomingdale's
Carol Rollo/Riding High
Chanel Boutique, Charivari, Ebel
Fratelli Rossetti, Giorgio Armani
Hudson House Antiques, IF Boutique
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Maxilla & Mandible, Montaldos
Morganthal Frederics
Meyerowitz, Optical Exchange
Paul Smith, Robert Marc
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The Fashion Masters Speak

was the first and the last time. And everybody was showing what Italy is famous for—very incredible fabrics, really rich but really incredible quality. I would say almost everything was couture—showy, tacky, rich. I presented 20 identical dresses. The fabric was transparent plastic, and the colors were the four basic colors of the modern era—red, blue, yellow and black—on plastic, transparent plastic, and the models were wearing tennis shoes and visors. The visors were fluorescent and the tennis shoes, in different colors, were all fluorescent. I found them in Unique on Broadway. They were completely naked, wearing only little lace, very feminine, sexy underwear. The dress had two squares on the front, two squares on the back, and they were attached with Velcro. And every model had a bag—a plastic supermarket bag filled with stickers that had flowers, animals, geometric shapes, three different kinds of elements of decorations. And the meaning was everything goes, everything is possible, it's up to you, just choose the way you want. This is it, the president of this incredible event sent me a letter that unfortunately I am not able to find anymore saying that I had violated the temple

of Italian fashion forever. I still have the dresses. I had the best press in all the newspapers.

Paul Smith:

The photographic apple print. When I first started it, it didn't really sell very well, and then it became an absolutely phenomenal success and now has inspired and is being copied by all the big companies around the world.

Peter Rogers:

An ad campaign for the Princess Hotels. Several years ago I came up with this campaign that would have put Leona Helmsley out of business. The graphics were very, very beautiful and serious and simple and cropped—maybe a tray or someone with a welcome button and the line was "While the queen is in her palace, the Princess receives her guests." They thought it was crazy. I was dead serious.

Isaac Mizrahi:

In my resort collection in 1988 I designed a strapless pant. It was the perfect thing—dressy and relaxed at the same time. Feminine and masculine.

Unfortunately I couldn't get it made from a marketing point of view.

Christian de Castelnaud:

Anything that doesn't retail is too far ahead of its time.

not for the meek or insignificant.

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The Fashion Masters Speak

Marc Jacobs:

My Freudian slip and Jasper Johns Flag dress. I just absolutely had to do them, and they had to be completely hand-embroidered.

Have you ever called Seventh Avenue "Fashion Avenue"?

Paul Smith:

I didn't even know what Seventh Avenue was!

Moschino:

No, I swear to God. Americans like this kind of thing. You need nicknames.

Doug Tompkins:

I detest the garment district and could never have been in this business if it meant living/working over there.

Peter Rogers:

Never.

Anna Wintour:

No.

Christian de Castelnau:

No.

Ellin Saltzman:

No way!

Isaac Mizrahi:

Obviously never.

Marc Jacobs:

No, never.

Alain Mikli:

Only in a nightmare.

Gene Pressman:

Garmento land.

Best of Breed Retail Guide

1. I. Magnin; Saks Fifth Avenue; Bloomingdale's
2. Alain Mikli Boutique, New York; Spex, Chicago; Carol Strange, Santa Fe; Optical Exchange, New York
3. Bloomingdale's; Macy's, San Francisco; Burdine's, Florida; Nordstrom, Los Angeles; Marshall Field's, Chicago
4. Morganthal Fredericks, New York; Optica, Chicago; City Optix, San Francisco
5. Newport Surf and Sport, West Coast; Nordstrom, West Coast; Ron Jon's, Florida; Ski Market, New England
6. Alain Mikli Boutique, New York; Spex, Chicago; Carol Strange, Santa Fe; Optical Exchange, New York
7. Spex, Chicago; Art of Optiks, Aspen; Elegante Eyewear, St. Petersburg; Zeitlin Optik, New York
8. Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Charivari, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas
9. Robert Marc, New York; City Optix, San Francisco; Optica, Dallas; Eyelines, Chicago
10. Alain Mikli Boutique, New York; Spex, Chicago; Carol Strange, Santa Fe; Optical Exchange, New York
11. Saks Fifth Avenue; Bergdorf Goodman, New York; I. Magnin, San Francisco and Beverly Hills
12. Neiman Marcus; Bloomingdale's, New York; Nordstrom, Los Angeles
13. I. Magnin; Saks Fifth Avenue; Bloomingdale's
14. Paul Smith, New York; Bergdorf Goodman
15. Morganthal Fredericks, New York; Spex, Los Angeles and Chicago; Ultimate Spectacle, Plantation, Florida; Meyerowitz, New York and Northeast
16. Joel Name, New York
17. I.a. Eyeworks, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue; Barneys; Neiman Marcus



Designer/Yukio Kobayashi Photographer/Jan Saudek Location/Prague-Czechoslovakia in september 1989

Matsuda par yukio kobayashi
Printemps-Eté 1990

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MATSUDA : 156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010----MATSUDA at MITSUKOSHI : 461 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022



Best of Breed

Seventeen Splendid Eyeglasses

Photograph by Pete McArthur



1. Yellow sunglasses: Donna Karan Eyewear, \$150.

2. Tiger cat-eye sunglasses: Alain Mikli, \$165.

3. Flip-up sunglasses with flotation cord: Body Glove Eyewear, \$30.

4. 3-D motorcycle sunglasses: Jean Paul Gaultier by Optical Affairs, \$475.

5. Ocher sunglasses: X-isle, \$50.

6. Gold-and-silver wire sunglasses: Maud Frizon, \$235.

7. Green crystal glasses: Robert La Roche of America, Inc., \$140.

8. Clear crystal glasses: Cutler and Gross, \$50.

9. Tortoise-frame vintage-inspired glasses: Oliver Peoples, \$185.

10. Blue crystal sunglasses: Claude Montana, \$260.

11. Black-silk-with-gold-leaf sunglasses: Christian Lacroix, \$250.

12. Ivory "Monte Carlo" sunglasses: Colors in Optics, \$50.

13. The tried-and-true black Ray-Ban Wayfarers: Bausch and Lomb, \$60.

14. Colored-rim sunglasses:

Paul Smith, \$80.

15. Purple jeweled-temple sunglasses: Moschino by Persol, \$225.

16. Handmade tortoise glasses: Joel Name, New York, \$120.

17. Spanish-inspired metal-frame glasses with suspended brow: L.A. Eyeworks, \$340.

For availability see Retail Guide, page XXIV

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SIMON AND GARFUNKEL ARE ROCKS, SIMON AND GARFUNKEL ARE ISLANDS

A Further Report on the Epidemic of Self-Reference



Two months ago SPY examined the alarming tendency of show business notables to refer to themselves in the third person, a condition sometimes known as the *You-won't-have-Nixon-to-kick-around-anymore* syndrome. Further investigation shows that the virus has spread wildly, infecting egos in every walk of life.

SPORTS

Bo Jackson, Renaissance athlete and Nike pitchman: "Bo thinks that he...has been put on this earth to display a fraction of the talent that's out there. [Is Bo great?] That's not for Bo to say. I've been doing this for eleven years. I don't see Bo as a great athlete. A great athlete's a thing of the past."

Deion Sanders, millionaire cheap-shot artist of the Atlanta Falcons: "I never thought of pulling a Bo; I'd be pulling a Deion."

Mike Schmidt, Philadelphia Phillies retiree and principled millionaire: "If I can't compete up to Mike Schmidt's standards, I won't stay around for the money."

Mookie Wilson, former Met, contemplating his future in baseball: "They did what was good for the Mets. I'll do what's good for Mookie Wilson."

Barry McGuigan, frequently-hit-in-the-head former featherweight champion: "Boxing has been good to Barry McGuigan.... It has to come to the end at some stage, and this is the end for Barry McGuigan."

POLITICS

Dan Rostenkowski, amiable machine pol: "Do you think for one minute that there would have been a social safety net [for senior citizens] if Mr. Rostenkowski hadn't seen what was going to be happening... with the Gramm-Rudman budget law?"

James Watt, environment despoiler and influence peddler: "It doesn't do any good to demagogue Jim Watt, although it's fun."

Ray Harding, New York Liberal Party strongman, inept would-be power broker and colorful-phrase-maker: "You mean, do Ray life story?... So, thumbnail history of Ray... Born Yugoslavia, 1935. Nazis

come in 1941, beat up Dad. Dad reads signals: we go to Italy.... You want the Ray-meets-Alex Rose now?"

David Duke, racist Louisiana state legislator: "David Duke has said openly and loudly what a lot of the other Republicans have not been willing to talk about on the campaign trail."

ENTERTAINMENT

Jane Pauley, former *Today* show host: "Jane Pauley didn't want to be thought of as a one-trick pony.... People seem to think that Jane had no clue of what was going on until she started reading about it in the papers. Jane knew. Before it happened, Jane knew.... Jane had to find out that Jane had a future at NBC."

Neil Young, maker of more than 20 Neil Young records, discussing his latest album, *Freedom*: "I just wanted to make a Neil Young record per se. Something that was just me...."

Jackie Mason, permanently nasal-clogged joke teller, explaining why he wasn't sorry ABC canceled *Chicken Soup*: "I need to be Jackie Mason."

Rudolf, disconcerting New York nightclub impresario: "Rudolf lives only in big clubs.... I could let everyone in and make more money, but then the club wouldn't be fabulous, Rudolf wouldn't be Rudolf, and life would not be that interesting."

Debbie Turner, Miss America 1990: "Debbie's not flawless."

Wilson Pickett, former Top Forty fixture: "I would really love to get back on the radio so people can hear Wilson Pickett again. I think people are entitled to have a new album by Wilson Pickett in their homes every year."

CRIME

Willie Bosket, New York's most temperamental prisoner: "I am telling you that the only regret Willie Bosket has is not killing [a particular prison guard].... I am going to show you why Willie Bosket is coming to hate this system."

Donald Trump, social criminal, speaking of an actual felon: "Almost no one knows Leona Helmsley better than Donald Trump."
—Larry Hettleman



Walter Monheit's
BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Movie Reviews by Walter "Dateline:
The Copa" Monheit™, the Movie Publicist's Friend

PRETTY WOMAN, starring Richard Gere, Julia Roberts (Touchstone) ○○○○

Walter Monheit says, "Get Gered up for a no-holds-barred ooof-fest! Julia Roberts is 1,000 points of dee-lite!"

FLASHBACK, starring Dennis Hopper, Kiefer Sutherland (Paramount) ○○○○

Walter Monheit says, "From Dennis Hopper's tense past emerges a present-perfect performance! Now get up there and shake Oscar's hand, you easy rider, you!"

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES, produced by Jim Henson (New Line) ○○○○

Walter Monheit says, "Terrapinrific! A snapping good yarn! Dontello is the thinking man's Stallone!"

MADHOUSE, starring John Larroquette, Kirstie Alley (Orion) ○○○○

Walter Monheit says, "Rubber-room-ready comedy that'll have you screaming for medication! And hey — are those the men in white coats coming to take John and Kirstie away, ha ha?! No! It's the men in gold suits — gold birthday suits! Oscars, that is! Oooof!!" ☺

What the monocles mean: ○○○○ — excellent; ○○○○○ — indisputably a classic

WHO SAYS AMERICAN INGENUITY IS A THING OF THE PAST?

*a*t a time when the U.S. hangs its head in shame at losing one industry after another to foreigners, as we fret over the superiority of their goods to ours, it's comforting to remember that there are still plenty of products—superior, innovative products, many with attractive wood-grain veneers—made by and for Americans.

Maybe it's time to take a respite from focusing on what's wrong with America and give a moment's thought to what's *right*. So what if we let those little semiconductor chips slip through our fingers? Thanks to a few of America's unsung captains of industry, products *can* still be found embellished with that proud, slightly quaint boast **MADE IN U.S.A.** Products such as:

► *The Cant [sic] Miss mousetrap.* That symbol of Yankee know-how, the mousetrap—the *better* mousetrap—was the dream of McGill Metal Products.

Maybe it had dawned on George McGill (whose father founded the Marengo, Illi-

nois, company a century ago to manufacture railroad conductors' ticket punchers) that rodents existed in greater numbers than trains. Maybe mousetraps just seemed like more fun. Whatever, by the early 1930s McGill knew mice (and profits) were there for the taking. And the result of his vision, the Cant Miss, didn't miss.

"We sell millions every year," says Wayne Schwartzman, McGill's president and part owner until late last year, when the company was sold. "Every year there's a certain number of mice that creep into your home," he says, then adds reassuringly, "and we're here"—here in *America*—"to make the trap for them."

► *Whoops rubber vomit.* Once upon a time Ray Suggett made his living manufacturing rubber prostheses. But he wasn't happy just helping disfigured people look more presentable. He wanted to make people laugh. First he tried funny noses. Then a competitor one-upped him by inventing a funny nose with glasses attached.

Undaunted, Suggett kept searching, and in the early 1960s his R&D paid off in the form of a distastefully lumpy rubber pancake. "It looked so real," recalls Suggett, discreetly declining to specify real *what*. Then conscience intervened. "I wasn't the kind to go out and make money from something so revolting," he says. Fortunately, a Chicago-based marketer was exactly the kind, and under his auspices Whoops rubber vomit was soon being manufactured around the clock.

Demand is down these days, but Suggett is still a player in the world novelty-rubber-vomit industry: the inventor, in his seventies and living in West Fork, Arkansas, still tosses off 50,000 Whoops units a year in his workshop trailer. As with so many manufacturing concerns, Suggett's business is hurt by cheap foreign imports. "People all over the world, even in Japan and Germany, have copied my product," he complains. "But nobody's made it as good as I do. Mine looks real."



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Real *American*, he probably means.

► *Klipette rotating scissors.* You may not realize the danger, but when you reach for that nose hair with a tweezers, you take your life in your hands. Consider this grave warning from the Klipette counter display: DO NOT PULL HAIR FROM NOSE. MAY CAUSE FATAL INFECTION.

The wholesome alternative is to use the Klipette, proudly produced by New York City's Hollis Company. A manually operated trimmer consisting of two tiny concentric sets of jagged blades, the Klipette is designed "to remove superfluous hair in nostrils and ear gently, painlessly, safely."

For a half century the Klipette has been preaching this gospel—and apparently converting thousands of reckless pluckers in the process. In any case, Hollis Company president Elsa Bauml recently was unable to cite a single case where nose-hair extraction had claimed a life. "Oh, thank God, no," she said. A handsomer America, a non-fatally infected Amer-

ica—thanks to an American product.

► *Fir-tree-shaped Car-Freshner* [sic]. Those who insist that domestic car companies can't compete with Europe or Japan should cut Detroit some slack, then take a deep breath. A proud breath. Thanks to American ingenuity, an Escort can smell as swanky as a Cabriolet. It all began nearly 40 years ago with a scrappy perfumer looking to go places. Today the Car-Freshner Corporation of Watertown, New York, continues to fill passenger compartments with a sweet smell of success—be it Cinna-Berry, Vanillaroma or any of almost two dozen aromatic options.

How does Car-Freshner stack up against flashier rearview-mirror accessories—foam-rubber dice, say? Style is as style does, according to this corporate philosophy. "We have not done a lot with our appearance," says Car-Freshner president Richard Flechtner. "We are not going to deal with trends." That's right—another American classic. —Frazier Moore

Sadly, the specter of foreign domination is looming perilously close to home—George Bush's home, that is, in Washington. Loyal Americans who visit the White House commissary will be shocked to discover that the official White House matchbooks, embossed with a handsome likeness of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, now carry the ominous legend **MADE IN CANADA**. Aware of a potential fire storm of controversy, the Universal Match Corporation, a St. Louis-based company whose printing facilities moved to Canada in 1988, made the type small and discreet. "We realized we were dealing with a national symbol, so we took precautions," explains Joe Danon, Universal's New York sales manager. The White House, while acknowledging that its matchbooks are now foreign-made, is otherwise tight-lipped about the situation. "We're not going to comment on this one," said a spokeswoman after a long, anxious pause.

—David Kamp



DOES GOD WEAR A BLACK TURTLENECK? DID LEE STRASBERG DIE FOR OUR SINS? AND WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE TO DEPROGRAM AL PACINO?

New York Acting Schools vs. Some Popular Cults

"The critics didn't spare Jesus Christ, they didn't spare Buddha, and they don't spare me."—Yogi Bhaijan, Happy Healthy Holy Organization (3HO)



NEW YORK ACTING SCHOOLS

CULTS

I. MOTIVATION

If The Call Came Today, Would You Be Ready? You beep into your machine, or check your service, and there it is: "THE CALL." What are you going to need?—*brochure from Double Image Theater, 445 West 59th Street*

We have to begin from the beginning and learn—to walk, to speak, to see, to act.—*brochure from Actors Movement Studio, 5 West 31st Street*

The student is led, through self-awareness, to the discovery of his instrument through a specially designed course that draws upon personal resources. Performing... is seen as a heightening or distillation of behavior and as a revelation of spirit.—*brochure from Expressions: Training for the Arts, 350 West 55th Street*

CAN YOU AFFORD TO WAIT?... One day in HELL... you will be crying, and begging for one drop of water to cool your scorching tongue. But it will be too late!... Don't take a chance! Call on God now! You might not be alive tomorrow!—*tract from Fellowship Tract League*

The problem is that people get stuck acting the way they were, instead of being the way they are.—*flier, "What Is the Purpose of the est Training?"*

To live again in our natural state of healthy, joyous spirit, unencumbered by our inherited and acquired wrong understanding and way of thinking, is the goal to which we aspire.—*class flier for Actualizations, an est-like group founded by a Werner Erhard disciple*

II. ROLE MODELS

TOTALPERSON speaks confidently, pleasantly, clearly, musically.... TOTALPERSON learns to condition and correct the entire organism safely by sensing uniquely personal needs and finding uniquely personal adjustments and solutions; TOTALPERSON experiences a natural high, a wonderful feeling of deep relaxation, contentment, and confidence that is joyously energizing and healthful.—*brochure from Expressions: Training for the Arts*

The world is no longer a place, it is his place. He has ceased being an observer on the fringe of life. He now observes this world as his world, and has the audacity to go into every nook and cranny of it. His own growth and power has released him from following useless and uncreative conventions which society forces upon him.... Everyday reality is not enough for the actor.—*brochure from Stella Adler Conservatory of Acting, 130 West 56th Street*

The need of a young actor to act is stronger than the intelligent layman can understand. The world might think that this ambition is motivated by the desire for money, success and fame. Even if the actor says this is his aim, it is still only partially true.... Acting as an expression includes a rare thing—soul satisfaction.—*brochure from Stella Adler Conservatory of Acting*

The optimum individual is called the *clear*.... The *clear* has full color-vision, tone-sonic, tactile, olfactory, rhythmic, kinesthetic, thermal and organic imagination in kind.... The *clear*, then, is not an "adjusted" person, driven to activity by his repressions now thoroughly encysted [but] an unrepressed person, operating on self-determinism.—*Dianetics, by L. Ron Hubbard, founder of Scientology*

Welcome to you, sorcerer most natural and true magician. Your tiny hands have strength to pull the crumbling vaults of spurious heavens down and from their shards erect a monument to your own sweet indulgence. Your honesty entitles you to a well deserved dominion over a world filled with frightened, cowering men.—*"Children's Ceremony," from The Satanic Rituals*

Today, I am earning more money each week than ninety percent of the American people earn a year. Soon, my earnings per day will be likewise. This money will continue as long as I desire it to: but, money alone, is a shallow thing and should not be a man's sole purpose.—*brochure from Lifespring*

III. TESTIMONIALS

"Before studying at *Way Off Broadway*, my daughters lacked a certain self-confidence. Now they have done commercials for NYNEX, Parcheesi, Dynamo... Carpet Fresh... Roloids... Clearasil, and Growler Tapes. They were also in a TV pilot, *Headaches*."

"Before taking your class my (teen-aged) son was shy. Now he's running for school vice president. Thank you!"—*brochure from Way Off Broadway, 95 Christopher Street*

"Typical of his age, as a University of Colorado freshman, [our son] Warren had little sense of purpose or goals and little regard for society or himself. Upon joining the Unification Church... vague indifference was replaced by challenging purpose, drifting by productive leadership activity.... Happiness and personal fulfillment are his daily companions."—*newspaper ad, "Reverend Sun Myung Moon... Excerpts from Letters of Parents & Friends," from The Unification Church of America*

IV. FAITH AND COMMITMENT

Because the training involves the student's whole being—intellectual, physical and emotional—the time spent at the Academy can be an important period of development.... The Academy reserves the right to ask the immediate withdrawal of any student who fails to meet its professional standards, including personal conduct, such appraisals of conduct being solely at the discretion of the Academy.... No refunds will be granted after classes have begun.—*brochure from The American Academy of Dramatic Arts, 120 Madison Avenue*

[It's] a course in the creation and realization of vision on the levels of individual, relationship, group, society, and humanity.... The refund policy, as stated on the registration form, reads: "I understand and agree that my entrance fee is non-refundable, that deposits are non-refundable, that I or any student may be expelled without warning, either before or during the course, with no reason given for the expulsion, and no refund."—*flier from Direct Centering*

—Hy Bender

I'M ACTING AS FAST AS I CAN

Proof That There Are No

Small Parts—Only Desperate Actors

among the conventional methods for gauging a star's status—credit placement, Q Scores, Oscar nominations—is a much simpler index of who's up and who's down in Hollywood (especially who's down): number of roles per year. As the table below makes clear, the notion that the average actor endures long spells of unemployment just doesn't stand up under scrutiny. In fact, the more average the actor, the greater the call for his middling skills. Thus the famous Hollywood curse hurled by moguls at dimming stars: "You'll never not work in this town again!"

ACTOR	NUMBER OF FEATURE-FILM ROLES, 1987-89								
MERYL STREEP*									
JACK NICHOLSON									
ROBIN WILLIAMS									
TOM HANKS									
ROBERT DE NIRO									
ERNEST BORGNINE									
KAREN BLACK									
MICHAEL J. POLLARD									
ELLIOTT GOULD									
ROBERT VAUGHN									
FRANK STALLONE									
BO SVENSON									
RICHARD ROUNDTREE									
LINDA BLAIR									
TROY DONAHUE**									
	2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18

*Postcards from the Edge, She-Devil, A Cry in the Dark, Ironweed

**Deadly Spygames, Cry Baby, South Seas Massacre, Terminal Force, Assault of the Party Nerds, Bad Blood, Sexpot, Dr. Alien, Platinum Triangle, The Chilling, Blood Nasty, Hollywood Cop, Deadly Prey, The Desperate Years, The Dead Party, Nudity Required, among others



Avant-garde Vawter



IBM Vawter

AN ACTOR PREPARES

the Wooster Group—SoHo's indigenous garage-dwelling, ferociously experimental theater company—seems an unlikely farm team, yet members Spalding Gray and Willem Dafoe have made it to the majors in the last few years. Now they are joined by Ron Vawter, star of the IBM ad campaign "Solutions."

Ever wonder what sort of career choices an actor has to make in order, finally, to land the role of a typical IBM client in a ubiquitous marketing-image ad campaign, thus guaranteeing himself endless network-TV residuals and life-size head shots in *The New York Times Magazine*? Consider the abridged Ron Vawter curriculum vitae, below, as a guide to developing the technique and range necessary for stardom.

YEAR	PRODUCTION	ROLE(S)
1977	<i>Rumstick Road</i> (theater piece)	Several characters, including a doctor who gives a female patient an elaborate massage with his mouth
1978	<i>Nayatt School</i> (theater piece)	"The Man," who, aided by glycerin drops, weeps for much of Part II, and in Part VI, crazed and seminaked, pretends to defecate and masturbate on phonograph records
1980	<i>Point Judith</i> (theater piece)	Several, including Dan, who plays cards, drinks, curses and reads pornographic magazines, and Sister Margaret, a kindly nun
1981	<i>Hula</i> (theater piece)	A hula dancer who, wearing only a translucent grass skirt and leis, and lizard-green makeup on his penis, urinates onstage
1983	<i>L.S.D. (...Just the High Points...)</i> (theater piece)	Several, including the late Arthur Koestler on an acid trip
1989	<i>sex, lies, and videotape</i> (film)	The slyly smiling therapist who asks Andie MacDowell if she masturbates
1989-90	"Solutions" (print and TV campaign for IBM)	The overwrought CEO who paces nervously, gazes meaningfully into the camera and, in the end, falls in love with IBM

—Steve Radlauer

THE INDUSTRY

THEY MAY BE TWO-BIT CANADIAN HUCKSTERS, BUT THEY'RE FRIENDS OF YOU-KNOW-WHO

what with the demands of trying to monopolize the motion-picture industry, admiring his art collection, threatening errant screenwriters and wiping smudges off his glass-topped desk. But the great CAA field marshal now fancies himself a venture capitalist, and to that end he has taken on as a project a technological gimmick called QSound. Archer Communications Inc., the Calgary, Alberta, firm responsible for QSound, claims that it will make possible unbelievably realistic three-dimensional sound in both living rooms and movie theaters—and with no additional stereo equipment.

Why, you may be wondering, is Dolby Laboratories Inc. not quaking in its boots over this news? Because, as was the case with quadriphonic sound in the seventies, in order for QSound to create the full 3-D audio sensation, the listener has to be sitting in a "sweet spot" and cannot move from that spot without losing some of the sensation. In a movie theater that seats, say, 300 people, perhaps fewer than a dozen might be able to sit in the "sweet section." Everybody else, it is presumed, would hear more-ordinary sound.

There are additional drawbacks to QSound. One of them is Archer's chief executive officer, Lawrence G. Ryckman, a 35-year-old veteran of what Canadian financiers call the Howe Street Mob, a Vancouver-based old-boy network in which some members enriched themselves by trading in one another's questionable stock issues. Ryckman is something of a legend at the notorious Vancouver Stock

The Sound of Money: One might think that Creative Artists Agency Überboss Mike "the Manipulator"

Ovitz would have his hands full,

Exchange, where bidding up the prices of improbable stocks is common. Many of the stocks traded on the exchange are for nonexistent new technologies, mines that don't exist, grandiose business ventures that never materialize.

Archer, which was the exchange's best-performing stock last year, may be very much the typical Vancouver issue. In the early eighties the company, known then as Archer Minerals Inc., was a small mining concern with dubious claims. In 1986 it switched to hotel ventures in China, and three years later, with little more than a one-sentence explanation in its prospectus, the company metamorphosed into Archer Communications Inc., the bold developer of QSound. In early 1987 Archer's stock was trading at 50 cents a share. It has since hit a high of \$25 and is now trading in the vicinity of \$22 a share—all the while producing virtually no revenues. During this run, reports on Canadian insider trading showed, one officer of the company has been trading 40,000 to 60,000 shares per month, while another sold half a million dollars' worth of Archer stock.

Last summer the stock exchange issued an announcement cautioning investors to think twice before buying shares in the company, adding that in its opinion "any investment in [Archer] is by definition risk taking." And little wonder.

As dim as Archer's current prospects seem, Coca-Cola did use QSound for one of its ads during the Super Bowl TV broadcast. Viewers hoping for the maximum 3-D audio effect needed to sit between the speakers of a stereo television set.

So how did an establishment straight arrow like Mike Ovitz wind up in business with a character like Lawrence Ryckman? Ryckman and his partners first demon-

strated QSound for George Folsey Jr., the producer of *The Blues Brothers* and *Spies Like Us* and an Ovitz client.

Folsey, whose lawyer is also Archer's lawyer, introduced Ryckman to Ovitz some months after being named chairman of Archer Communications. CAA agreed to represent QSound in the Hollywood community in return for a fee of 4 percent of the first \$50 million in sales, plus warrants for just over 800,000 shares of Archer stock.

It may be that Ovitz genuinely believes in Ryckman and his claims that the technology will revolutionize audio. At the very least he has the might to include it as part of the package deals that CAA is famous for negotiating with studios: *Let's see, you want Stallone, Redford and Fonda to star and Pollack to produce and direct. And of course you'll be needing QSound as well.*

And perhaps Ovitz has become just a little vain about his position in the American corporate food chain. According to one studio president, Mike's reason for getting involved in deals of this kind is largely psychological. When he goes home at night, he's still just a ten-percenter—the most powerful and glorified one in the world, mind you, but a ten-percenter nonetheless. When his pal Michael Eisner goes home, he does so with the knowledge that he is a respected captain of commerce, the top man at a diversified, multibillion-dollar, multinational *Fortune* 500 corporation. This gnaws at Ovitz, the studio

president says, because he yearns to achieve the respect not just of the Hollywood community but of Washington and New York—of Marvin Davis and Alan Greenspan. Next time he's offered the chance to run a studio, he just might take it.

See you Monday night at Mortons.

—Celia Brady



Mike "the Manipulator"

The great CAA
field marshal
now fancies
himself
a venture
capitalist and
technological
innovator

March 1988

THE FILOFAX GENERATION

"They're always jotting, jotting, jotting, seemingly intent on committing to paper every facet of their existence and systematically cramming it all between the covers of their bulging 'planners.'"



April 1988

OUR NICE ISSUE

"Donald Trump—a heck of a guy. Glamorous Gals . . . Who Never Age. It's Fun . . . to live in Queens."

May 1988

WELCOME TO RAT CITY!

"It munches concrete, it swims like a fish, it multiplies faster than a rabbit. It can leap from rooftop to rooftop, it can pop in through the toilet. It's Rat; it numbers in the millions."



June 1988

COASTERS

"For the world's Coasters, there is no statute of limitations on the rewards and privileges of early success."

July/August 1988

PARTY GUYS!

"Nightlife Decathlon." SPY private eyes tailed the city's most relentless night crawlers for an evening and kept score. And the winner is . . .



September 1988

LIFE-STYLE HELL! OUR SPECIAL LOS ANGELES ISSUE

"The sex, the spandex, the pastels, the car phones, the irony shortage and the general uncensored dudeosity that make Los Angeles a shrine to vapid fun."

October 1988

THE SPY 100

"Our annual census of the 100 most annoying, alarming and appalling people, places and things."



November 1988

FEUDS!

"It's not enough for some people to be well-to-do and well known; they need to be well-to-do and well known and belligerent."

December 1988

SEVENTIES-SOMETHING

"A return to the decade of the mood rings, ultrasuede, sideburns and disco sex-machine Tony Orlando."



January/February 1989

MR. STUPID GOES TO WASHINGTON

"America's ten dopiast law-makers—all those in favor, say *dub*."

March 1989

ISN'T IT IRONIC?

"How everything in the world turned 'funny'—from Joe Franklin to Joey Heatherton, Twister to



JOINING US

Late?

For back issues of SPY, send \$4.00 per copy to SPY,

The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

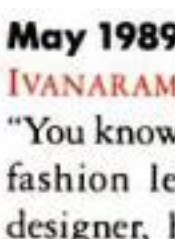
Twinkies and Hawaiian shirts to Hawaii Five-O."



April 1989

CELEBRITY GARBAGE

"Coffee grounds of the rich and interoffice memos of the famous—a scientific, sanitary and not at all unseemly SPY investigation."



May 1989

IVANARAMA!

"You know her as an Olympic skier, fashion leader, licensed interior designer, hotel executive and wife to a certain billionaire casino operator from Queens. But of course, there's more. With Ivana, there's *always* more."



June 1989

LET'S MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL!

"Ed Koch did it. Time Inc. did it. Barbara Walters did it. A SPY audit of Faustian bargains, Mephistophelian transactions and the current bull market for selling one's soul."



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Max



Punch



Abe



here is an advertisement for a house in Georgetown that has been running in *The Washington Post* for some time now. The ad describes a sort of Dutch Colonial townhouse. The asking price: \$399,000. And with the real estate market in the capital at its softest in years, there is, to be sure, a story behind the house. It was originally put on the market in early 1988 at \$489,000—a full \$50,000 more than the listing broker recommended. The seller, you see, was intent on reaping a \$175,000 profit after just a year and a half of ownership. In the first few months the house was on the market offers came in, but the owner refused to consider anything less than the stated price—one of the offers refused was for \$450,000. This heels-dug-in stance by the owner ran counter not only to the broker's protestations but, in a severely depressed market, to common sense. About the same time, an almost identical house next door sold for \$120,000 less.

When the offers began to dry up altogether last summer, the owner reluctantly dropped the price to \$425,000. At year's end it was lowered further, to \$399,000. The owner, meanwhile, had moved to a darkish two-bedroom co-op at 66th Street off Fifth Avenue. How was it possible to carry both the house and the apartment? Because the owner's employer, *The New York Times*, which had transferred the owner to New York, was helping carry the cost of the house until it was sold. In other words, the owner could afford to hold out for the unrealistic asking price because the paper was picking up the tab in the meantime.

Any idea of the owner's identity? There are some unintentional clues embedded in the ads that have been running in the *Post*. "Lovingly" renovated, the ad says;

"romantic" cottage; "sunny" and "semi-attached." Well, if that doesn't give it away, nothing will. The owner is, of course, the *Times*'s preternaturally affectionate deputy media editor (and former deputy Washington bureau chief), Judy Miller, a woman born virtually with the heart of an odds player. Her father was Bill Miller, a colorful Las Vegas boxing promoter who staged a fight a week along the strip in the 1960s at places like The Silver Slipper, Castaway's Hotel and The Hacienda Hotel.

To use one of her own real estate terms, Judy, whose book on the Holocaust, *One, by One, by One*, is being published this May, is now only semi-attached to her companion Jason Epstein, the Random House editorial director and sometime *Times* media subject. In addition to making recon missions in the vicinity of both *U.S. News & World Report* proprietor Mort Zuckerman and Whittle Communications namesake Chris Whittle and chasing shamelessly after dates with Thomas Tisch, son of the CBS dwarf—that's right: men within her professional purview, rich and unmarried—Judy has been making frequent requests to billionaire Jimmy Goldsmith for a lunchtime audience. As she has advised friends wishing to meet single, rich guys in the city, *You just call them up and say, "Why don't we get together for lunch." You never know what will happen!*

When not deflecting Judy's overtures, Zuckerman has been seen spending time with Judy's ex-boss, columnist Abe "I'm Writing as Bad as I Can" Rosenthal, and his plucky wife, the bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord. Rosenthal continues to cut his rather narrow swath through New York society, the column you're reading being one of the few places where the man who ran *The New York Times* for a decade

ever sees his name in print without its being in boldface.

Visitors to the Rosenthal-Lord digs on 66th Street, a few blocks east of Judy's place, are treated to a we're-a-pretty-important-couple gallery of framed photographs, displayed on the piano for all to see. Barbara Walters, Beverly Sills and the Dalai Lama are all in evidence, as is one photo sadly reminiscent of Ted Baxter's souvenir-crammed dressing-room wall at WJM-TV. It is of Abe with the pope, only the pope is not really posing with him. He's standing well in the background, and Rosenthal is walking past him in the foreground. Funny? Yes. And pathetic too.

Former nice guy Warren "No" Hoge, himself a former society fixture, has taken to stopping colleagues on the street and, apropos of nothing, blurting out defensively, *I know everybody's saying that I'll be the next Sydney Gruson*. One can only assume that the assistant managing editor means he will soon be kicked upstairs, as was

former editor Gruson, a foppish charmer who at one point seemed to be a role model for Hoge. Indeed, it is believed that Hoge will be put in charge of the *Times*'s forthcoming new magazines. One is a top-secret weekly, still in the prototype stage, that is intended to compete with *New York* magazine. To be called *Block*—for city block, presumably—the magazine would be separate from the paper and sold on newsstands. The last time the paper attempted to produce a freestanding general-interest magazine was in the mid-seventies,

when it created *Us* to compete with *People*. (*Us* was hastily sold off to another publisher and languished in a sort of tattered oblivion for half a decade until it was purchased and refurbished by *Rolling Stone*.)

—J. J. Hunsecker

To use one

of her own

real estate

terms, Miller

is now only

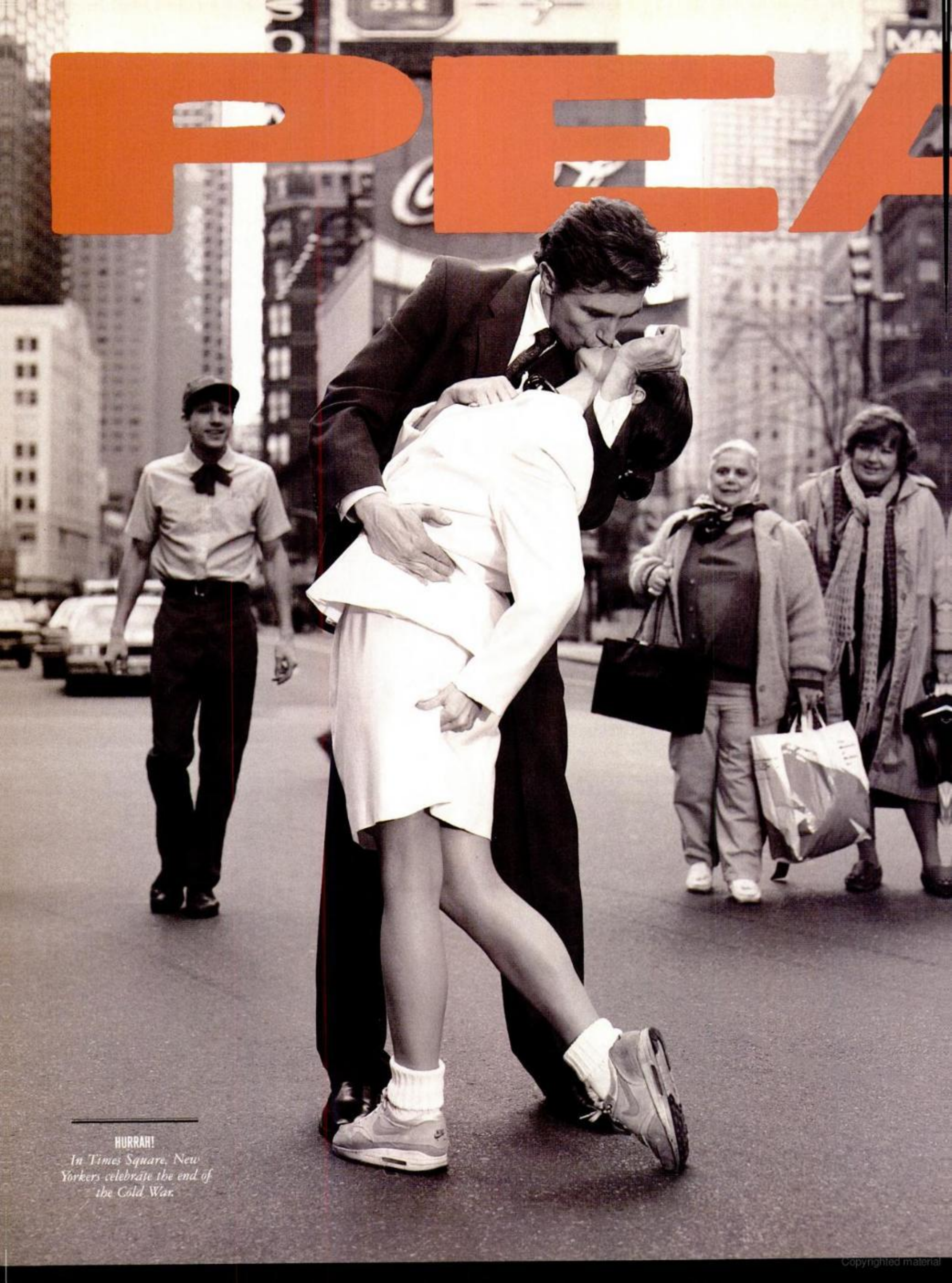
semi-attached

SAMBUCA ROMANA



LIQUORE CLASSICO DI ROMA

PEXA



HURRAH!

In Times Square, New Yorkers celebrate the end of the Cold War.

NOCE

ON EARTH—AND JEANE KIRKPATRICK IS OUT OF A JOB

by JAMIE MALANOWSKI

A Speculative History of Post-Cold War America, 1989–2013

It was the longest war in American history, a global struggle that required unceasing vigilance, waged against an implacable foe under the shadow of nuclear weapons that could exterminate the human race and in an instant end civilization as we knew it. *Q* But it had its good points too. It was the Cold War, and things changed dramatically once it ended. SPY peers ahead into the next quarter century and tells what happened.

GEORGE BUSH KNEW he would be speaking for the history books, and frankly, he was excited. Democracy was coming to Eastern Europe, the Communist bloc was collapsing in a heap without even a nudge from the West, and the world, on the verge of a new century and a new millennium, was finding itself at the dawn of a new epoch as well. *Can you imagine—the Berlin Wall breached! Free elections in Poland and Czechoslovakia! The Soviet leader proclaiming freedom of religion while visiting the pope! The Romanian dictator getting frosted on Christmas Day!* Bush found the whole sequence of events unbelievable, dizzying, even a little bit frightening—and yet, unquestionably, the fat lady had opened her mouth and was hitting high C. Look at the 1989 Malta summit: Gorbachev had seemed such an awfully nice guy, never once griping about the bad weather despite the dopey seafaring summit's being Bush's idea—not at all the sort of man who would uncross his fingers and suddenly start his tanks rolling into Munich. Gorby didn't even whine too much about Uncle Sam's gunboat diplomacy in Panama. No, the Cold War was definitely over, and it was time to tell the nation.

Knowing that he needed to be at his most eloquent, Bush summoned Peggy Noonan, the former White House speech writer who had performed the feat of making Ronald Reagan sound intelligent as well as the less awesome but still remarkable trick of making Bush seem coherent. As Noonan wrote in the introduction to *From My Felt-Tip to the Nation's Ear: The Collected*

Speeches of Peggy Noonan, the president was nearly beside himself with glee. "This was the big game, Peg, the big superpower world championship," he told her, "and when it was all over, who was on the mound throwing high hard ones for the free world when America took the title? Who's going to go down in history's box score with a big W next to his name? Me, that's who. Nobody else can say that. Not Jack Kennedy, not Dick Nixon and *especially* not President Ronald Wilson Dunderhead, thank you very much. 'Course, we can't gloat. Can't boast. Can't be a big braggart. Got to be generous about this. Got to play the old magnanimity card." Inspired by Bush's esprit, Noonan wrote perhaps her greatest speech, which is best remembered for its stirring close: "We have threatened one another, offended one another, spied on one another, imprisoned one another, killed

IT WASN'T ALL A DREAM

THE COLD WAR IN A NUTSHELL

We laughed, we cried, we suffered nightmares and required psychological counseling.

MICHAEL HAINEY recalls the highlights.

1945 At Yalta, a nearly dead FDR agrees that the Soviet Union can dominate Eastern Europe.

1946 Churchill introduces into usage the term Iron Curtain. ▶

one another and built, loaded and aimed ghastly arsenals at one another. Thank God that we never pulled the trigger. Thank



God that we never forgot that there was a chance we could still be pals. So let's let bygones be bygones. Mr. President Gorbachev, I offer my hand in friendship. Take it, and we'll go forward in peace. It's a choice we're making—we're saving our own lives, it's true; we make a better day, just you and me."

V-T Day, the papers called it, short for *Victory in Theory*. The phrase distilled the consensus that the end of the Cold War was a defeat for the Communist values of doctrinaire authoritarianism and planned economies, and a victory for Western values of freedom, opportunity, democracy, Levi's, fresh fruit and nudity in movies (as long as it is integral to the role). And although it was a momentous occasion, the absence of a lucid, tidy image—like, say, the defeated Japanese stoically signing surrender documents

EVERYTHING MUST GO

Nearly every town had its Cold War surplus store, where everything from Jeane Kirkpatrick books to videocassettes of Red Dawn could be had.

and dancers took to the streets in Miami, but authorities described these as routine events that may or may not have been connected to the president's pronouncement.

The most notable observance in New York was fashioned by four maintenance workers from the *Intrepid* Sea-Air-Space Museum who removed some old Navy caps from a display case and walked five blocks east to Times Square and began kissing nurses bound for the three-to-eleven shift at St. Clare Hospital, vowing to continue until Alfred Eisenstaedt came by and took their picture for *Life*. After some harsh words and a small fracas, they settled for Richard Corkery of the *Daily News* and a promise that no charges would be filed. On the whole, the impact on America was captured best by Jay McInerney, a popular novelist of the day, who recorded his observations in his then-un-

which was employed some months earlier by Nazi propaganda minister Joseph Goebbels.

1948 Overwrought Time editor Whittaker Chambers, a confessed

ex-Communist, accuses State Department up-and-comer Alger Hiss of spying for the Communists.

Hiss scoffs, but then Chambers, working with Congressman

Richard Nixon, produces the pumpkin in which Hiss allegedly hid secret microfilm.

1949 Russia detonates the A-bomb. Mao takes over China. The

anticommunist NATO is created and is eventually followed by the anticommunist SEATO, the anti-communist CENTO and the anticommunist ANZUS. B-movie

actor Robert Rockwell confronts the Red menace in The Red Menace.

1950 Senator Joseph McCarthy claims he has a list of 57 "card-

under the supervision of Douglas MacArthur—had the effect of stultifying the outpouring of glee. True, in most major cities there were scattered celebrations. Bonfires were lit in Houston, a bus was overturned in Pittsburgh

published diary: "V-T Day—Had drinks with Brett [sic] at Red Zone. The topic still on everyone's mind was Si's firing Bob Bernstein. Went home. Planned to tape *Nightline* to find out what happened, but set the VCR wrong and got

THE LAST COMMUNIST IN AMERICA

LARRY MOSKOWITZ, OUR ENEMY WITHIN, DOESN'T THINK THE PARTY'S OVER

by MICHAEL HAINEY

Once, their very presence in America provoked angry spasms of paranoia. More recently they've seemed quaintly irrelevant. Now, given Marxism-Leninism's somewhat reduced popularity, they seem pathetic, anachronistic, if not entirely insane. They are the Communist Party U.S.A., and we decided to pay them a visit, much the way sportscasters visit the losers' locker room for a little postgame analysis.

"It's a fun time to be a Communist," said Larry Moskowitz, the CPUSA's New York State organizer, speaking from his pamphlet-littered desk in a windowless cubicle tucked away in a dingy six-story building on West 23rd Street. "People are still scared shitless of us," he proudly elaborated, fidgeting with his broken eyeglasses.

We encouraged Larry to continue. "We're in for some pretty wild stuff in the next few years," he went on. "I'm not predicting anything, but today there's more reason than ever to be a Communist in America. Our party is growing in influence and stature. We have increased access to power."

Maybe he wasn't crazy: after all, Kim Philby, Guy Burgess and Anthony Blunt fooled people for years, and it occurred to us that Larry might know a little more than we do about what kind of meetings James Baker and John Sununu attend in their free time. But Larry, we wondered, *what about Gorbachev? What about Eastern Europe? How do you explain that capitalism appears to have won?*

"Well, it hasn't," Larry said. He leaned forward and lowered his voice. "What they're doing is correcting the system."

Fair enough—but surely the scheduled Communist takeover of America has been called off?

"No," Larry said, shaking his head. "Socialism will still come to America. Socialism here is different, and we must continue to press the cause of socialism in the United States."

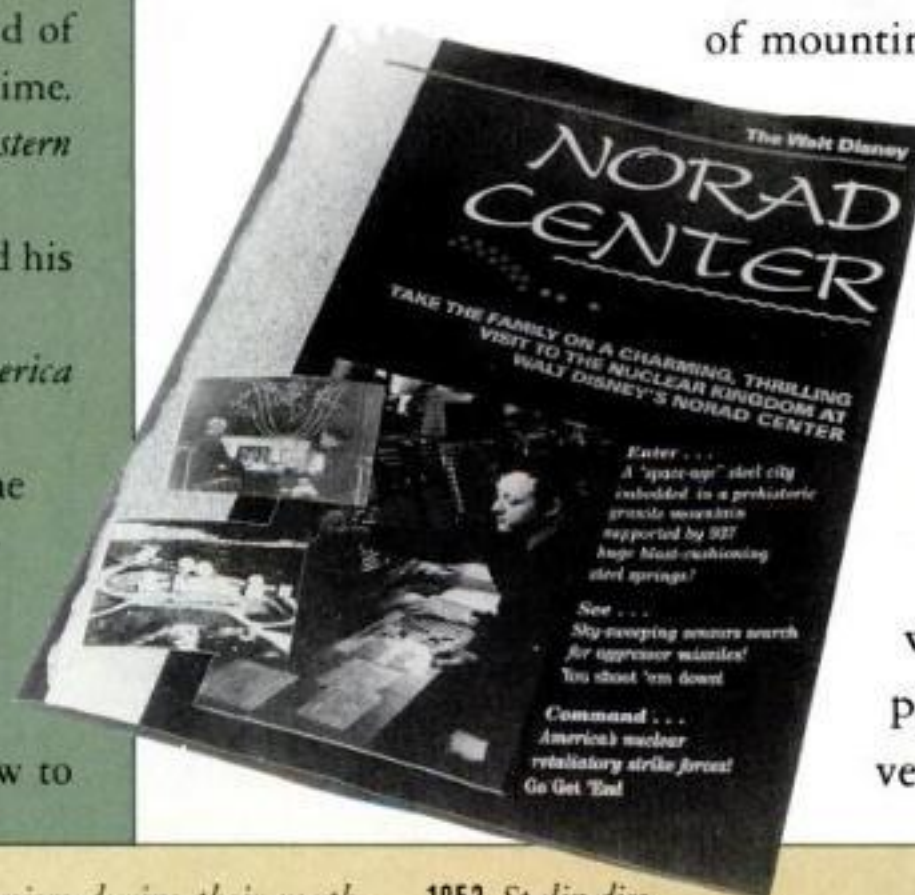
So, just what does the bright tomorrow of Communist America look like?

"Well, our whole appeal is based on one main thing: how to

Arsenio instead. Watched him, went to bed."

IN MOST RESPECTS, the early post-Cold War years in America were not very different from the late Cold War years, when Gorbachev's policy of *glasnost* had reduced tensions considerably. While most policymakers and observers had predicted gradual change, the pace of decommunization in Eastern Europe accelerated. By late 1990, for example, Muscovites were abuzz over their new Banana Republic outlet and their new all-rock radio station (featuring the expensively imported deejay Wolfman Jack). Meanwhile, American policy changed little, due primarily to the fact that no one in Washington had ever in his wildest dreams expected to face the question of what post-Cold War America would look like. (Indeed, few in the administration had a clear memory of what pre-Cold War America looked like. After all, the last time in the previous half century that the country hadn't been on a permanent war footing was the brief peace between 1945 and 1947, when there was hardly any TV, men wore hats, horses still played a useful role in urban life, Bush's secretary of State was in high school and his secretary of Defense was a kindergartner.) In all the contingency

EDUCATIONAL AND FUN
America's curiosity about the Cold War years was boundless.



plans that had been prepared by the Pentagon, no one had bothered to work up just how America would deal with *not* facing a clear and present danger from an enemy capable of mounting a challenge anywhere

on earth. That, however, became the case, and all at once it didn't seem so darned vital to maintain 2,115,773 men-at-arms as well as 12,000 strategic nuclear warheads and a 7,500-plane air force and a 562-vessel navy, all costing

carrying" Communists in the State Department.

1951 B-movie actor Philip Carey confronts the Red menace in *I Was a Communist for the FBI*.

1952 At a hearing before the House Un-American Activities Committee, director Elia Kazan names names of colleagues who, like him, were infatuated with

communism during their youth. Others who rat on their friends include Lloyd Bridges, Robert Taylor, Lee J. Cobb, Clifford Odets and Abe Burrows.

1953 Stalin dies. Ike ponders the implications: "New look or old look, all I can say is that Russia is the same old whore underneath, and the sooner we

can drive her back into the backstreets she came from, the better." 1954 B-movie actor Ronald Reagan confronts the Red menace in *Prisoner of War*.

best fight the boss. So we'd start by taking over the commanding heights of industry. Of course, we'd keep the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. There'd be full employment too." He paused. "I suppose we would have to allow entrepreneurship of some kind." ☛

\$292.7 billion in taxes annually, which accounted for 6 percent of the gross national product.

Recognizing that significant demobilization would plunge the nation into economic chaos, Bush moved cau-

tiously. In 1989, after the Berlin Wall was opened, he ordered the Defense Department to prepare to cut expenses by 4.5 percent. But after prominent Republican senators quietly conveyed their concerns—which had less to do with danger to the United States than with danger to the cash flows of important defense contractors whose favor

out of their hair once and for all.

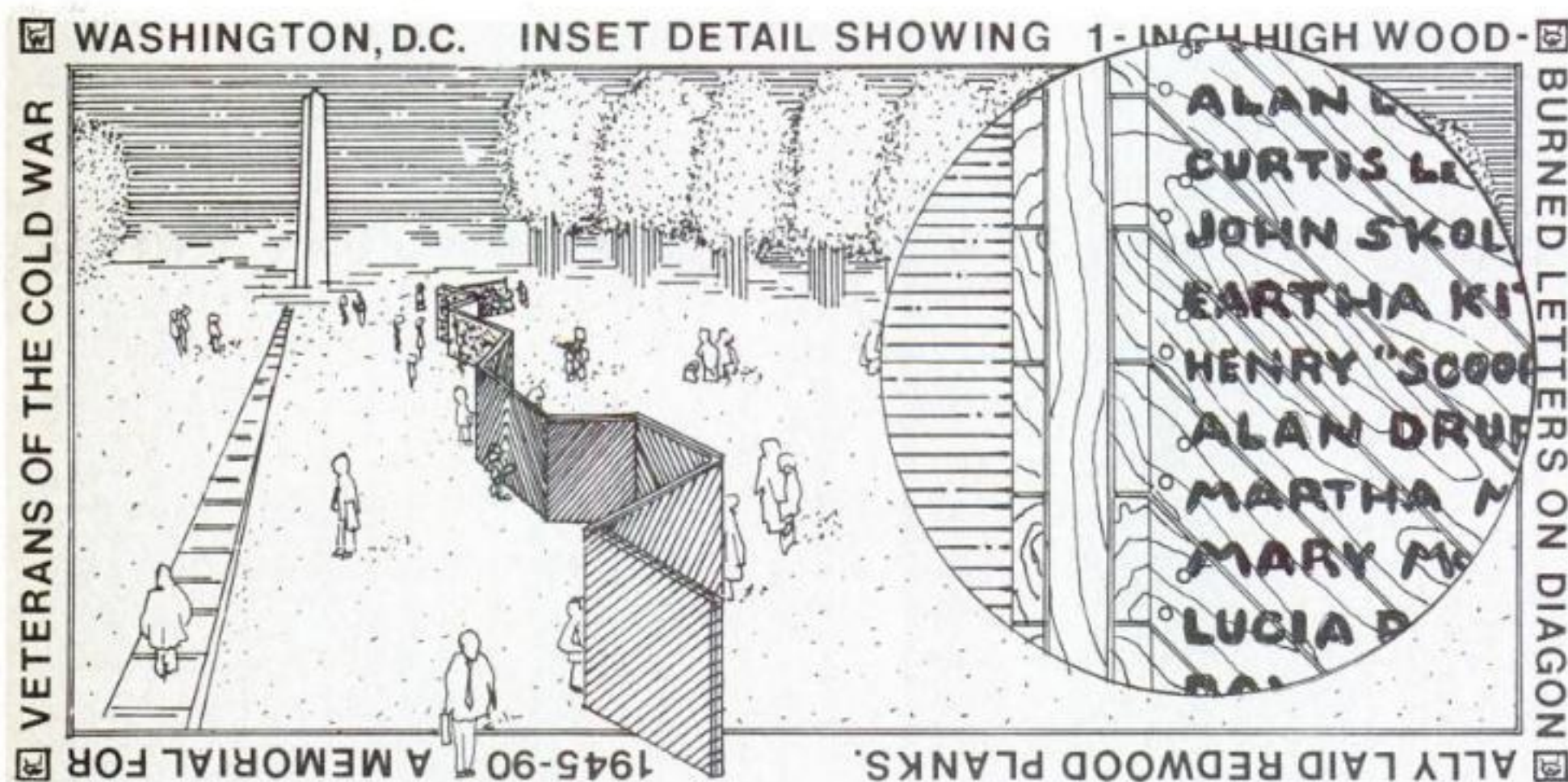
Though Jackson became the first big-party candidate to win no states (he did win the District of Columbia and its three electoral votes), other Democrats, campaigning for wider military demobilization, picked up seats in the House and the Senate. In 1993 and again in 1994 Congress

halved the Defense Department budget. Bush responded by launching a massive spending program designed to create jobs and... well, to maintain government spending. Highways were repaired, hospitals erected, housing built. Thus within 14 years Bush, who had long displayed a Gumby-like pliability on matters of principle, evolved from a vice president who loyally supported Reagan's dismembering of government to a president who oversaw an expansion of federal

programs that dwarfed the New Deal.

Bush was succeeded in 1996 by his vice president, Dan Quayle, who held his dim-wittedness in check long enough to narrowly

defeat Sam Nunn of Georgia, who ran for the presidency after discovering that as chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee he had more and more time on his hands. Quayle finally fell apart at his inauguration, when, attempting to invoke JFK, with whom he was forever to be compared unfavorably, he said, "Ask not what it is your country can do to give you a hand, or, you know, to give you a leg up or something, but what, if anything, there wasn't some way you could help me—us." Quayle immediately showed the influence of the veteran Reagan advisers and young neoconservatives who had baby-sat him for eight years, and he slashed the federal budget, helping to plunge the nation into depression. Confused, he spent



SEMPER FI

In 1996 America's longest war finally got a monument all its own, on the Mall in Washington.

they had so long curried—the cuts were deferred. Asked why he was insisting on keeping Western Europe fortified, Bush replied, "Are they changing, or are they *unstable*? We're just going to keep our guns loaded until we're sure they sincerely understand Western values." Bush's policy wasn't challenged much at home; the small, sometimes bloody conflicts that erupted between factions throughout Eastern Europe required little action, and the economy kept slogging along. Bush's small gestures toward demilitarization—canceling spring maneuvers, spacing out resupply schedules—were heralded in Washington as major policy initiatives, and his decision to funnel the small savings into programs for the homeless undercut critics who claimed that the so-called peace dividend should be much larger. By 1992 Bush was so politically unassailable that the Democrats conceded their all-but-

1956 At an embassy reception in Moscow during which he has imbibed a lot of vodka, Khrushchev says, "We will bury you." Elsewhere, encouraged by Radio Free

Europe announcers, Hungarian freedom fighters revolt. In a demonstration of socialist values, Moscow sends in 1,000 tanks. The U.S. does nothing; 10,000 die.

Kevin McCarthy confronts a—Red? HUAC?—menace in Invasion of the Body Snatchers. **1957** Harvard professor Henry Kissinger writes a blockbuster,

Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy, in which he discusses—hopefully, almost eagerly—America's prospects for winning a limited nuclear war.

1959 Fidel Castro wins control of Cuba. Khrushchev, touring the U.S., explodes when he is told that for security reasons he cannot go to Disneyland: "Do you have

worthless nomination to Mayor Jesse Jackson of Washington, thus collecting the only benefits available to them—credit for being the first major party to nominate a black person for the presidency, and relief at getting Jackson

much of the remainder of his single term golfing with his second wife, Fawn Hall Quayle, in Bermuda, and in the year 2000 he became the first Republican in 24 years to lose a presidential election. The winner was Senator Bill

Bradley of New Jersey, who, employing his special rhetorical flair, inspired the nation with his famous line "We have nothing to fear but structural unemployment, an eroding tax base, a 35 percent drop in productivity, a \$700 billion trade imbalance and a precipitous increase in the money supply."

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES

Cold Warriors adjusted to civilian life with varying degrees of success.

FOR ALL THAT QUAYLE failed to accomplish, he won widespread admiration for the heartfelt sensitivity and respect he showed toward the aging veterans of the Cold War. The constituency for hard-line anticommunism had, of course, dropped dramatically during the early nineties, petering out entirely about the time the Trump Kremlin Hotel and Casino went up on Gorky Street in Moscow (opening-night headliners: Frank and Liza, Milli Vanilli, and Yakov Smirnoff, in his triumphant return to his homeland). Though some Cold Warriors managed to find appropriate work—Norman Podhoretz nimbly shifted to writing exclusively on Middle Eastern affairs, Henry Kissinger made a second fortune endorsing La-Z-Boy armchairs and Swanson's Hungry Man dinners, and William F. Buckley Jr. took his waspish wit to the center of *The New Hollywood Squares*—most foundered and disappeared from public life, particularly after Bush was so roundly criticized for personally waiving civil-service regulations to get Irving Kristol a job as manager of consumer affairs with the post office. Bush opted against further intervention, leaving such stalwarts as Richard Perle, Richard Pipes, Edward Luttwak, Marshall Goldman and Jeane Kirkpatrick irrelevant and ignored, disgruntled pensioners before their times. The more adaptable of the youngish Cold Warriors were obliged to devise new careers. George Will returned to Champaign, ran unsuccessfully for Congress and became a librarian; in 1997 he published a popular paperback, *10,001 Quotes for Any Occasion*. Essayist Charles Krauthammer, adopting the nom de plume Rosemunde Force, began a fabulously successful career as the author of bodice-ripping romance novels. Robert Novak

rocket launching pads there?... Or have gangsters taken hold of the place?" For appeasement, he is taken to the set of *Can-Can* and introduced to Shirley MacLaine.

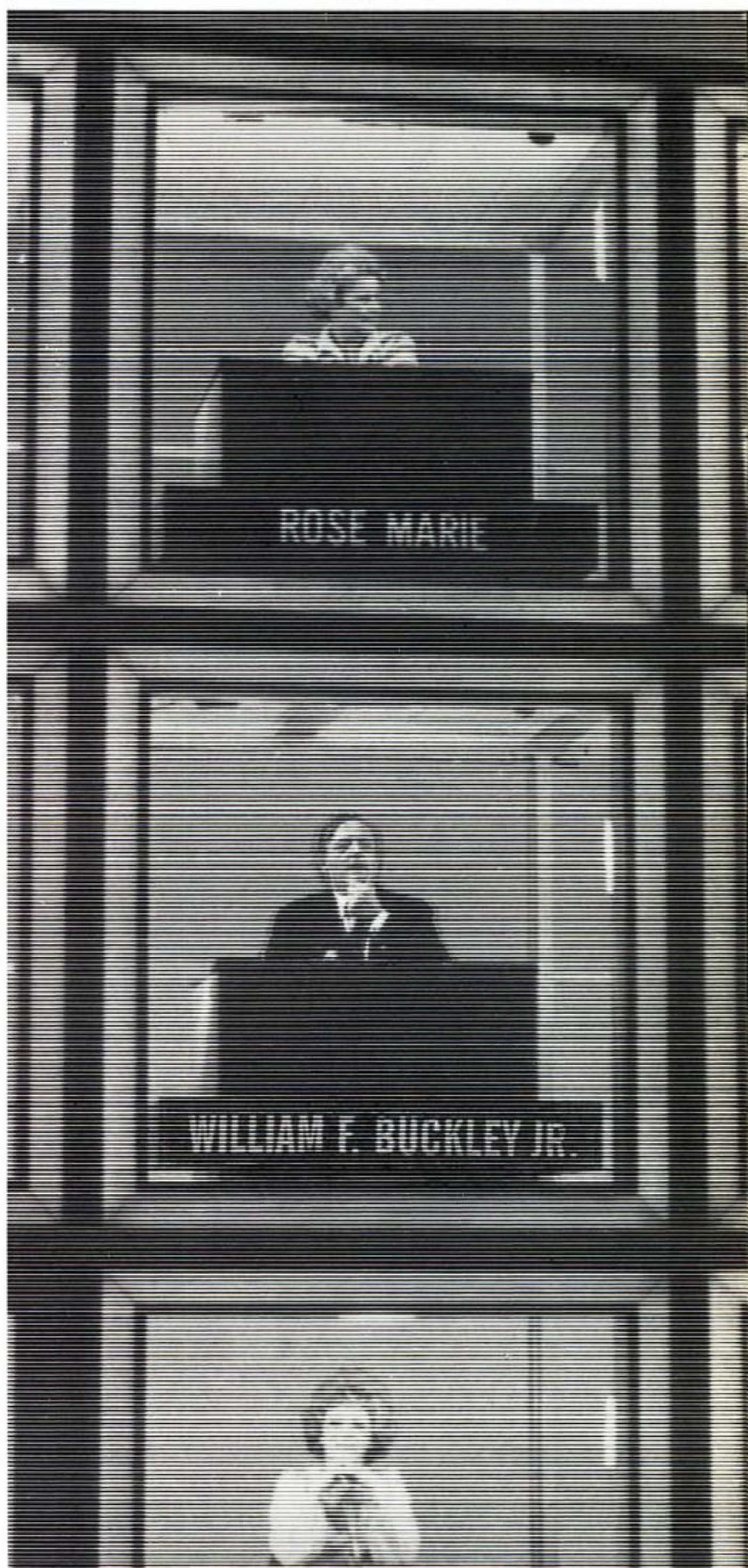
Gregory Peck and Ava Gardner contemplate nuclear annihilation in *On the Beach*.
1960 The USSR downs Francis Gary Powers's U-2 spy plane.

1961 JFK promises that "we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship... to assure the survival and the success of liberty." While falling short of this prom-

ise the U.S. nonetheless squanders \$10.4 trillion and the lives of more than 111,000 of its military personnel in the course of the Cold War.

The Bay of Pigs. Kennedy declines to pay any price, bear any burden, and abandons the anti-Castro invasion force. In Berlin the Wall goes up, providing a vast

became Mr. Nastygrowl, the regular villain on *Smiley-bubble*, a long-running children's TV show in Baltimore. Hawkish arms negotiator Paul Nitze joined with dovish arms negotiator Paul Warnke to open a popular Washing-



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT

EXPERTS AGREE: THE COLD WAR WILL NEVER END

by ERIC ALTERMAN

Just as unemployment lines in the new democracies of Eastern Europe are about to swell with the apparatchiks who grew fat and lazy under Communism, a similar crisis is afflicting America's Sovietology industry. The Cold War cash cow has, ideologically speaking, gone belly-up. With once-frightening Soviet generals now sounding like TM instructors, America's foreign-policy experts have been hanging on to their Cold War convictions (and predictions) for dear life. (Indeed, when émigré Sovietologist Dimitri Simes of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace recently published two different op-ed pieces titled "The Cold War Is Over—Now What?" and "If the Cold War Is Over, Then What?" it was hard not to wonder whether he was referring to the future of the Baltic states or to the future of his profession.)

When Mikhail Gorbachev was chosen general secretary just four years ago this month, America's foreign-policy establishment was divided. In one camp were those experts who subscribed to the you've-seen-one-Commie-you've-seen-them-all theory of international relations: though they eagerly looked forward to all the new think-tank conferences and op-ed space a fresh Soviet regime would offer, they insisted that Gorbachev was simply old vodka in a new bottle. The other camp, having grown used to dealing with Soviet leaders with a minimum of seven toes in the grave, panicked over the possibility of facing off against a living, breathing adversary. The two camps were united, however, on one issue: *like death and taxes, the Cold War will always be with us*. Herewith, some of the more poignant examples of the doomed twilight struggle being waged by these American Cold Warriors to preserve their enemy in the face of an unyielding and unforgiving peace offensive.

I. GO BACK TO SLEEP, HONEY—IT'S JUST ANOTHER NOT-QUITE-DEAD POLITBURO CHIEF (BAD BETTING ADVICE ON THE RISE OF GORBACHEV)

"[Gorbachev] is a lifelong party member, a product of the system, and...he [has] called for 'an intensification of social production...and the economy,' usually a catch phrase meaning 'more discipline.'...If he masters the system—rather than its mastering him—this may augur bold moves in domestic and foreign policy. Don't bet on it."—*Marshall I. Goldman, associate director of the Harvard Russian Research Center, The New York Times, March 12, 1985*



KISSINGER

"[Gorbachev] has no new ideas."—*Dimitri Simes, The Christian Science Monitor, March 12, 1985*

"Some very silly things were said about him being a liberal in the British press when he visited here, but you just don't get into the Politburo being a liberal."—*Peter Reddaway, London School of Economics, quoted in The New York Times, March 12, 1985*

"Everything that Gorbachev has said—and everything that

"The real question is not whether he will pursue a course different from that taken by his predecessors, but whether he will pursue it more effectively."—*Strobe Talbott, Time magazine, March 25, 1985*

"It is very dangerous to think that Gorbachev will be any more 'liberal' or 'flexible' on foreign relations."—*Angela E. Stent, Georgetown University, quoted in the Los Angeles Times, March 12, 1985*



BRZEZINSKI

II. I KNOW YOU ARE, BUT WHAT AM I?

"Gorbachev's got a wimp problem."—*unnamed Bush adviser quoted in Newsweek, December 11, 1989*

"Gorbachev will break few Stalinist icons."—*William Safire, The New York Times, November 4, 1987*

"[Gorbachev is] 'a drugstore cowboy.'"—*White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater, quoted in The Washington Post, May 19, 1989*

III. BEWARE THE MAN WITH THE MARK OF THE BEAST

canvas for bad graffiti art. JFK, weighing a nuclear response, asks for an estimate of potential U.S. casualties. The number is 70 million. Concerned, he proposes mass

construction of fallout shelters. 1962 The Cuban Missile Crisis is held in October. On the brink of nuclear war, the two superpowers wussy out. American school-

children are thrilled, then disappointed by the anticlimax. Frank Sinatra confronts the Red menace in The Manchurian Candidate.

1963 JFK proclaims, "Ich bin ein Berliner," which to many Germans means "I am a breakfast pastry." Kim Philby defects. Sean Connery confronts the Red men-

ace in From Russia With Love. 1964 Congress passes the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, which authorizes all that follows in Vietnam. Hundreds of thousands of Amer-

can be read between the lines—suggests that his accession heralds not change but continuity in the substance of Soviet policy, particularly foreign policy."—*Strobe Talbott, Time magazine, March 25, 1985*

"Gorbachev and his associates seem less constrained by the past and more assertive with respect to Soviet power. [We should expect] more formidable adversaries."—*Henry Kissinger, Newsweek, March 2, 1987*

"I expect a much more skillful, energetic—but in many respects, more dangerous—sort of leader."—*Zbigniew Brzezinski, quoted in the Los Angeles Times, March 12, 1985*

"Under Gorbachev, the Soviet Union's foreign policy has been more skillful and subtle than ever. But it has been more aggressive, not less."—*Richard Nixon, The New York Times Magazine, March 13, 1988*

"Gorbachev may be even more rigorous with intellectuals, writers and dissidents than in the past."—*Adam Ulam, Harvard Russian Research Center, quoted in Newsweek, March 25, 1985*

IV. NO, WE HAVEN'T HEARD THE FAT LADY SING YET—THAT WAS JUST GAS

"The primary Soviet objective in improving relations with the U.S. is still that of *peredysbka*, that is, of a breathing spell."—*Zbigniew Brzezinski, SAIS Review, summer-fall 1988*

SAKHAROV'S RELEASE: IT'S JUST BUSINESS AS USUAL—*headline on a George Will column, The Washington Post, December 28, 1986*

THE RUSSIANS ARE STILL COMING—*headline on a New York Times op-ed piece by Richard Pipes, Harvard University, October 9, 1989*

V. WHO, ME? HOW SHOULD I KNOW?

"Nor can we pretend to understand the inner workings of the Kremlin well enough to know whether Gorbachev will succeed or survive."—*Henry Kissinger and Cyrus Vance in Foreign Affairs, summer 1988*

"I have enough trouble figuring out what's going on in New York City let alone what's going on in Moscow."—*Norman Podhoretz, editor of Commentary, quoted in The Washington Times, September 14, 1989*

VI. THE HAIRSPPLITTING RATIONALIZATION

"Communism is withering, but communists are not."—*Richard Pipes, quoted in The Washington Times, September 14, 1989*

VII. THE "WAR IS PEACE; FREEDOM IS SLAVERY; IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH" RATIONALIZATION: DAN QUAYLE QUOTED IN THE WASHINGTON POST, DECEMBER 5, 1989

On the Soviet Union:

"I don't think they've changed much in foreign policy.... You're still dealing with a totalitarian

icans, Vietnamese, Cambodians and Thais will die, and Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young will become superstars. But first Henry Fonda and Stanley Kubrick con-

template nuclear annihilation in *Fail Safe* and *Dr. Strangelove*, respectively.

1966 Carl Reiner confronts

government."

On East Germany, Czechoslovakia and Poland:

"I don't view that as a matter of foreign policy as much as domestic policy." D



RED-CARPET TREATMENT

After retiring, Mikhail Gorbachev went on a \$75,000-per-appearance U.S. tour. Gorbymania swept America anew.

ton restaurant, 2-Paul's Atomic Bar-B-Q. Saddest of all, Pat Buchanan fell victim to what became known as Cold War Veterans'

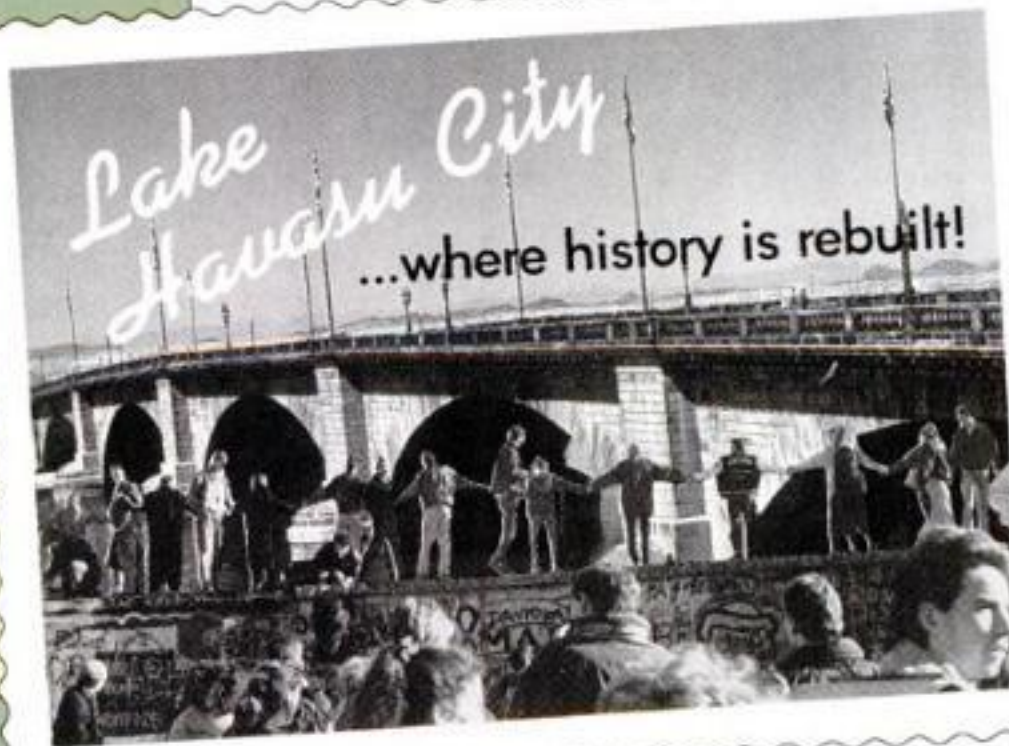
Stress syndrome. Despondent and edgy from the moment the Berlin Wall was breached, Buchanan eventually wiggled out completely in 1995 when he read that Moscow, and not Washington, had made the shortlist for an expansion franchise in the American League. He was found that afternoon terrorizing children in a schoolyard in Annandale, Virginia, angrily forcing them to read aloud from his unpublished biography of Joseph McCarthy. Of course, one did not have to be a

TO THE VICTOR

An American consortium led by Peter Ueberroth bought the Berlin Wall and moved it to Lake Havasu City, Arizona, where it joined the old London Bridge.

right-winger to suffer the ill effects of the end of the Cold War; Jonathan Schell, the author of *The Fate of the Earth*, a panicky look at nuclear Armageddon, briefly turned up on a CNN public-affairs-discussion program, *Tête-à-Tête*, which he cohosted with Morton Downey Jr., and later entered the priesthood.

(None of these men, it should be noted, did as well as Mikhail Gor-



the Red menace in *The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming*.

1967 Che Guevara is killed and achieves dorm-room-poster status

bachev, who, after being forced from office after a minor sex scandal, spent half of every year in the U.S., living in a beach house in La Jolla, working the lecture circuit and making appearances on

The Tonight Show Starring Jay Leno. There he charmed audiences with his amusing revelations that Brezhnev had a flatulence problem, that Gromyko was a cross-dresser and that Andropov had a penchant for practical jokes, such as welcoming newcomers to the Politburo by having KGB agents burst into their homes in the middle of the night just to deliver a congratulatory bottle of vodka.)

Troubled by the veterans' difficulties, Quayle forthrightly pushed through Congress the Cold Warriors' Bill of Rights, which provided any certified Cold Warrior—that is, anyone who had published at least one anticommunist book or four anticommunist articles or, in the case of those from California, had been an intimate of Ronald Reagan's—with tuition-free reeducation in any academic discipline other than political science or international relations. Quayle also found funding for a monument in Washington to the veterans of the Cold War. Originally planned as a simple redwood wall listing the names of all 11,756 right-wingers who had ever been criticized in *The Nation*, the wall was redesigned after an ad hoc committee of veterans objected. Three life-size bronze figures—John Foster Dulles, Barry Goldwater and Roy Cohn—were added.

BY THE TURN of the century, the more acute memories of the Cold War had faded, and nostalgia for the era gripped the nation. Among the best-sellers as the century ended were Vladimir Posner's *Nikita*, *We Hardly Knew Ye*, James Atlas's *Julius and Ethel: A Love Story* and *They Called Him Spook: A Life of James Jesus Angleton*, by Joe Klein. (One notable flop, however, was John Le Carré's business novel, *The Arbitrageur Who Came In from the Cold*.) Disney purchased the old NORAD com-

tion levels surged as couples who had earlier eschewed procreation to avoid bringing an innocent child into a precarious world finally let themselves go. Other popular leisure activities included fallout-shelter parties, where guests were served tinned crackers and watched *Fail Safe* or *The Missiles of October* on the VCR (and where the prevailing pickup line was the kooky "Wanna repopulate?"). *The Day After*, the ABC movie about postholocaust America, and *Amerika*, the ABC miniseries about life in a Soviet-occupied United States, became unwittingly hilarious cult hits, amusing campus audiences with their squarely serious preoccupations. Time-Life Books issued a 16-volume history of the era, which proved so successful that an envious Warner Bros. record division rushed out *Music from the Cold War*, a 2-volume set that included "Eve of Destruction," "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall," "Masters of War," "The Universal Soldier," "Wooden Ships" and "It's the End of the World as We Know It (And I Feel Fine)." In

2002 Fox/CBS debuted a series entitled *Nuclear Family*, a comedy set during the Cold War. Starring Charlie Sheen and Ally Sheedy as Jim and Lorraine Hicks;

Jessica McClure as their daughter, Tracy; Dan Aykroyd as Jim's older brother, Harold; and Mary Tyler Moore as Lorraine's mother, Granny Soames, the series followed family members as they testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee, advised a friendly neighbor to be suspicious of her new British boyfriend, Kim, and helped smuggle non-English-speak-

ing freedom fighters out of Hungary. The program lasted four seasons.

But as time passed, the nostalgia boom came to seem more and more a manifestation of an underlying uneasi-

SWORDS INTO PLOWSHARES

American farmers (like this sorghum grower in southern Illinois) converted strategic bombers into crop dusters.



immortality.

1968 The spirit of reform in Czechoslovakia is squelched when Soviet tanks enter Prague and oust reform president Alexander Dub-

ček. The following week the spirit of reform in Chicago is squelched when police enter Grant Park and oust antiwar demonstrators. Meanwhile, B-movie actor Rock

Hudson confronts the Red menace in *Ice Station Zebra*; John Wayne, in *The Green Berets*. 1972 Nixon visits China and the Soviet Union. PepsiCo strikes a

deal to sell soda in the USSR. 1973 In a demonstration of democratic values, the freely elected Marxist president of Chile, Salvador Allende, is killed in a

U.S.-sponsored military coup. 1975 South Vietnam and Cambodia fall to the Communists. Andrei Sakharov wins the Nobel Peace Prize but is denied a

mand center near Colorado Springs, Colorado, and turned the high-tech mountain caverns into a Cold War-era theme park. It attracted an average of 35,000 visitors a day during the post-Cold War baby boom, when popula-

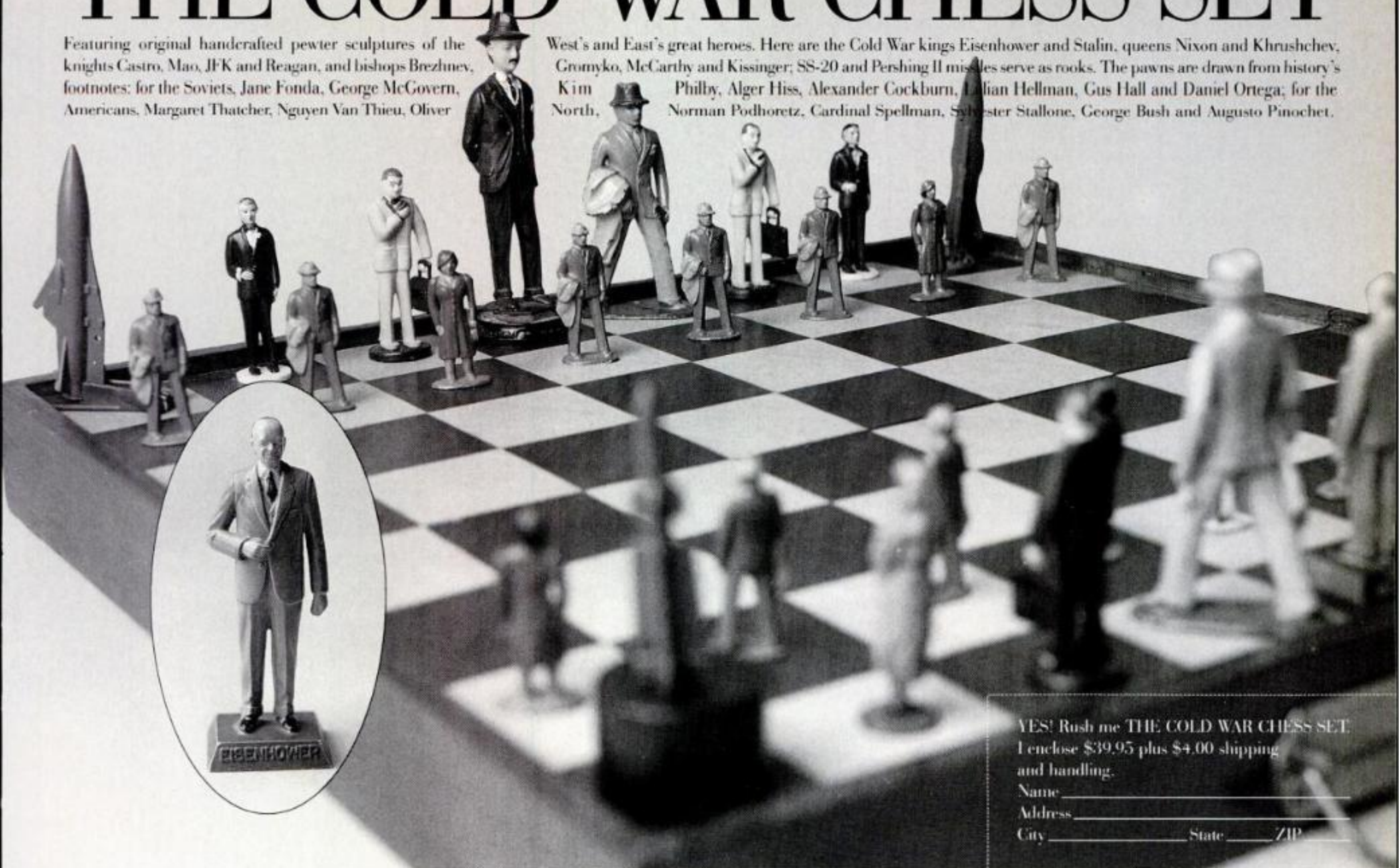
ness with the present; Americans longed for a more dramatic, crisis-driven era when fundamental values and human existence itself were constantly on the line. "The nineties," wrote Professor Todd Gitlin of the University of

To Commemorate the Cold War... THE FRANKLIN MINT presents a historic collecting event...

THE COLD WAR CHESS SET

Featuring original handcrafted pewter sculptures of the knights Castro, Mao, JFK and Reagan, and bishops Brezhnev, Gromyko, McCarthy and Kissinger; SS-20 and Pershing II missiles serve as rooks. The pawns are drawn from history's footnotes: for the Soviets, Jane Fonda, George McGovern, Americans, Margaret Thatcher, Nguyen Van Thieu, Oliver

West's and East's great heroes. Here are the Cold War kings Eisenhower and Stalin, queens Nixon and Khrushchev, Kim Philby, Alger Hiss, Alexander Cockburn, Lillian Hellman, Gus Hall and Daniel Ortega; for the North, Norman Podhoretz, Cardinal Spellman, Sylvester Stallone, George Bush and Augusto Pinochet.



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California at Berkeley in the spring 2003 issue of *Sociological Perspectives*, "with the return to placid suburban pursuits and the emphasis on orderliness, cleanliness and courtesy, constituted a welcome respite from the corrosive effects of living under the constant threat of nuclear annihilation, the strain of which caused the family and other social organizations to deteriorate and individuals—even the wealthy, gifted and powerful—to destroy themselves with drugs or with flagrant violations of the law." Still, Gitlin noted, "Americans had grown fond of the pleasurable shock and tension of living through the intermittent crises that always held out the potential for catastrophe. The

CHECKMATE!

The war ended, but the battles continued.

newly revamped VH-1. "For nearly half a century, our enemies helped define us. We hated what they were, we were what they

weren't. But then they changed, and we began to see that our national purpose consisted of little more than the sum of our material pursuits. And we didn't like it." Nor were we any longer very good at it. Even before the Quayle Depression, America had ceased being the planet's predominant national economy; too much money had been squandered too long on military hardware, and too much invested in mergers and acquisitions instead of new products. America became the new Britain, pleasantly full of itself but no longer imperial, lagging

visa to accept it.

1976 President Ford proves himself ahead of his time when he says, "There is no Soviet domination in Eastern Europe and

there never will be." In the World Series the Reds beat the Yanks, four games to none.

1979 The Soviets invade Afghanistan. The insufferably

naive Carter says, "This action...has made a more dramatic change in my own opinion of...the Soviets...than anything they've done."

1980 In the most meaningful direct confrontation between the superpowers during the Cold War, the U.S. Olympic hockey team beats the Soviets, 4-3.

1981 In his first press conference as president, Reagan says that Soviet leaders "reserve unto themselves the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat." ▶

nineties afforded no such adrenaline rushes. Peace is a bore."

The nation's malaise became the subject of the new century. "Whither America?" the aging commentator Bill Moyers asked in an influential 2005 documentary, on the

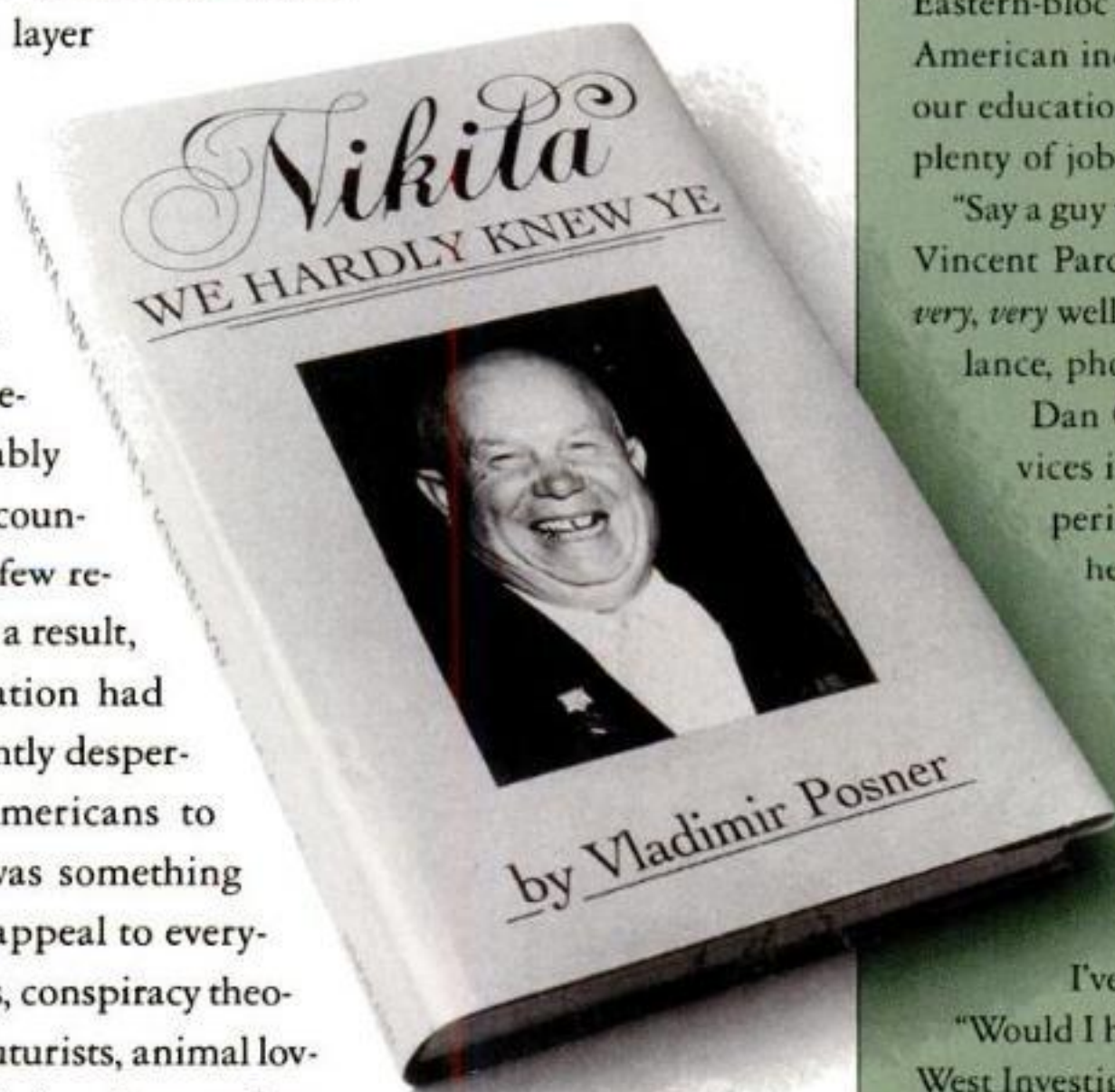
behind Japan and especially the newly unified Germany. Indeed, like Britain in the fifties, America began suffering a brain drain, as intellectuals, artists and scientists flocked to Berlin, where an unsettled melting pot and

the conflict between big money and egalitarian labor provided the kind of glamorous frisson that had characterized New York City during the previous century.

Some Americans took refuge from the new national pointlessness in a search for spiritual meaning. Imaginism, a new movement that sought to integrate humanism, the quest for spiritual understanding and the omnivorous acquisition of material objects, took root in New York and spread quickly throughout the nation, attracting some 12 million believers by 2006. The Imaginists, dedicated to the worship of John Lennon, were headquartered on the Upper West Side in the Dakota, which had been purchased and turned into a shrine by Eric Trump, heir to the real estate fortune.

America relocated its *raison d'être* in the rehabilitation of the environment. Though scientists since the eighties had warned the world that the ozone layer was deteriorating, that the rain forests were disappearing and that the oceans were becoming irrevocably poisoned, most countries had taken few remedial steps; as a result, the global situation had become sufficiently desperate to rouse Americans to action. There was something in the crisis to appeal to everyone: doomsayers, conspiracy theorists, jingoists, futurists, animal lovers, scolds, idealistic college students, do-gooder liberals, credulous New Agers and wealthy landowners all joined in. Even American industrialists were en-

MAKE NICE, NOT WAR
Cold War nostalgia reigned. Sentimental biographies of erstwhile international villains became a staple of the best-seller list.



The KGB alerts its agents that the U.S. is preparing to attack the Soviet Union. Poland declares martial law; Lech Wale-sa is jailed.

1982 With Reagan rattling his saber like mad, antinuclear jit-ters sweep the nation, highlighted by Jonathan Schell's worried look at nuclear apocalypse, The Fate

of the Earth.

1983 Reagan announces his in-sanely wishful "Star Wars" nuclear defense scheme and de-scribes the USSR as the Evil

Empire. The USSR shoots down Korean Air Lines flight 007; 269 civilians die. B-movie actor Steve Guttenberg contemplates nuclear annihilation in The Day After.

1984 B-movie actors Patrick Swayze and Charlie Sheen con-front the Red menace in Red Dawn.
1985 Gorbachev takes charge.

thusiastic, having developed proprietary cleanup technologies they were eager to market to the world. In short order the cause became a crusade, and while there were many successes, the failures provoked domestic acrimony, suspicion

"HELP WANTED," F/T. HOURS TO LATE EVENING. MANAGEMENT POTENTIAL. SHOULD HAVE EXPERIENCE IN WAYS-OF-MAKING-YOU-TALK"

U.S. EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE OTHER SIDE'S COLD WAR VETS

by RICHARD O'REGAN

They're literate, discreet, have proven track records and don't take any guff from hooligans of any sort. These trained professionals, newly sacked and facing highly uncertain employment prospects in their Eastern-bloc homelands, may be just the dedicated public servants American industry has been searching for, the disciplined go-getters our educational system doesn't seem to produce. There appear to be plenty of jobs available in New York for those willing to relocate.

"Say a guy was an investigator for the East German police," explains Vincent Parco, a Manhattan-based private detective. "He could do very, very well here. Those skills transfer. . . . Closed-circuit TV, surveillance, photography—that's a skill that's always in demand."

Dan Cassiere, the general manager of Gallione Security Services in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, agrees: "Previous experience would be a plus." Cassiere has immediate openings, he says, for people who speak English, have a car and are 18 or older. Experience in laying barbed wire and patrolling with dogs, he says, would make a candidate more appealing.

Communist émigrés (even, say, Romanian Securitate émigrés) are "all hardworking people," according to Jean Stimphil, president of Armrest Security Patrol in Brooklyn. "They believe in honesty. I've had very good experiences with [people] like that."

"Would I hire an East-bloc guy?" asks Joe Marino, manager of East-West Investigations in Manhattan and a former New York City detective. "I guess I would. The hard part here [in the U.S.] is finding someone who likes the work." Marino's company would be glad to work with a motivated person who knows how to write a report

and blame-mongering. "Who lost China?" demanded Senator Charles Robb after that country decided against instituting a complete ban on leaded gasoline. Tensions flared when a California congressman, Tom Hayden, announced that



about what he sees and has clean urine, he says.

Joe Cordo, a freelance surveillance photographer in Manhattan, warns those considering a move that the work is different here. "Most of the work in the East is political," he observes. "You're following somebody who's innocent that you're trying to frame. Here most of the people you're following are guilty. That makes things a lot more difficult."

"In the East," Vincent Parco adds, "they're used to questions like 'Is this guy a capitalist?' We do maritals." He also stresses the importance of thorough research and a knowledge of local

customs: "If you're tailing someone, you've got to know that there's eight exits in Bloomingdale's."

Happily, the opportunities for human-inventory-control specialists and audiovisual-communications monitors are growing nationwide. The Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics predicts we'll need at least 100,000 new detectives and security guards in the next 10 years. "It's one of the fastest-growing fields," says staff economist Karen Horowitz. And the prison business is also booming; New York State alone is looking to add 6,000 guards in the next 2 years. According to the New York State Department of Correctional Services, gulag experience, while a definite plus, is not required; any 21-year-old legal U.S. resident with a high school diploma who hasn't been convicted of a felony here qualifies (an alleged crime against humanity in Prague or Timișoara, for instance, wouldn't necessarily be a problem).

What about the newcomer interested in becoming a former enforcer of security? Sonya Shapiro, vice president of East Coast Training Services, which runs ten business and technical schools in New York City, recommends a career in heating and air-conditioning, because "I've always found that East-bloc people were very good at math." One of her schools, the Manhattan Technical Institute, offers a course in blueprint reading and construction, which she suggests would be "a natural career" for those with experience erecting and maintaining masonry-and-barbed-wire walls. And her International Career Institute has a class in building maintenance. "That'd be a good career for them," Shapiro says. "These guys, they like to stand up and walk around; building-maintenance assistants do a lot of that." ☛

ported suspending the civil liberties of suspected polluters after Senator Rudolph Giuliani announced during a speech in West Virginia, "I have in my pocket the names of 57 plastic-spoon-using bureaucrats in the Environmental Protection Agency" (though subsequent hearings proved the charges groundless). In 2008 President Albert Gore Jr. ordered U.S. troops, in conjunction with personnel from other Northern-Hemisphere Environmental Action Treaty Organization nations (Canada, Sweden and the Netherlands), to invade Brazil and secure what was left of the Amazonian rain forests. NEATO forces remain stationed there today.

THOUGH THE COLD WAR dominated more than 40 years of American history, it has little relevance now. In 1963, when the U.S.-Soviet hot line was established, the agreement was front-page news; yet four decades later the decision to relegate the red phone to the White House basement, attached to an answering machine, received scant attention. Even President Joseph Montana's trip to Red Square to place a wreath on Joseph Stalin's grave as a gesture of forgiveness and healing would have passed largely unnoticed had it not caused the death of Elliott Abrams, one of the last surviving Cold War leaders. Abrams suffered a heart attack while criticizing Montana's visit at a press conference, just after describing how he had successfully exposed a Communist cell in his retirement village in Boca Raton, Florida, and managed to win back control of the tennis-court scheduling book from them.

The passions and obsessions of the era have evaporated. In a *New York Times*-HBO poll taken last fall to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the Cuban Missile Crisis, 82 percent of the respondents knew the Bay of Pigs only as Club Med's first all-nude resort; 74 percent knew Hanoi only as the place where most of the world's cellular videophones are manufactured; and 90 percent recognized U2 only as mainstays on the golden-oldies concert circuit. Nearly all respondents remembered being told that once upon a time the U.S. and the Soviet Union had kept enough

THE FINAL BUILD-DOWN
In 2003 both sides connected the hot line to answering machines.



Sylvester Stallone confronts the Red menace in *Rocky IV* and *Rambo*.
1986 Gorbachev announces glasnost and perestroika.

1987 Reagan and Gorbachev sign the INF Treaty. Kris Kristofferson confronts the Red menace in *Amerika*.
1989 Solidarity sweeps free elec-

tions in Poland. Hungary declares itself a noncommunist republic. East Germany ousts its Stalinist dictator. Bulgaria ousts its Stalinist dictator. Ro-

mania executes its Stalinist dictator. The Czechs schedule free elections. The Berlin Wall opens. The Cold War is called for lack of interest. ☛

the formula for the banned substance Styrofoam had been smuggled to Japanese business agents by Ford Foundation chairman Lew Lehrman, hidden in a pumpkin in *Time* editor Strobe Talbott's garden; indeed, many Americans sup-

nuclear weapons trained on each other to destroy the world 50 times over, and that at least once they had teetered on the brink of using them. Only a handful of respondents — 7 percent — felt that they understood why. ☛



HE WAS A POWERFUL HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER,

SHE WAS HIS DUTIFUL SECRETARY—

UNTIL HE STARTED ASKING HER

TO GET HIM MORE THAN JUST

HIS MORNING COFFEE

“MR. SIMPSON, YOUR STUT IS ON LINE 3”



E

arly in his movie career, before coproducing 3 of

the top 20 hits of all time, Don Simpson knew how to evaluate stories. "Don't just

look for concepts," he said. "Look for characters we can root for." ♣ The following

story has sex and drugs, hard-boiled detectives, blushing ingenues, relentless law-

yers and a tense, protracted court battle for millions of dollars, but Simpson prob-

ably won't be bidding on it for his next feature. Though the story exposes a cross

section of Hollywood—from the bosses to their lackeys to the lackeys' lackeys, from

the scummy heights to the slimy depths—there are virtually no characters worth

rooting for. And that includes Don Simpson himself, the story's central figure. With

BY AUGUST WEST

partner Jerry Bruckheimer, Simpson produced the box office hits *Flashdance*, *Beverly Hills Cop*, *Top Gun* and *Beverly Hills Cop II* for Paramount, the studio with which the pair now has a lucrative exclusive production deal. Simpson and Bruckheimer don't like to be reminded of their only bomb, *Thief of Hearts* (1984), which posed the question "What if a thief took your diary and held the secrets of your heart?" This reluctance must be particularly keen for Simpson, because in 1988 his former executive secretary Monica Harmon sued him for \$5 million, raising the parallel question "What if a disgruntled underling took your private papers and told your secrets—incredibly embarrassing secrets concerning drug use, prostitutes and infantile temper tantrums—to a judge?"

Careerwise, Simpson has little to fear from Harmon's lawsuit. When Cliff Robertson fingered David Begelman, the former president of Columbia Pictures, for forging the actor's name on checks, it was Robertson's career that suffered, not Begelman's. When Burt Reynolds' friend and collaborator, director Hal Needham, was successfully sued by a stuntwoman for paralyzing injuries sustained during the filming of *The Cannonball Run*, it didn't prevent Needham from taking the reins of *Stroker Ace*. The only career that ended due to the *Twilight Zone*—*The Movie* helicopter crash was actor Vic Morrow's. So even though they've been dragged into court and are doubtless shocked—simply *shocked*—by reports of drug use on the lot, Paramount executives are not about to lose a billion-dollar revenue machine.

For Harmon, the plaintiff, the prospects are darker. The wheels of justice have been turning slowly for more than a year—a period that roughly equals her service to Simpson—and any hopes she might have had of raking in some quick and

easy hush money must be long gone. Simpson, who is filthy rich (he is said to have made \$10 million from *Top Gun* alone), has upped the ante by countersuing his former employee. The mud is flying thick, and it has become abundantly clear that neither side will escape unsullied. For whether you believe her charges or his or both, and whatever the eventual judicial verdict, the picture this case paints of life in Don Simpson's office on the Paramount lot is a very unattractive one.



"There are many partnerships in Hollywood where it's 'good cop, bad cop,'" says one studio executive. "I think with Don and Jerry it might be 'bad cop, worse cop'"

Though Peter Guber and Jon Peters, by virtue of producing *Batman* and becoming cochairmen of Sony's Columbia Pictures during the past year, have got more press attention recently, Simpson and Bruckheimer are considered by many to be the premier producing team in Hollywood. Simpson, now 44 years old, was making movies

as a Paramount executive back when Jon Peters was still cutting Barbra Streisand's hair. In 1977, after just two years at the studio, Simpson was made a vice president. Four years later he was named president of production. His talents were great enough to help make two Richard Gere movies into hits: *American Gigolo* and *An Officer and a Gentleman*. He resigned to make *Flashdance* with his old pal Jerry Bruckheimer, and the partnership's 1983 debut effort as independent producers pulled in close to \$270 million.

Simpson-Bruckheimer (S-B) movies are like feature-length trailers, movies that sell themselves. Bruckheimer was an advertising art director before he went to Hollywood, and his pet directors Adrian Lyne (*Flashdance*) and Tony Scott (*Top Gun*, *Beverly Hills Cop II*) both shot commercials in London before going to work for S-B. Few attribute the team's success simply to luck—consistent commercial success in Holly-

wood creates some measure of unambivalent respect—but that doesn't mean their peers admire the men behind the initials. "There are many partnerships in Hollywood where it's 'good cop, bad cop,'" says one studio executive. "I think with Don and Jerry it might be 'bad cop, worse cop.'"

Simpson is the worse one, the partner that most people have always talked about and rooted against. The ultimate hinterlander, born and raised in Alaska, he enjoys being the center of attention in balmy, hothouse Los Angeles. Much of his reputation for fast living stems from the stories he tells about himself, stories that are not always accurate. One indelicate acquaintance puts it this way: "If Don said he was out last night with three women, he could have been home alone jerking off." But even people who say they detest Simpson pay him grudging compliments. "Simpson is egotistical and megalomaniacal," says a leading agent who has sent actors, writers and directors to him. "He is irrational and out of control until he gets his way. But everybody deals with him, because they have to. His movies make money." No one is more aware of Simpson's repulsive appeal than Simpson himself. As he once told *Esquire*, "People want me. They may hate me, but they want me."

At production meetings the practical-minded, comparatively low-key Bruckheimer carries more weight. At story meetings Simpson is the influential one. But the two share each other's responsibilities, as well as an office at Paramount where they do most of their work. "It's weird seeing two people working so closely in one office," says one former employee. Even weirder, perhaps, is how much the partners' tastes overlap in matters unrelated to work. Simpson and Bruckheimer had their houses redesigned by the same architect, who gave them virtually identical interior decor. They even drive identical \$70,000 black Ferrari 328s. "When Tony Scott or Tom Cruise drives in with a new car, they both have to run out and get one

just like it," a Paramount colleague explains. "When Scott recently got some new luggage, Don immediately called one of his three personal assistants and ordered, 'I want it on my desk in an hour.'"

The drive-alike, dress-alike partners are ostentatiously hands-on moviemakers. While many producers wait around for the right script to find them, Simpson and Bruckheimer developed *Top Gun* from scratch. (Simpson also claims to have had the idea for *Beverly Hills Cop*, but others involved with the film dispute this.) They are better able to get their own way by hiring relatively inexperienced directors, and by their willingness to use up writers like so many disposable ballpoints. Martin Brest, Adrian Lyne and Tony Scott had directed only one feature each when hired by S-B. There were 19 different script drafts for *Top Gun*, while *Beverly Hills Cop* required a staggering 37 drafts and about a dozen writers. "We know what we want. We are very specific in our point of view and our taste. We are really very interested in being in control of everything," says Simpson. He suggests that he is at least as much the auteur as any of his directors (indeed, he has announced his hankering to direct and is set to appear prominently in one of his upcoming movies, *Days of Thunder*). Nevertheless, some of his in-the-trenches filmmaking tales seem hyperbolic. Tom Cruise recently told a friend that he can barely recall seeing Simpson on the set of *Top Gun*, for instance.

Feeling in control of everything, work-related or not, is Don Simpson's driving obsession in life. He is notorious at Paramount for sending assistants scurrying around town to find a particularly obscure sort of champagne mustard or a special brand of pasta. Described as "in-

sanely anal" by a colleague, Simpson keeps detailed inventories of his sunglasses, running shoes, suits and much-beloved cowboy boots.

"Once, Don wanted another pair of boots with stars on them, and his assistant ordered them without the

yells the wrong score louder. He won the first game, but he made me mad.

"The second game I clobbered him. The game's to 15, but some people call 11-0 a shutout, or a skunk. So when I had him up 11-0,



Identity crisis: the partners strike characteristically indistinguishable poses.

stars," says the colleague. "When the assistant was called into Don's office, an old boot with a star and a new boot without it were on [Simpson's] desk. 'There's a right boot and a wrong boot, and this is the wrong boot,' Don said. Everything has to be perfect. If new boots look too new, he sends them out to a man who roughs them up and sandpapers them."

"Don Simpson is the biggest asshole I ever met," says Buddy Brown, an aspiring young screenwriter who used to work on the Paramount lot as a clerk in the music clearance division. "He once played racquetball with a friend of mine. After Don beat him, Don told one of his assistants, 'You tell that nigger he ever wants to play racquetball again, \$100 a game.'" When Brown, who is black, heard this story, he arranged his own match with Simpson. "I took it easy the first game. I'm thinking, 'This guy could really help out my career.' But then he starts cheating. He's calling stuff out when it's in and even cheats on the score. When I correct him, he

I asked him, 'Is that a skunk?' He said no, so I scored four more in a row.

"Even though we had 20 minutes to go — on a court that I paid for — he took off. That millionaire bastard. So I went to his office and said to the assistant, 'Tell your boss *this* nigger says if he ever wants to play again, it's \$1,000 a game!'"

But Simpson and Buddy Brown never played that high-stakes match, and Brown's nascent career in Hollywood rapidly went sour. Perhaps he should have realized: it doesn't pay to beat men like Simpson at anything.

For the right person, working as a secretary to one of Hollywood's top producers would seem a richly rewarding position. You get to make small talk with big stars. You get to tell important people that your boss is too busy to see them. And best of all, *everybody wants to be your friend*. "Had it not been for the abusive conduct and the performance of illegal acts," Monica Har-



To own him is to love him: Simpson and Bruckheimer flank mega-asset Tom Cruise.

mon says wistfully, "then the job would have been an ideal one for me."

It's too bad things didn't work out for her, because there are darn few ideal jobs on her résumé. Harmon, a woman of Mexican heritage in her mid-thirties who looks like a dark Stefanie Powers, claims to have worked as an executive secretary at Tilden Specialties, her ex-husband's now-defunct manufacturing firm. In fact, she never worked for the company, and for much of the time she claims to have been there she was employed as a supermarket checkout clerk. From 1981 to 1984 she tried to make a name for herself as an actress and model, with no apparent success. (Her only film credit is "Assistant to Don Simpson" in *Beverly Hills Cop II*.) Next, she moved on to an administrative assistant job at a radio station, but she was laid off due to a "radio format change," she claims.

On February 12, 1986, Harmon filed an application for employment with Paramount Pictures, asking for \$1,500 a month. Perhaps she thought her dreams were about to come true. They didn't. Harmon got the job, all right, and the privilege of working for Simpson while he was producing *Top Gun* and preparing *Beverly Hills Cop II*. But on October 12, 1988—a year after leaving the position—she filed a complaint against Don Simpson, Jerry Bruckheimer and S-B asking \$5 million for the emotional distress she suffered during her 20 months of employment. That comes out to \$11,500 per working day, which would seem to be more than adequate recompense for a secretary who misspelled *calculator* on her application.

Harmon, who sounds in her depositions rather like one David Mamet character talking about another David Mamet character, charges Simpson with the following offenses:

HE REPEATEDLY ABUSED HER IN FRONT OF HER CO-WORKERS AND OTHERS. "Every day that Mr. Simpson had come into the office ever since I was employed there, I always serve him his coffee and club soda the minute he hits the door or he starts screaming. On this one particular day, he yelled to me, 'Monica, get your ass in here,' so I went to the main office and he accused me of using the wrong type of milk in his coffee. He said that I was using regular milk instead of low-fat milk and I just could not believe it...."

"I said, 'Don, for the past two years I have been putting low-fat milk in your coffee. What are you talking about?'"

"He starts yelling I am getting him fat and he starts yelling, get him the carton.... I went to the refrigerator and got the carton and said, 'Don, see, it is low-fat....'"

"He started screaming that I was lying to

him. I am trying to get him fat, and don't ever put milk in his coffee again from now on. So I got back to my desk and started crying and said, 'Ginger, I cannot believe this. I cannot believe he is yelling at me for stupid milk.'"

HE REQUIRED HER TO WATCH AND TOLERATE ILLEGAL AND IMMORAL ACTS. "I have testified that Mr. Simpson used cocaine in his office; that he had others, including Bruckheimer, present when he was doing it; that on at least two occasions he left a pile of cocaine in his office and in his office bathroom and ordered me to clean it up before it was discovered by others."

Harmon says that in June of 1987 she saw Simpson take "a vial out of his pocket and [he] proceeded to snort in the inside office." She also claims she was told that Simpson did coke off his desk with Richard Tienken, Eddie Murphy's agent at the time and an executive producer of *Beverly Hills Cop II*.

"Simpson maintained lists of girls he used as prostitutes and he required me to keep and update these lists. Periodically he required me to schedule his appointments with some of the prostitutes," Harmon claims. She complains that hookers would call the office all the time, and Simpson would not want to talk with them. (Harmon says she once got yelled at, ironically enough, because she put Simpson's mother on his list of phone calls to return, and he didn't want to talk to her either. In one deposition Harmon claims that Simpson hadn't talked to his mother for six years.)

HE EXPOSED HER TO A VARIETY OF PORNOGRAPHIC AND OBSCENE EVENTS, DOCUMENTS AND STATEMENTS. "On more than one occasion Simpson played pornographic videotapes in the office in such a way that I and other members of the staff could not help but see it.... As a condition of my employment I was required to read lurid and pornographic material." She also claims she heard that Simpson and members of his staff had appeared in porn films.

HE ENGAGED IN VERBAL TIRADES AND HARANGUES FILLED WITH OBSCENITY AND VULGARITY. By the fall of 1986, he was yelling at her and calling her stupid on a regular basis, she says. He called her "dumb shit" and "garbage brain," she claims, and even said, "You fucked up again, you stupid bitch. You cannot do anything right. You are not paid to think." She claims that Simpson threw a wristwatch, a book and keys at her.

HE WRONGFULLY AND MALICIOUSLY CAUSED THE TERMINATION OF HER EMPLOYMENT. The list of charges goes on and on. Harmon claims she suffered humiliation, mental anguish, loss of self-esteem and reputation, and emotional and physical distress, and that she was injured in mind and body. She says she became increasingly nervous, upset and unable to sleep, suffering headaches, muscular tension and



Harmon's testimony is so damaging to her own case that Simpson and Bruckheimer may never have to present their side

stress, which required treatment by physicians and surgeons. She has asked for medical expenses as well as punitive damages.

"Because the yelling and screaming got so intolerable, I started to collect evidence...of the immoral conduct of that office....I wanted them to pay for what they had done to me," Harmon says. "I was in a mental state where I said, 'I am not going to put up with this anymore.' Somebody had to stop these guys. What they are doing is not normal and it is *not right*."

Harmon's depositions would lead one to believe that she was, before coming to Paramount and Simpson, a naïf. For example, she claims that she didn't know there are sex shows in Tijuana. She claims she never heard a woman called a cunt until she was around Simpson.

By now, those of you who are rooting for Simpson to get his richly deserved comeuppance may think you've found the perfect plaintiff in Monica Harmon.

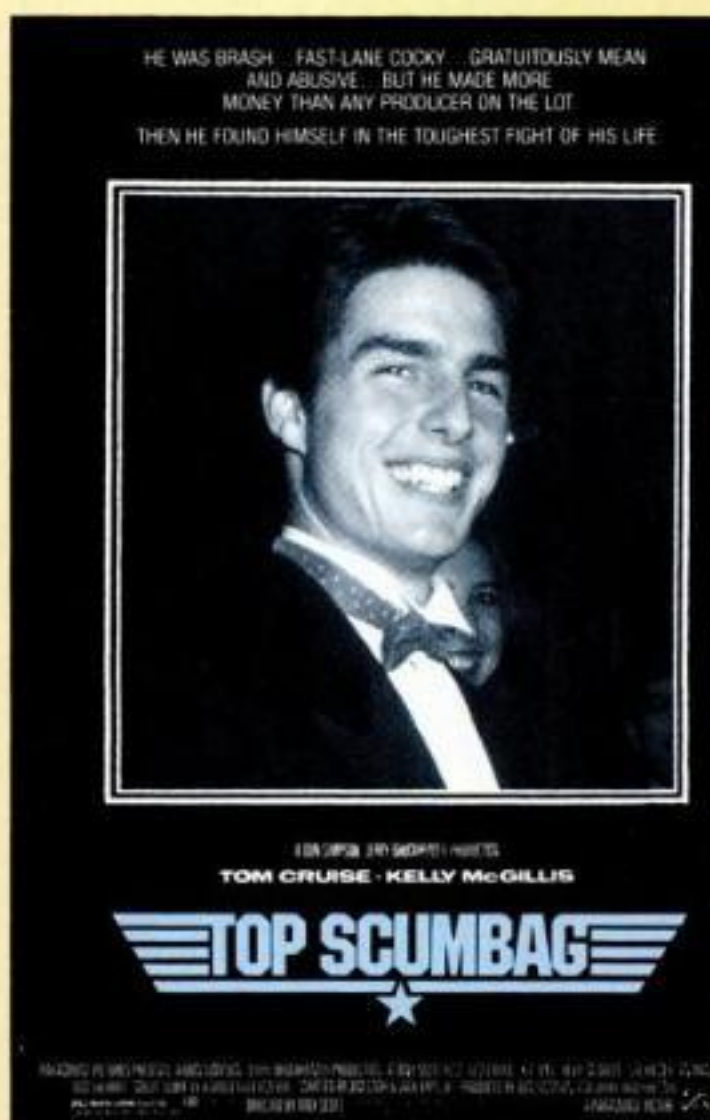
If only it were so.

Before she left S-B, Harmon put her degree in police science from East Los Angeles College to work, gathering information on her boss. Unfortunately, the opposing counsel was trained at Harvard Law School. Simpson may have a penchant for inexperienced directors he can push around, but to defend himself against Harmon's suit he hired some of the best attorneys money could buy, and instead of calling all the shots himself, he let the professionals do their job.

Like his client Don Simpson, Bert Fields can take credit for helping a few very popular eighties movies get made, including *Tootsie* and *Rain Man*. If you want to negotiate for Dustin Hoffman's services, Fields is the man you have to deal with. And pleasing him isn't easy. The 60-year-old partner in the firm Greenberg, Glusker, Fields, Claman & Machtinger was recently named "the toughest attorney in Hollywood" by *American Film*. While most entertainment lawyers are

"LIGHTS...CAMERA...ACTION...OKAY, START SNORTING!"

How Would Don Simpson Produce the Don Simpson Story?



◀ OPTION NUMBER ONE: FOCUS ON THE PRODUCER

Starring

TOM CRUISE as Donny, the Producer; ANTHONY EDWARDS as Jerry, the Partner; KELLY MCGILLIS as Monica, the Secretary; JOE PANTOLIANO as Tony, the Detective; CASEY SIEMASZKO as Patrick, the Dealer; LARRY FISHBURNE as Buddy, the Fall Guy

Hit Song

"I Want You Back for the Sequel (Love Theme from *Top Scumbag*)," by Giorgio Moroder

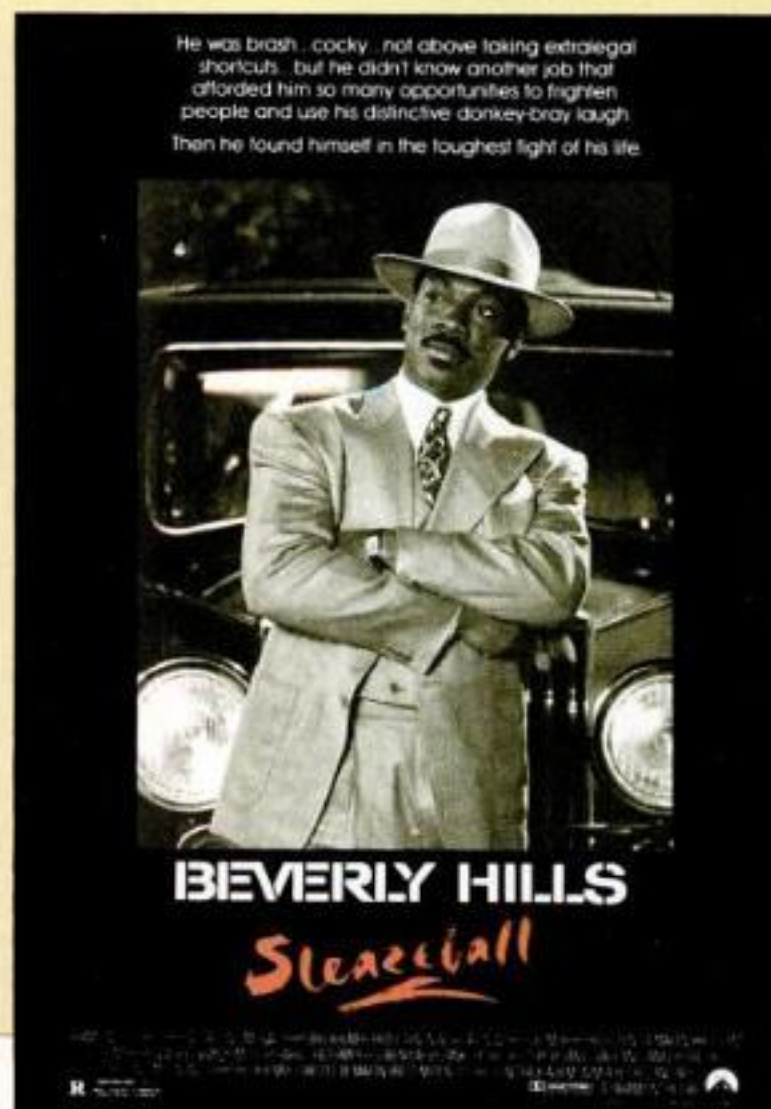
OPTION NUMBER TWO: ▶ FOCUS ON THE SECRETARY

Starring

JENNIFER BEALS as Monica, the Secretary; MICHAEL NOURI as Donny, the Producer; VAL KILMER as Jerry, the Partner; JOE REGALBUTO as Tony, the Detective; D. B. SWEENEY as Patrick, the Dealer; FOREST WHITAKER as Buddy, the Fall Guy

Hit Song

"(I'm Just a Girl With) Flashpowder Dreams," by Irene Cara



◀ OPTION NUMBER THREE: FOCUS ON THE DETECTIVE

Starring

EDDIE MURPHY as Tony, the Detective; STEVEN BERKOFF as Donny, the Producer; JUDGE REINHOLD as Jerry, the Partner; BRIGITTE NIELSEN as Monica, the Secretary; PAUL REISER as Patrick, the Dealer; YAPHET KOTTO as Buddy, the Fall Guy

Hit Song

"Eavesdropping on Your Heartbeat (Tony's Theme)," by the Pointer Sisters

—Jamie Malanowski

content with quietly negotiating deals and taking their cut, Fields actually goes to court, where he has fought for Hoffman, the Beatles, Warren Beatty, Mario Puzo, 20th Century Fox, Gore Vidal and Isabelle Adjani. Beatty, who had Fields put together the deal for the upcoming *Dick Tracy*, doesn't even bother using an agent.

How good is Fields? He has had offers to run movie studios. Every year, Michael Ovitz of the Creative Artists Agency joshingly sends him a dollar as a retainer so Fields can't sue him. He's so effective that most people have forgiven him for contributing to the making of *Ishtar*.

Representing Harmon is the firm of Mathews and Evans, which has fewer attorneys in all (four) than Fields's firm has in its name (five). While Fields works his legal legerdemain out of a plush Century City office, Charles Mathews and William D. Evans are based in Koreatown. It didn't take long for them to realize they were playing in the big leagues without a regulation bat. Two weeks after filing the lawsuit, Mathews prematurely blabbed to a reporter that Simpson was "the main guy" in the case. "We will present testimony about the sexual abuse of people, and of drug usage. It's no secret that cocaine is involved in this case in a big way." (The original complaint never mentioned cocaine.) As to the sexual nature of Harmon's charges, Mathews said, "Things were thrust at her, and upon her, that were mortifying."

Although Fields bills out at hundreds of dollars an hour, he doesn't waste any time. He sent Mathews a blistering letter charging defamation on the day his quotes appeared in the press, and subpoenaed him the day after. Consequently, the first time they met in court, Mathews was too distracted by trying to stop Fields from questioning him to argue the merits of Harmon's case.

While Fields has already deposed Harmon and her attorney, her lawyers have not yet been able to talk to Simpson or Bruckheimer. But Harmon's testimony is so damaging to her own case that the producers may never have to present their side. Everything Harmon sets up in her complaint seems to get knocked down in her deposition. Her charges are like tabloid headlines; the stories behind them are not quite as good as you'd hoped they would be.

For example, the pornographic films that Harmon "could not help but see" really existed. However, they were played in Simpson and Bruckheimer's office with the door closed and were projected on a monitor in a different office, which Harmon could see from her desk—but only if she turned to her right and looked over her shoulder about 20 feet. If she had been looking straight ahead or down at her work, she could not have seen the picture on the monitor.

Harmon originally claimed that she watched one film for ten minutes. That seems like a long time for a dutiful employee to stop working, particularly one who says she was horrified by what she saw. Perhaps that's why Harmon later testified that she had seen the film for only a minute or so, and then a co-worker had closed the door. Harmon also admitted to stealing into Simpson's private office the next day and playing the first two minutes of the video: "I wanted to see if that was the tape that they were looking at." When asked by Bert Fields why she had done this, she answered simply, "Because it was pornographic."

The obscene documents Harmon complained about are six letters to Simpson written by an aspiring actress. Harmon was obliged to read Simpson's mail, but it's tough to sue a guy for receiving dirty letters. She said that once she realized a letter was pornographic, she would stop reading it. But later she admitted to

having taken these personal letters out of Simpson's trash and reread them, naughty words and all. She then copied the letters and took the copies home as part of her effort to gather damning evidence against Simpson.

Under Fields's questioning, Harmon grew flustered and revealed that she herself was no puritan, despite all her supposed mortification over Simpson's leisure pursuits. She confessed to having rented adult movies to watch at home, having attended Chippendales twice and having voluntarily arranged for a male stripper to perform at the office. Harmon even admitted to having sworn right back when Simpson swore at her. In her diary she writes of the producers, "I was going to be taken care of by these assholes." And despite the daily abuse, she told a doctor that her main complaint at S-B was that "the work load was just too great."

As for Harmon's claim of wrongful termination, she stated for the record, "I had not been terminated. I did not feel I had been terminated. Nobody verbally told me, 'You are fired; you are terminated.'" Fields argued quite persuasively that she was an employee of Paramount, not S-B; she was simply transferred to another position.

Harmon's five-month search for evidence bore little fruit. She claimed that once, after Simpson got a speeding ticket, he paid an attorney to get him a traffic-school certificate so he wouldn't have to attend, as the law requires. But Harmon was not asked to help commit this low deed. Other "evidence" points to acts neither illegal nor immoral. Some of the documents she copied were written years before she started working at S-B. And in some cases, while going through her employer's files, she took the originals.

Most puzzling of all, given the nature of her charges against Simpson, Harmon confessed to having tried cocaine before starting at Paramount and to having used the drug five times during her tenure at S-B.



Described as "insanely anal" by a colleague, Simpson keeps detailed inventories of his sunglasses, running shoes, suits and much-beloved cowboy boots

In December Fields answered Harmon's complaint by denying the allegations and filing a cross complaint against her and her attorneys to the tune of—you guessed it—\$5-million. Besides the defamation, Simpson and Bruckheimer claimed that Harmon had breached her fiduciary duty, including a duty of loyalty, by searching their office suites, files, briefcases, desk drawers and wastebaskets and by copying documents and using them to extract money from S-B—in other words, *We aren't foulmouthed, drug-using, whoremongering scumbags, and even if we were, you were supposed to keep quiet about it.* The partners claimed she had taken property from them worth \$50,000. They even charged her with the very serious offense of calling in sick when she really wasn't.

While Bert Fields was questioning Harmon, the other significant member of Simpson's defense team, Anthony Pellicano, a private detective, was in hot pursuit of witnesses who would be helpful to Simpson's case. Pellicano is famous among his colleagues as the gumshoe who helped get John DeLorean acquitted despite government videotapes that showed the automaker giddily handling kilos of cocaine. He also was responsible for finding Roseanne Barr's long-lost daughter for her. His fees can run into six figures.

When I first tried to contact Don Simpson about his legal troubles, it was Pellicano who returned the call. "Don doesn't want a story. We don't want you to do a story," he told me. When I called people who knew Simpson, Pellicano would phone me and ask why I was calling them. He did his best to let me know he was out there. When I talked to people who had had run-ins with Pellicano, they all said the same thing: "Don't fuck with him."

The detective's first move on Simpson's behalf was to fly to Minnesota last July and interview a man who Pellicano hoped would destroy

what was left of Harmon's credibility. Patrick Winberg had come to Los Angeles to be in the movies and ended up in drug rehab. The Kevin Bacon-esque young man, now in his mid-twenties, started in 1985 as a page at Paramount, where, he claims, he was introduced to cocaine. He left Paramount after a few years because he "needed to get

said that she had even asked him to steal merchandise for her and had offered him the keys to the S-B offices, which he had declined.

According to Winberg, Harmon started discussing the possibility of suing S-B in early 1987, about six months before she left her job. "She was pretty much upset all the time," said Winberg. "She said that they

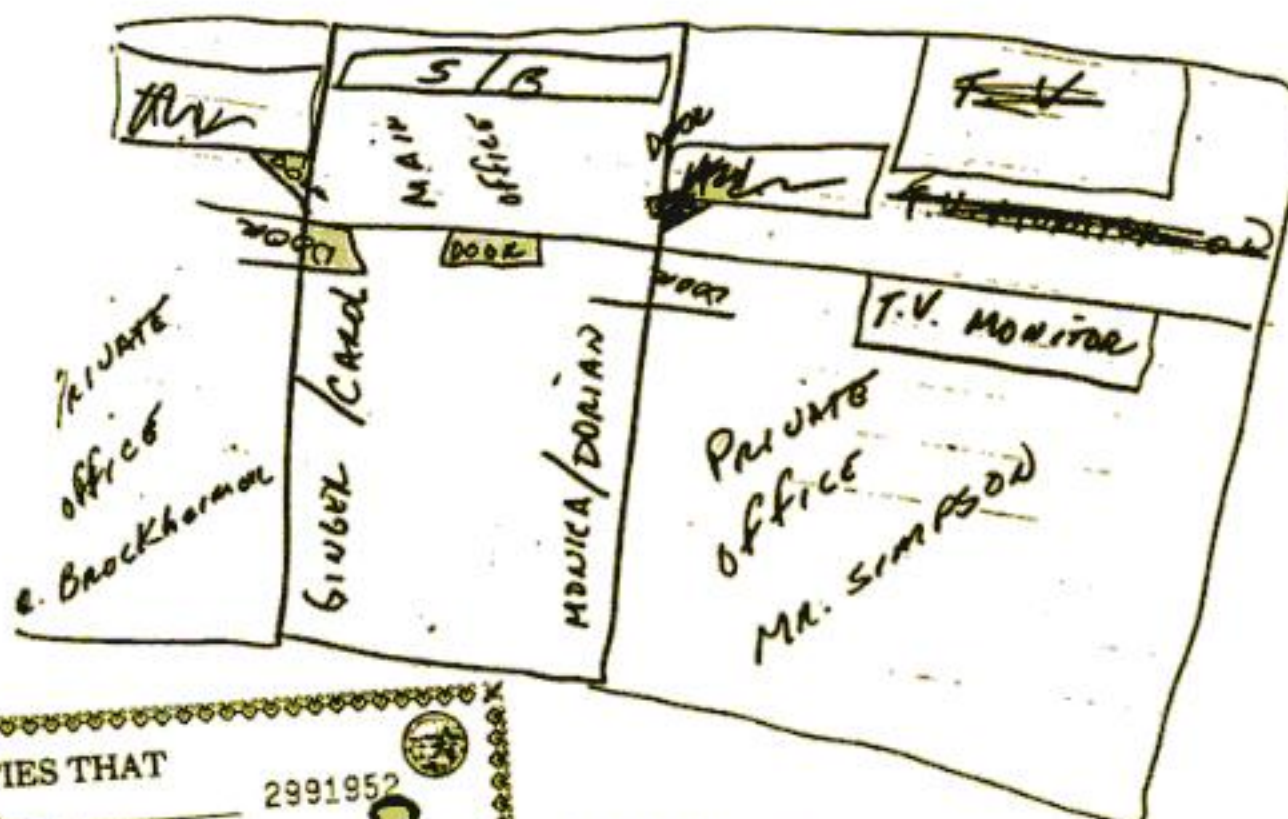


EXHIBIT D

THIS CERTIFIES THAT

DON SIMPSON

HAS COMPLETED ON

APRIL 14th & 15th 1987

AN APPROVED TRAFFIC SAFETY COURSE

B. HILLS 19420

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF AUTO DRIVING

4871 MELROSE AVE. L.A. CALIF. 90029

(213) 660-7700

EXH. 00135

DO NOT DUPLICATE

COURT COPY

2991952

B

EXHIBIT N

DEPOSITION EXHIB.

NO. 24 FOR IDENT.

WENDY MORRIS, NOTARY PUBLIC

WIT. H. Harmon

2-15-89

24

What the judge saw: Simpson's traffic-school certificate, Harmon's diagram of her alleged porn-movie encounter

away from all the drugs there. I was just tired of it all."

In an unsigned deposition to Fields, Winberg said that during the time of Harmon's employment at S-B, he had delivered a half gram of cocaine to her pretty much every day. Winberg said he had seen her do cocaine 100 times during her tenure at S-B and afterward. He also said Harmon had told him she was paying for her drugs out of S-B petty cash.

The more Winberg talked, the less plausible Harmon's already dubious shy-girl image became. He claimed that she had given him S-B merchandise, including *Beverly Hills Cop II* leather jackets, videocassettes, hats and T-shirts. He said she had hired limousines and a messenger service for her private use and billed the company, and that she had once ordered a Paramount truck to move her cocaine deliverer's mother's furniture out of state. He

were rich, and that she was going to get them. You know, they didn't deserve it, to have that much money....She said that [Simpson] called her a cunt all the time."

Why would Winberg confess to delivering cocaine—a felony—merely to help in a stranger's civil lawsuit? Possibly because of the \$4,000 that Pellicano lent him. Or the \$500 Pellicano provided for meals during his three-day stay in L.A. Interestingly enough, Winberg had no attorney at his side during his deposition. Instead, whenever he needed guidance, he turned to his new pal, the nonlawyer Pellicano.

When I asked Harmon's attorney Mathews about his client's admission of cocaine use, he replied, "I think she's been quite candid and honest. What she does personally doesn't have anything to do with how she was treated as an employee. *Nobody's perfect.*"

When I asked about the allega-

tion that Harmon was paying for the drugs with money stolen from her employers, Mathews said, "I can't go into details of the case. But Miss Harmon will stand well in the eyes of the jury."

Winberg, who wouldn't talk without Pellicano's permission, said only that he regretted that he had named Buddy Brown as Monica's drug dealer. But not half as much as Brown did.

"I'm no drug dealer," fumes Brown, Simpson's imprudent racquetball opponent. "But I've sure been treated like one. I've lost my job, I've lost my apartment, and I'm two months behind on my car payments."

Brown, half black, half Greek and 34 years old, spent 7 years at Paramount, the last few working alongside Winberg. "I don't know why he'd name me. That guy was a life abuser, a suicidal crack addict. I felt sorry for him. I gave him my old clothes. My wife cooked dinner for him. I just don't understand it," says Brown. But whether he understands or not, what happened to him is clear and classic: the big fish managed to turn the little fish against one another.

Last September Brown was summoned to meet with Pellicano at Paramount. "That bastard tried to intimidate me with his strength when he shook my hand. He squeezed so hard, I had to jerk away from his grip," Brown says. Pellicano began asking him questions about Harmon, Simpson and Winberg. Brown says that when he tried to leave the room, the detective blocked the door. He wanted to know if Brown had ever seen Monica Harmon take cocaine. As Brown moved toward the exit, Pellicano asked him, "You don't want to tell me about the *Beverly Hills Cop II* jackets?"

Because he had been named in the lawsuit as a drug dealer, Brown was suspended without pay while Paramount conducted an investigation. Three weeks later, after questioning

several of his friends, the studio let him return to work—but only for a month. "I was suspended for two more days," he says. "They said that I had been late showing up to work six times since I had been reinstated. But that was bull. I knew it was part of the whole drug thing. After this suspension, Paramount tried to assign me to menial work. I wouldn't take it. But when I went to the music clearance building, there was some woman sitting at my desk doing my job, in front of pictures of my kids! And later that day I received a telegram confirming my 'resignation' from Paramount."

"I don't even know if I want to work there anymore," says Brown, who has retained counsel. "But I'm not going to be the fall guy in all this just because Monica didn't get along with her boss. They're all guilty as far as I'm concerned."



"I'm not going to be the fall guy in all this just because Monica didn't get along with her boss," says Buddy Brown. "They're all guilty as far as I'm concerned"

Not surprisingly, when Fields attacked Monica Har-

mon's shaky charges, most of her suit was dismissed. The court decided that most of her claims were covered under Workmen's Compensation laws, so she couldn't try them in court.

Harmon may be many things, but she is not a quitter. Last June she filed her first amended complaint, which named Paramount Pictures as a defendant and brought an ultra-establishment L.A. law firm, O'Melveny & Myers, to the already crowded courtroom table. Among her new charges was a "pattern of racketeering activity," which under the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations (RICO) Act would make her eligible for triple damages. "Many times during the abuse which Simpson administered on Plaintiff," the amended complaint claims, "he was either drunk or under the influence of drugs." But before the summer was over, most of her new, improved case was thrown out of court. Her attorneys filed a second amended complaint for damages last September.

Let's listen in as the Honorable David P. Yaffe jousts with Harmon's attorney William Evans.

THE COURT: Well, I'm sort of at a loss here to understand what the employer could have done here that was right. Your client [Harmon] complained that she was subjected to this treatment, that she didn't want to continue working for these people. So they transferred her and moved her someplace else. And now she's suing them for doing that. What do you contend was the proper response to the request?...

EVANS: Well, what the—what—the proper response would be for Paramount to act under the contract and tell Simpson and Bruckheimer not to make her perform these illegal acts anymore.

THE COURT: And deny her request to be transferred to somewhere else? EVANS: Well, I don't know what they winded up doing with there. They ought to keep her on the job and not penalize her from having—for having—from having mentioned these things or having—having to be the victim of it....

THE COURT: But the question is *what*. What should Paramount have done?

EVANS: Tell them to cut it out. Tell them to do—tell them to assign her—assign her duties that were legal, not to keep the list of hookers, not to make the—make her clean up cocaine deposits in the office the next morning.

In a November court appearance, Mathews did not fare much better than his befuddled partner. Bert Fields showed up in the courtroom looking expensively fit and trim in a well-cut suit, while Mathews's summer sport jacket only emphasized his sloppy paunch. When their case was called, Mathews looked distinctly forlorn as Fields was joined by a colleague and a Paramount lawyer, who made it three-to-one against him. Tellingly, when any of the three spoke, Mathews would tend to sit down. The attorneys opposing him never left their feet. Mathews seemed frustrated by his inability to get depositions from Simpson and Bruckheimer: he

wanted to talk about drugs, prostitution and the rest of his client's unseemly charges. But the purpose of the hearing was to discuss the defendants' motion for a summary judgment, which would dismiss the case.

"Bo Derek got me all excited!" explained Judge Yaffe when he became tongue-tied while announcing the case (the actress had been scheduled to appear in a case earlier in the day). But after this Hollywood-ish lapse the jurist took firm control of the proceedings.

THE COURT: There's no necessity that I can see for exploring all of the ramifications of your client's charges against these people if she doesn't have a case! All that is a smear. It's using the case as a vehicle for a smear.

MATHEWS: [interrupting] Excuse me, Your Honor. If somebody is dealing cocaine in the workplace, having an employee take care of their cocaine, clean it up, that's aiding and abetting a felony.

THE COURT: [angrily interrupting] What's that got to do with you and your civil lawsuit?

MATHEWS: My client's emotional state—

THE COURT: [interrupting] If you think these people committed a felony, you take it over to the district attorney's office. They know what to do with felons. That's got nothing to do with your civil lawsuit.

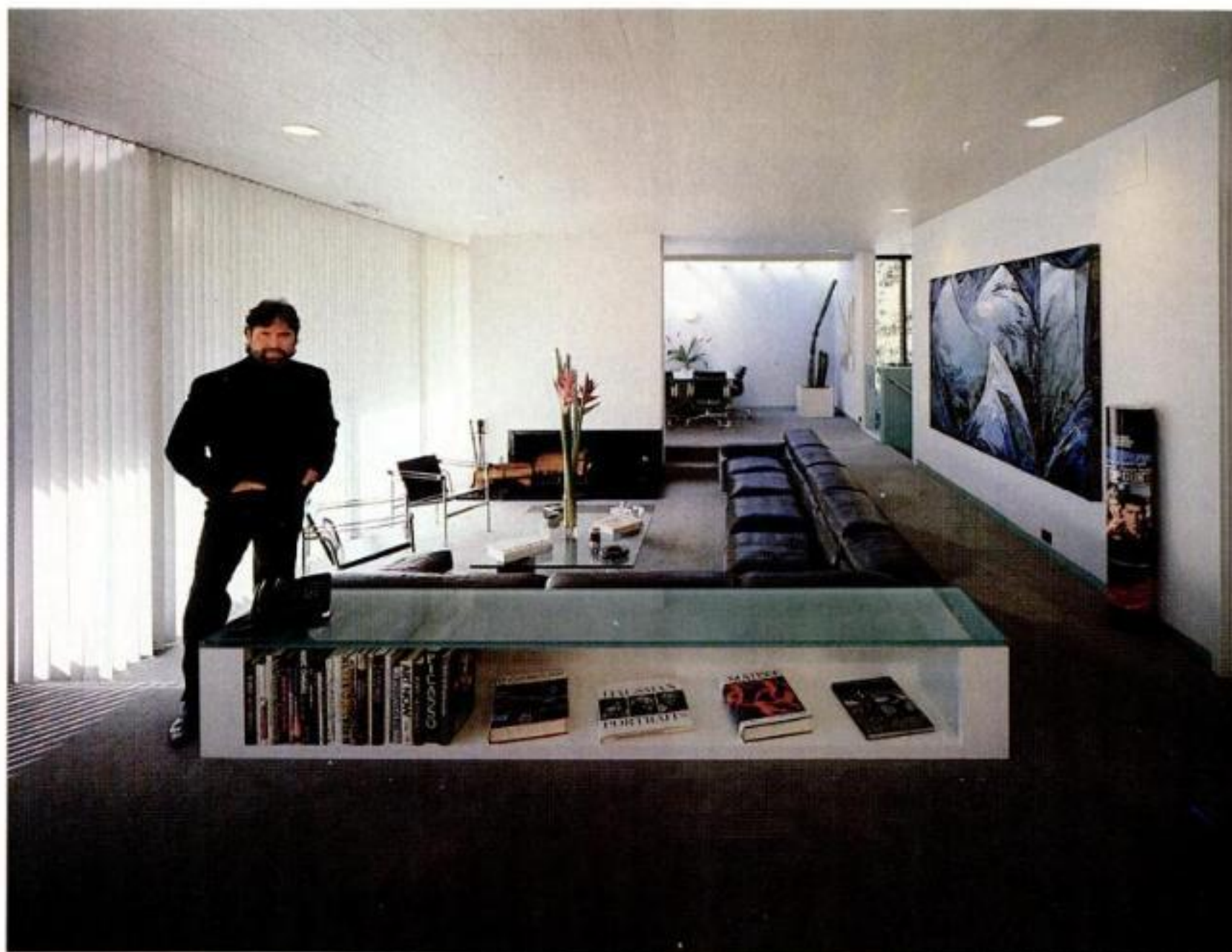
Despite the judge's harsh words, however, no summary judgment was granted at the hearing, and in late December Harmon's side filed yet another amended complaint—its third. The case is almost a year and a half old and still has not come to trial. Which suggests another reason why the proceedings would make a poor screenplay: they have a great beginning and an intriguing middle, but there is no sign of an end.

*A*s justice grinds slowly on, Patrick Winberg is selling tele-

visions back in Minnesota. He was selling real estate for a while, but as Fields wrote in a letter to Mathews, "You asked for the phone number of this new employer, and, unfortunately, Mr. Winberg gave it to you. Apparently, you caused Mr. Winberg

being pitched to the networks).

As for Simpson, even some of his defenders grant that he was, not very many years ago, a voracious user of expensive, illegal drugs. "He was *Mr. Drugs*," says one intimate who himself spent a small fortune



Beverly Hills Living Room: not only could you eat off Simpson's floor, he might just make you!

to lose his job by calling his new employer and stating that Mr. Winberg is a drug addict and dealer."

Buddy Brown is outside Paramount looking in, still wondering what happened to his dreamed-of career. Incredibly, Monica Harmon continues to work for the studio, for Paul "Crocodile Dundee" Hogan.

And Harmon hasn't put all her eggs in one legal basket. Last May she filed a lawsuit over a 1988 car accident, seeking a five-figure sum. The defendant, attorney Anthony Gordon, remembers the accident

as a minor fender bender. "Is she a professional plaintiff?" he has asked. Gordon has, of course, countersued. He also remembers getting a call from an investigator named Pellicano (who, incidentally, is the very willing subject of a TV series currently

on cocaine during the last decade. But ironically, given the particulars of Monica Harmon's suit, for the last few years Simpson has been on a health kick. He's compulsive about dieting, pumping iron. His appearance has changed so profoundly that one former employee I spoke with claimed not to recognize him.

As Simpson and Bruckheimer gear up for their first film in three years, *Days of Thunder*, a car-racing movie, everything is returning to normal. After a movie starring Eddie Murphy as a street-smart cop, followed by a movie starring Tom Cruise piloting a high-tech vehicle, followed by a movie starring Eddie Murphy as a street-smart cop, S-B is about to start shooting a movie starring Tom Cruise piloting a high-tech vehicle. Despite the long hiatus, Simpson hasn't lost his touch for knowing what American moviegoers want to see. **D**



The wonders of wheatgrass juice, Gillette and personal trainers: Simpson then, Simpson now



BLEEKER STREET

1. Bleeker Bob's Golden Oldies Record Shop
118 West 3rd Street
2. Bleeker [sic] Food Corporation
235 East 106th Street



BROADWAY

3. Broadway Aquarium & Pet Shop
648 Amsterdam Avenue
4. Broadway Associates
23 West 73rd Street
5. Broadway Auto Driving School
357 West 125th Street
6. Broadway Baby
407 Amsterdam Avenue
7. Broadway Crescent Corporation
635 Madison Avenue
8. Broadway Hat & Cap Inc.
129 West 27th Street
9. Broadway Joe Steak House
315 West 46th Street
10. Broadway Office & Window Cleaning Corporation
483 First Avenue



CANAL STREET

11. Canal Bar
511 Greenwich Street
12. Canal Capital Corporation
717 Fifth Avenue
13. Canal Jean Company Inc.
504 Broadway

14. Canal Street Towing Corporation
95 Crabby Street

15. Canal Trees Company
511 Broadway

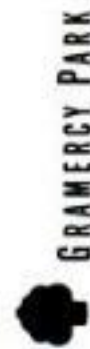
16. Canal III Jewelry
3844 Broadway



CHELSEA

17. Chelsea Animation Company
36 East 23rd Street
18. Chelsea Atrium Associates
24 East 21st Street
19. Chelsea Desk Company
360 Lexington Avenue
20. The Chelsea Forum
215 Park Avenue South

THE SPY MAP OF MIDTOWN



GRAMERCY PARK

38. Gramercy Chapels Inc.
152 Second Avenue
39. Gramercy Contractors Inc.
1182 Broadway
40. Gramercy Custom Furniture Inc.
600 West 57th Street
41. Gramercy Mills Inc.
112 West 34th Street
42. Gramercy Puppet Theatre Inc.
123 Waverly Place
43. Parker Gramercy (apartments)
7 West 14th Street



GREENWICH VILLAGE

44. Village Crafter Inc.
54 West 21st Street
45. Village Designer Shoes
1186 Madison Avenue
46. Village Mews
1333 Broadway
47. Village Type & Graphics
8 West 19th Street
48. West Village Chinese Restaurant
930 Eighth Avenue



LEXINGTON AVENUE

49. Lexington Labs Inc.
22 West 23rd Street
50. Lexington Sales Corporation
1359 Broadway
51. Lexington Sportswear
350 Fifth Avenue



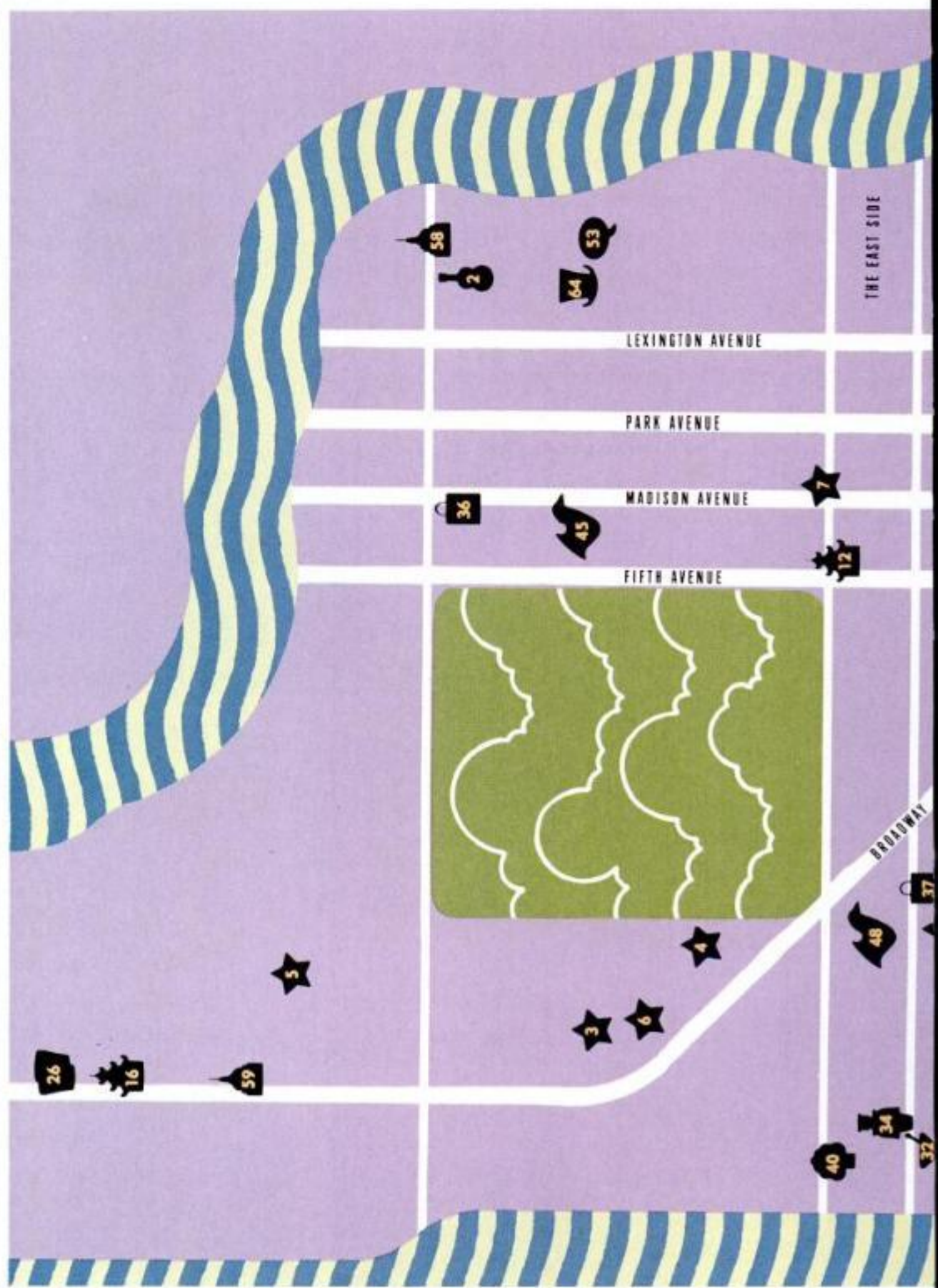
MADISON AVENUE

52. Madison Avenue Association
350 Fifth Avenue
53. Madison Avenue Athletes and Models
248 East 90th Street
54. Madison Avenue Business Services
521 Fifth Avenue
55. Madison Avenue Design Group
214 West 39th Street
56. Madison Avenue Eye Care Ltd.
200 Park Avenue

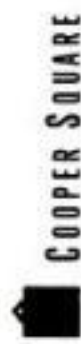


MIDTOWN

57. Midtown Antiques Inc.
814 Broadway



21. **Chelsea Hardware & Supply Company**
104 Charlton Street
22. **Chelsea House Publishers**
95 Madison Avenue
23. **Chelsea Maintenance Services Inc.**
450 Seventh Avenue
24. **Chelsea Music Service**
311 West 43rd Street
25. **Chelsea Publishing Company Inc.**
15 East 26th Street
26. **Chelsea Radio & Electric Company**
599 West 176th Street
27. **Chelsea Systems Inc.**
132 Nassau Street



28. **Cooper Square Realty**
186 Fifth Avenue



29. **Downtown Artcraft Studios**
443 Park Avenue South
30. **Downtown Bindery**
547 West 27th Street
31. **Downtown Idea Exchange**
1133 Broadway

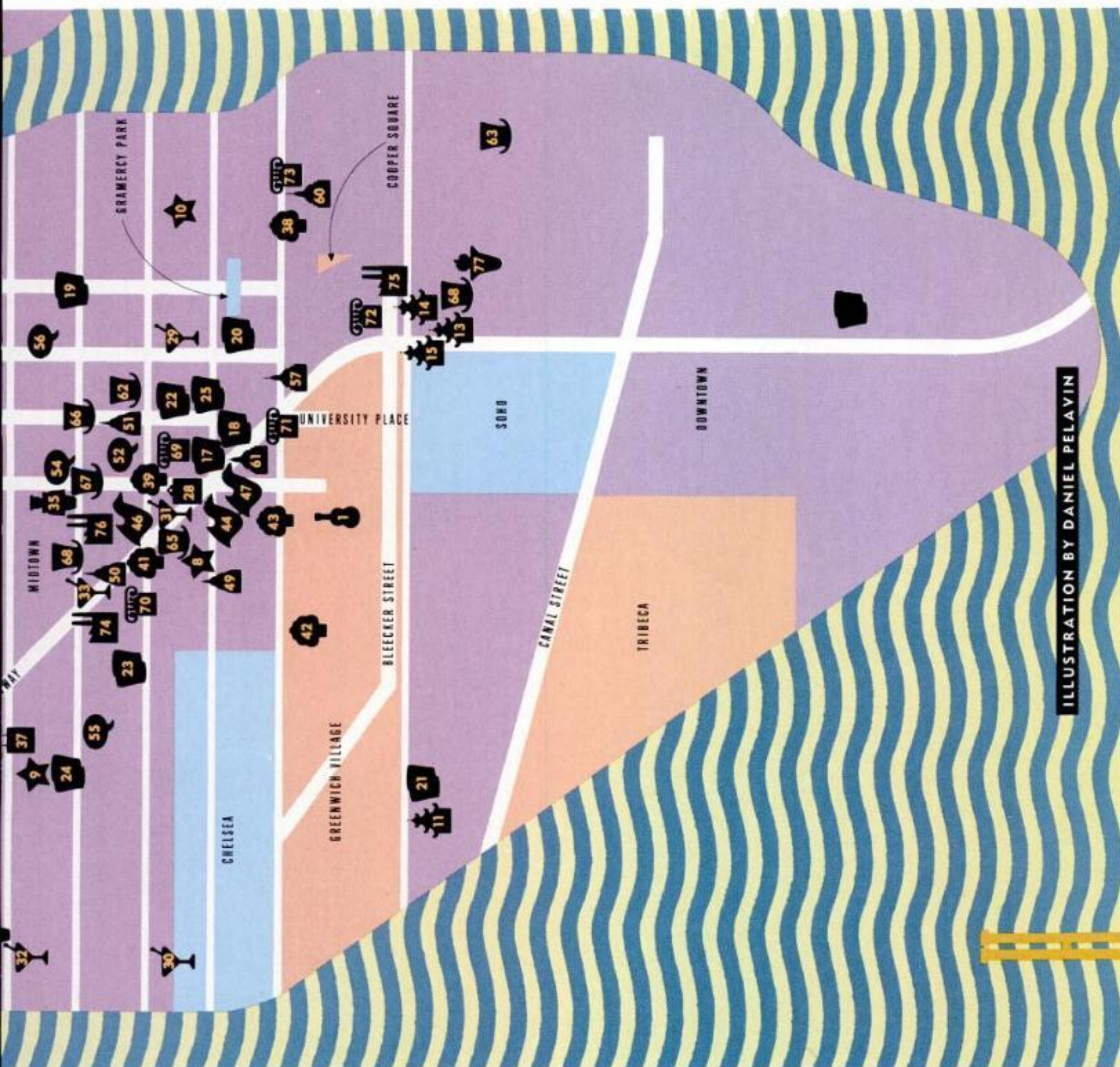
32. **Downtown Ignition and Auto Electric Service**
548 West 48th Street
33. **Downtown Realty Associates**
1450 Broadway



34. **East End (film and video production company)**
513 West 54th Street
35. **The East Side Conservative Club**
36 West 44th Street



36. **5th Avenue Lakeview Cleaners Inc.**
1590 Madison Avenue
37. **Fifth Avenue Productions**
226 West 47th Street



ave you ever noticed how neither Canal Bar nor Canal Jeans is actually on Canal Street? Or how Bleecker Bob's record store isn't even on Bleecker Street? Or how Madison Square Garden isn't on Madison Avenue or near Madison Square Park? Or how *Gentlemen's Quarterly* isn't a quarterly? If so, you're probably a prissy bore and should be advised that the Canal Jean Company was *once* on Canal Street and the Garden was *once* on Madison (regrettably, *GQ* has never come out only four times a year). But anyway, welcome to Misnamed Manhattan, where things are never located where they say they are — and where E-Z prestige can be had simply by attaching a helpful prefix to the name of your business establishment.

58. **Midtown Custom Coach**
338 East 110th Street
59. **Midtown Fish Market**
3570 Broadway
60. **Midtown Heating Corporation**
120 St. Marks Place
61. **Midtown School of Business**
1 East 19th Street



62. **Park Avenue Association**
350 Fifth Avenue
63. **Park Avenue Car & Limousine Service Inc.**
305 Madison Street
64. **Park Avenue French Hand Laundry**
1674 Third Avenue
65. **Park Avenue International Inc.**
115 West 29th Street
66. **Park Avenue Liquor Corporation**
292 Madison Avenue
67. **Park Avenue Publishing**
500 Fifth Avenue
68. **Park Avenue Sportswear**
524 and 1350 Broadway



69. **Soho Chiropractic**
1123 Broadway
70. **SoHo Manufacturing Company Inc.**
141 West 36th Street
71. **Soho Press Inc.**
1 Union Square West
72. **Soho Promotions**
14 East 4th Street
73. **SoHo Systems Inc.**
417 East 12th Street



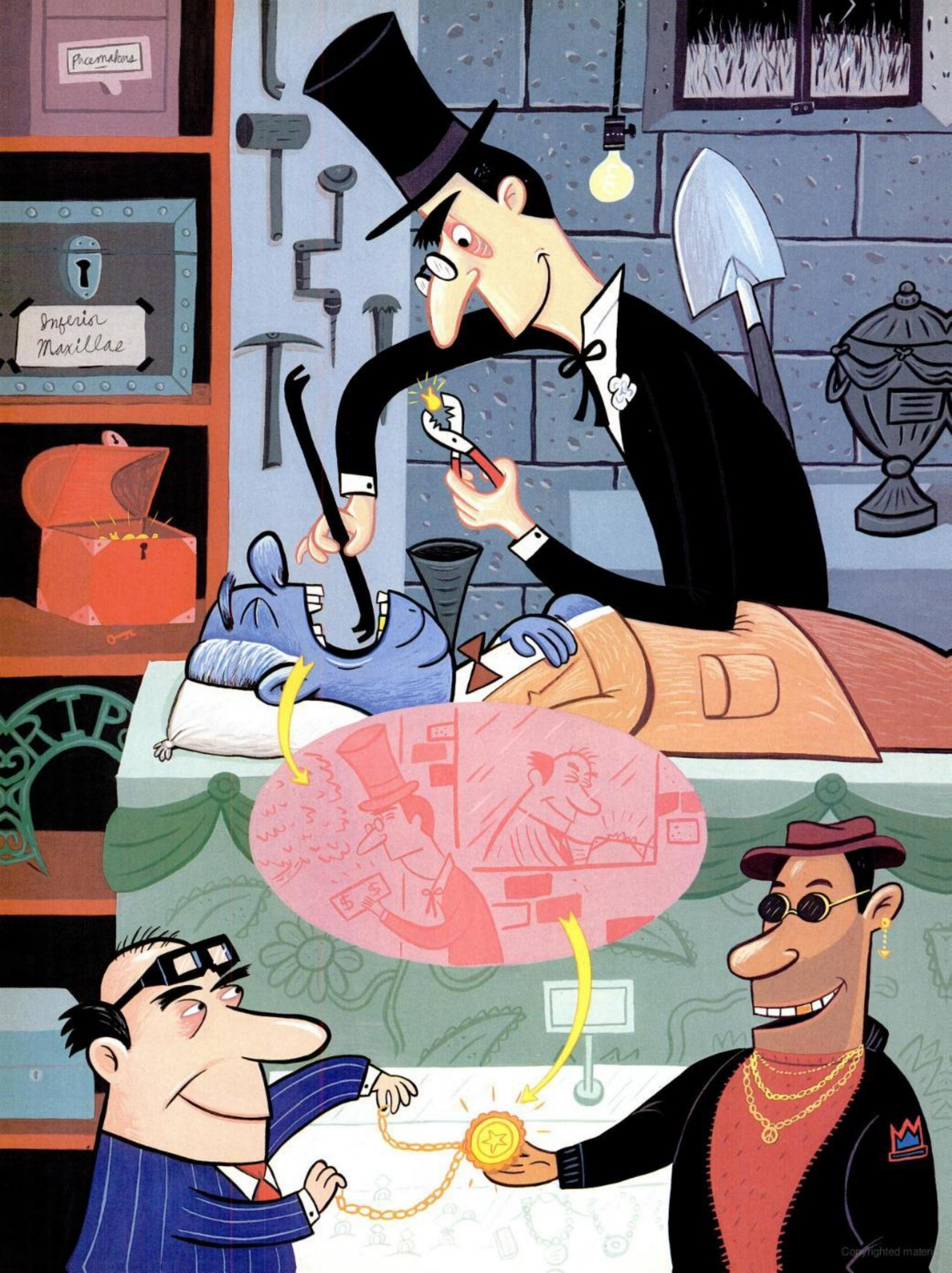
74. **TriBeCa Division of Brooke Leigh Ltd.**
1407 Broadway

75. **Tribeca Gas Inc.**
610 Broadway

76. **Tribeca Typographers**
29 West 38th Street



77. **University Place Clothing Company Inc.**
66 Crosby Street



RIGHT HERE IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN, GOLD IS BEING TRADED. AND NOT JUST GOLD BRICKS AND GOLD OPTIONS, AND NOT JUST ON WALL STREET. THERE IS ANOTHER, HIGHLY SECRET GOLD ROUTE: FROM YOUR LOCAL MORTICIAN TO THE JEWELRY DISTRICT ON 47TH STREET—IN OTHER WORDS, FROM GRANDMA'S MOLARS TO RUN-D.M.C.'S CHESTS. PHILIP WEISS TRAILS AMERICA'S WACKIEST GOLD MINERS

THERE'S

GOLD

I N T H E M T H A R

INSIDE MANHATTAN'S
ZANY, GHOULISH
24-KARAT UNDERGROUND

CORPSES

Most of what happens when you die you've been prepared for: the bright white light, the eternity of noxious fumes and flames, St. Peter with his clipboard, your reincarnation as a beast of the field, and so on. But one scenario is not widely advertised: ☞ You're dead, stiff. Someone's there. A flashlight in one hand, he's opening your mouth with a screwdriver. ☞ A friend? ☞ Oh, but you're in for a rude awakening.



On West 47th Street in Manhattan, a gold trader goes into the back of his shop and, fishing at a clump of keys, unlocks several doors in a gray metal cabinet and removes a heavy paper bag. He dumps the contents into a shallow rectangular wooden box. Gold scrap, 16-karat: it is a 20-pound mess of necklaces, watchbands, bangles and

brooches left behind by fashion, due any day now to be melted down.

Strewn throughout this debris are bouquet-like arrangements of tiny gold flowers. The overall horseshoe shape of these nosegays is familiar: it's the shape of the human jaw. Lean closer. They are gold teeth, still joined in the curve they once formed in someone's mouth. Now that you've refocused your eyes—*teeth!*—you notice whole enamel molars, loners or sometimes three or four of them bunched together as they were when they were anchored in a jaw and joined at the top by gold crowns. Here and there, too, are empty crowns—thick golden shells that once mangled rare filet mignon as whoever filled these sockets moaned with pleasure. The precious-metal contents of perhaps a dozen dead mouths are commingled here.

The gold merchant is engaged in a common but almost never publicized trade: buying gold teeth from morticians who have mined corpses. Everyone says it doesn't happen. Government regulators, the International Precious Metals Institute and the Gold Institute say that they know nothing about it. The National Funeral

Directors Association and "mortuary science" schools insist that removing gold from dead bodies violates ethics policies and state laws. But it goes on just the same, apparently on a widespread basis. It's one of those human activities that is so completely private—so *unthinkable*—that those who practice it hardly fear accountability.

Still, a few hours in Manhattan's Gold District turns up several more informants: a scrap trader produces a blackened lump of dental gold, hinting that it came from a crematory; a salesman in a lab coat at Wallace Refiners tells of the refiner who once got handed a piece of human jaw with a gold tooth in it; Paulito Vaga works in a booth below a sign asking for old gold and dental bridges; and old Harry Rodman peers out through a venetian blind in his gold exchange office window on 46th Street to say, "I've been in the business 50 years and I've never heard of that going on. Very much."

Talk of teeth-buying makes the gold traders uncomfortable. Many are Jewish, and it reminds them of Nazi atrocities. But the traders are just on the receiving end; it's the funeral business that has the most to lose—and gain—from plundering corpses. Cadaver-gold-mining stories haunt this industry. "They all do that. They've always done it," America's preeminent funeral critic, Jessica Mitford, told me. She left gold mining out of her book *The American Way of Death*, she says, only because there were better scandals to write about.

**YOUR WEDDING RING
MIGHT ONCE HAVE BEEN
ON A PHARAOH'S WRIST,
OR IN HIS MOUTH.
OR, FOR THAT MATTER,
IN MOTHER'S MOUTH**

Everywhere you look are hearses and embalming chemicals, recordings of funeral music, caskets with reversible interiors, booths handing out publications with headlines such as **BODY-FREEZING**

TERMED "GROSS CONSUMER FRAUD." Welcome to Baltimore and the 1989 National Funeral Directors Association convention. But ask the morticians about gold mining, and the convention flush fades fast. They all say it's an old joke, and one they don't find funny.

"Someone at a party will say, 'Hey, you got a pile of gold teeth at home?' I'll say, 'I like you, you're classy,' and walk away," says a young mortician with sticking-out ears who's wearing an Ohio State sweater. "I've heard good and bad jokes about the industry: 'Business is looking up.' Get it?" He mimics someone in a coffin.

"It's a rumor; it's nothing more than that," says Robert Harden, the NFDA's executive director. "It's a joke, a speculative thing about what a greedy, gaunt, tall, dressed-in-black undertaker would do."

Though one Australian undertaker told me he'd removed a woman's titanium hip joint because it had sentimental value to her son, as a rule morticians prefer to talk about what they put in, not what they take out: the people whose last wish is to have money sewn up in their mouth, the ones who want to be buried with their dog's ashes in their arms. But now and then the party line breaks down. *American Funeral Director* magazine's managing editor, Frederick G. Vogel, said he sometimes hears about cases of gold mining. "Although, apparently, such a practice has occurred in the past and for all I know does arise now and then, it is rare," he says. "Or so it seems." The dental-gold story hits the death industry where it lives, right on the line between *Seems* and *Is*. Practiced in the art of prettifying reality, funeral directors are good at unspeaking the unspeakable.

The funeral industry has been forced to talk about gold mining twice. Once was in 1980 when gold hit \$800 an ounce and morticians with stockpiled teeth were lining up on 47th Street. ("They must have been wrenching entire mouths out of people," one gold trader comments.) The previous year *The Minneapolis Star* had reported that gold was being sold out of crematories on a "no questions asked" basis, prompting a Minnesota health department investigation that involved burning a donated cadaver to see what happened to the teeth. (The dental gold is present only in "blackened, unrecognizable form among the cremated remains," the state reported.) The undertaking business went through all the standard phases on these reports—rage, denial, grief, acceptance. THE DENTAL GOLD MYTH SURFACES ONCE AGAIN, fumed a headline in *American Funeral Director* magazine, which called it "an old and vicious canard." The NFDA advised that when grieving families asked about gold mining, "the posture funeral directors should assume is that there is no evidence of this."

But if no one was doing it, why did the same NFDA statement lobby morticians against doing it, even citing a study suggesting that the average corpse contained gold worth only \$81? *C&S* magazine—short for *The Casket and Sunnyside*—was more frank. Amid such stories as DEATH IS NOT IRRESPONSIBLE HAPPENING LACKING MEANING, *C&S* headlined its account of the NFDA statement DON'T TOUCH DENTAL GOLD.

The industry's other crisis came last year, when David W. Sconce, a fourth-generation funeral-home operator in Pasadena, California, whose car license plate read IBRN4U, went to prison for selling gold teeth. The authorities caught on to him after his crematory burned down—he had been doing dozen-at-a-time cremations—and he began using kilns in a ceramics works. Neighbors smelled burning flesh. Terrified employees, who called Sconce Little Hitler, told police of gold sales.

"Normally, either David would take a crowbar and break their jaw if rigor mortis had set in, or he'd use a screwdriver to pry the mouth open," says James E. Rogan, the Los Angeles County prosecutor in the case. "Either someone would hold the flashlight for him or he'd do it himself so he could look around in there. Then he'd get the pliers."

Sconce had macabre names for his work: *popping chops, making the pliers sing*.

He stored his booty in weird places. "One day someone at work said to him, 'Let me have a drink of that Coke,'" the prosecutor says. "He said, 'You don't want a drink of this,' and rattled the can."

"For every 20 or 30 positive steps that we make, it's single instances like that that put us back to zero again," the NFDA's Harden laments, "because the media pick it up

and the phone rings off the hook."

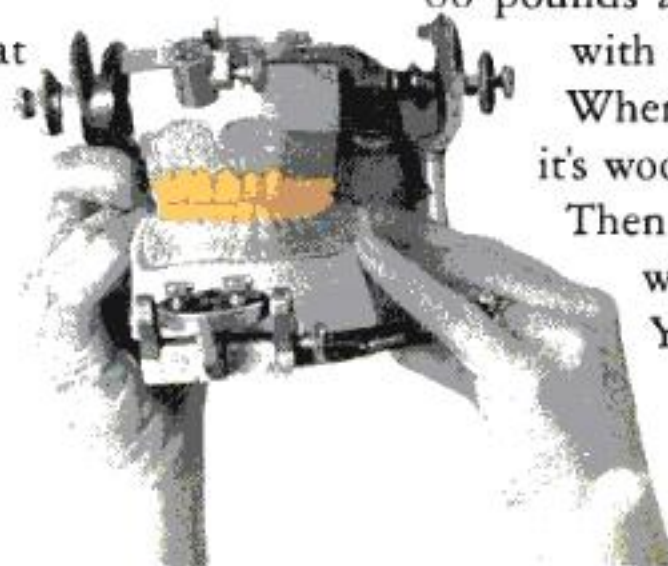
Morticians defend themselves against gold-mining allegations by citing three "realities" of their business: (1) you don't risk 100 years of family tradition (the great majority of funeral homes have been in families for three or four generations) to make a lousy \$100; (2) it's mutilation for a mortician to remove gold teeth; and (3) if a family really wants the teeth, it should bring in a dentist.

But each of these assertions is a myth born of the funeral industry's chronic anxiety about its image. To begin with, if a mortician removes gold teeth, no one's ever going to find out. Checking molars is the last thing a mourning survivor wants to do. In regard to mutilation, morticians are extensively trained in surgical techniques and tear out organs and pacemakers all the time. And as for the dentist bit, Phil Weintraub, the American Dental Association's spokesman, says the organization has never heard of grieving families employing dentists to harvest gold. As much as they might save on Novocain, dentists don't go in for dead patients. A tooth without blood flow gets so brittle it would be hard to pull without its snapping off at the crown. Plus, to remove gold fillings a dentist would have to drag the cadaver back to his office and drill them out—a procedure that might cause talk. (Besides, dentists have their own scam to cover up: many stockpile the gold crowns they've removed, which properly belong to the patients, and take them to gold traders at tax time.)

The Glendora, California, gold trader who allegedly handled David Sconce's loot is in trouble, too, for conspiring to mutilate human remains. Sconce is said to have cleared \$5,000 to \$6,000 a month selling almost a pound of dental gold. A trader on 47th Street who is a principal source for this story says that figure is not surprising; a good-size funeral home could easily collect \$3,000 to \$4,000 a month selling teeth.

"Let's say you handle a corpse a day that has ten gold teeth; that's \$200," he says. "I have a friend in the funeral business. To him this is routine. They're talking about their girlfriends while cutting someone open. Someone six foot four and 200 pounds ends up being something 60 pounds and able to fit in a six-foot coffin

with this much room over their head. When they get through with the body, it's wood, it's paper, it's not life anymore. Then they put a tuxedo on him if that's what they want him to be wearing. You're taking everything else out; of course you take out the teeth."



**"LET'S SAY YOU
HANDLE A CORPSE A
DAY WITH TEN GOLD
TEETH; THAT'S \$200."
ONE 47TH STREET
GOLD TRADER SAYS**

the retorts [crematory ovens], and they throw it in a can with the unmeltables," says a young undertaker from Colorado. "The processor can't handle it. When a burning is done—yeah, we say *burning, shake and bake*—well, you've got like a food processor with blades and that grinds the remains down to, like, excuse the expression, a Kitty Litter, like a gravel. The gold melts, but it's still there. At the end of the month they'll sell it for a couple hundred dollars.

"But why take the gold? You're going to make your money. You jack up the casket cost five times instead of four times, that's another \$200. This gold thing dogs the industry. It's like what they say about 'You guys all screw the corpses.' One time I even heard a story about a guy who kept an aquarium light in the embalming room—to warm them up first."

"It's like any other industry," protests Paul, a fellow mortician. "In the used-car business they say, 'You turn the odometer back.' In politics they say, 'Watergate.'" In other words, it's true, but it isn't the whole story. Paul is sitting in the Hyatt bar: prosperous, dour, with a red sash across his shoulder and in his hand the extra-long yardstick that air cargo companies give out free to morticians for the measurement of transcontinental corpses. Talk of gold mining makes Paul dourer. He tries to sum up in one line how dumb it would be for him to take teeth: "All business is repeat business."

As the funeral directors' convention winds down to its annual banquet, one mortician concedes that gold mining does go on, but just as quickly he retreats.

"I've heard of guys saving the gold from

But how many times can you bury someone?, I ask.

Paul gets a pained, impatient look. "You want to bury the whole family. You don't just want to bury Mother. You want to bury Mother, Father and all the children too."

A young, blond undertaker bends forward to add, "And since a family member dies every eight to ten years, a funeral is your best opportunity to make a good impression."

Then Paul turns the story back to the suspicious consumer. He describes a family feud that spilled over into his office. Family feuds are a big theme in industry gossip. When undertakers talk about living people, it's often with contempt: we're too loud, too difficult. The truth is that undertakers enjoy the dead. Their trade publications exult when the death rate climbs, and young undertakers at old-line funeral homes complain about being consigned to "dirty work"—washing hearses, emptying trash—instead of the hands-on fun of embalming.

Anyway, in Paul's anecdote a man came into his office years after a funeral and asked what had happened to his mother's gold ring, implying that Paul had made off with it. (In fact, another relative had claimed it.) It's for such occasions that Paul files signed receipts of all precious metal he's handed over from a corpse.

"If the ring's not on the receipt, it's in the casket. And if he doesn't

PLEASE, MR. UNDERTAKER, I WANT

Investing one's money in friends' or relatives' gold dental work would seem to be an excellent financial strategy: you don't have to rent a safe-deposit box, and you can reclaim your investment after the loved one's death. But how accessible is the market for the gold teeth of the dead to civilian gold buffs? To find out, I visited three Manhattan mortuaries.

My first stop was the Centennial Funeral Home on West 40th Street. The manager, Frances G. Guttilla, invited me into his somber, tidy office to discuss my funeral needs. I invented a doomed relative from Philadelphia—an Aunt Adelaide—and explained to Guttilla that she had been dumped into my lap, and that she was very near the end of the line.

"We don't really know her that well," I said. "But she's only got a few more days left and we're going to have to bury her—and I don't want to spend a whole lot of money."

Guttilla told me that cremation was the most cost-effective way to dispose of a distant relative for whom I obviously had little affection, and he said he could han-

dle the whole deal—pickup, transportation, cremation—for \$650.

"That's good," I said. "She's got at least one Social Security check she can sign over to us. But she also has about 14 or 15 gold teeth in her mouth. They must be worth a few hundred dollars. Is there any way you could get those out of there for me?"

Guttilla seemed neither surprised nor offended by my question, but his response was disappointing all the same.

"No," he said, shaking his head. "We pick her up at the hospital and take her directly to be cremated."

"So there's no way at all I can get the teeth out?"

"No," he said, smiling. "I believe that this is the first time anyone has come to me with this request."

My luck wasn't much better at Funeraria Buen Pastor on lower Second Avenue. Explaining to the man who answered the door that I was in the market for a bargain-basement funeral, I was handed a telephone and put in contact with the funeral home's general manager, Peter Polizzotto, who apparently is based in Queens.

"One of the dudes in the rock band I manage got himself wasted and isn't gonna make it," I said. "So I guess I'm going to have to pay to get him buried." After we discussed prices, I got right to the main point.

"Look, there's something this guy's wife told me to ask you—he had diamonds in his ears and he had a lot of fancy gold fillings in his teeth that you could see when

believe me, I'll disinter the body. At his expense."

Then Paul draws himself up and, glancing at the young undertaker to summon agreement, holds his finger in the air. "Because if I say it's on Mother, it's on Mother."

The teeth in the 47th Street gold trader's box face a fiery, anonymous fate. In a 3,000-degree oven they'll burn to a crisp and turn to ash. The gold crowns will melt, then flow to the bottom, where they'll cool into a brick that will fill the hand with satisfying gravity. Then the trader will sell that to a refiner, who will further refine the gold to remove the alloy, the brick losing a third of its weight as it returns to 24-karat.


At that point who can say where the gold came from? It's an irreducible element; there's only so much of it in the world; it's virtually indestructible. Your wedding ring might once have been on a Pharaoh's wrist, or in his mouth. Or, for that matter, in Mother's mouth. That's the unassailable logic of the tooth trade: why put back into the ground what has been wrested from the earth through great effort?

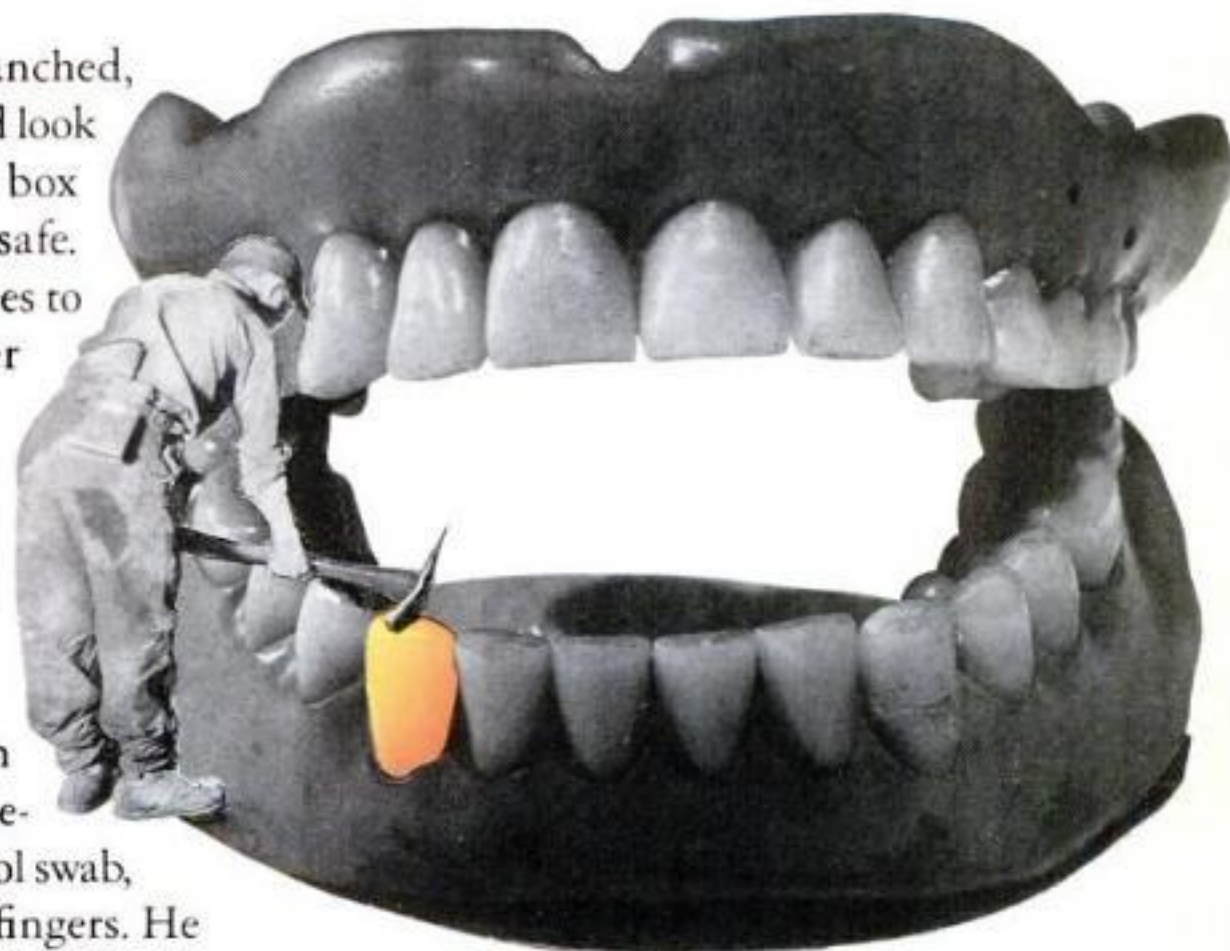
"These gold molecules have been around since the beginning of time," the trader muses, picking up his box of scrap.

"There's not a person in a cemetery in this country that has gold teeth. Or only a few, anyway. What is the crime? I mean, philosophically. In 15 minutes you're closing up someone's mouth forever. Then you're putting them in the ground."

But, I protest, the undertakers at the convention had seemed so earnest.

"Listen," he whispers fiercely. *"What if a guy could get laid and his wife would never find out? Guaranteed, never. Think how many men that would change."*

He has a blanched, solemn, humbled look as he slides the box back into the safe. Wordlessly he goes to another drawer and takes out a few pocket-size white packets. "Human material," he says with a shrug toward the safe. Ripping open a packet and removing an alcohol swab, he wipes off his fingers. He directs me to do the same. 



THE MOLARS TO REMEMBER HER BY

he was singing. So I was wondering if you could take those fillings out of his mouth and melt them down. I know his wife could use the bread."

Alas, Polizzotto could not accommodate her on that score. "The diamond I can take out and give to you. There's nothing I can do about the teeth."

"So they just have to get cremated with him?"

"Yes."

I hung up, gathered up my price sheet and turned to go. "What's the name of that band?" asked the guy who'd let me in.

"Trixie Loves Scorpions," I answered.

"So young," he muttered, shaking his head.

"Yeah," I said, "and so much valuable gold in his mouth."

I was beginning to despair of ever finding an undertaker who would agree to handle my spurious request when I stumbled upon the Metropolitan Funeral Service on Avenue A and 12th Street. Barbara Dasaro, a sensitive and helpful mortician's wife, told me that a funeral for my beloved aunt Addie, complete with limousine, hearse, casket, mass, prayer card and relevant documen-

tation, would run me \$3,385. I said that that sounded reasonable, then shifted gears.

"It seems funny talking about this, because she's not even dead yet, but my wife and I have discussed one other thing with Aunt Adelaide. My aunt has a lot of gold teeth in her mouth. She doesn't have any money, but she'd like to leave something behind for our daughter, Colleen. So she asked me to find out if there was any way the teeth could be removed after she dies."

"Let me check with my husband," said Dasaro, ducking out of the room. Seconds later stolid, businesslike Dominick Dasaro entered.


"I can do it if you sign an affidavit," he said. (This is, in fact, the grudgingly recommended NFDA procedure.)

"That's great," I said. "You know, my aunt was born in Ireland and that's not a very rich country, so she's always been proud of having those teeth."

"How long ago were they put in there?" asked Dominick. "If they were put in more than 20 years ago, they're probably solid gold."

"They're at least 30 or 40 years old," I said. "She was on the *Andrea Doria*, which almost sank in 1956, and she's always felt that the reason she didn't drown was those teeth, a kind of good-luck charm. That's why I want to keep them. I want to have them melted down and made into a locket for my daughter."

"If you sign the affidavit authorizing me to take them out, it's okay," said Dominick. "Otherwise there's no way I could do it."

Wait until I tell Aunt Addie. And little Colleen. 

She whines, she pleads, she sobs, she screeches, she puts on phony foreign accents and even threatens to jump out the window. Publisher Judy Price will do virtually anything to sell an ad in Avenue, her exceptionally exclusive, exceptionally dull monthly giveaway magazine. And with her lugubrious husband, Peter, former publisher of the New York Post and now president of the new sports daily The National, she makes up a media tag team that has bullied and flattered its way into the tightest circles of New York's social hell. Who is this woman? Where did she come from? And how did she become the

NIGHT *on Park*

JUDY AND PETER Price's offices at *Avenue* magazine are impeccable, as cool and austere as an art gallery. The glass walls are Windexed, the gray carpeting spotless, the furniture shiny and modern. Everything is neat as a pin. She in her favorite Chanel or Carolynne Roehm, he in his customary gray Armani, they appear — from a safe distance — to be an elegant pair.



MARE

Annex

BY JENNET CONANT

So charming. So terribly *Town & Country*. So terrifically rich. Everything the owners of an insufferably stuffy and quasi-literate* Upper East Side publication should be.

That is, until she opens her mouth.

That man is only interested in pussy, and he'd have given her ads if she'd given him head.

It's Judy. She's upset.

It seems that a prominent real estate dealer has for the moment refused her desperate pleas—and those of her attractive salesgirls—to place an

roles: She lunges for the phone and dials the number of a famous European design company's New York office. She reaches over and flips on a hair dryer to simulate a bad overseas connection (Judy thinks long-distance sales calls pressure people into taking ads). *Hallo, hallo*, she yells above the din, using a vaguely continental accent, *zees is Paris calling, veel you hold please for Meessus Price*. Then, in her own voice, Judy explains that they have a bad connection, but she just had to call to see if the firm would like

Judy is everything the owner of an insufferably stuffy publication should be—until

advertisement in *Avenue*. Judy is taking this hard because *Avenue* is her "baby," and advertising revenue is its mother's milk. Stamping around the office, her tall, thin frame swaying, her long arms flapping in an ungainly fashion, she looks like an angry Olive Oyl and sounds like an X-rated Popeye.

Her pussy isn't yummy enough for him! she shrieks, breaking into a real cackle, a screaming harridan laugh shrill enough to set Phyllis Diller's teeth on edge. Her oversize glasses slip down her nose, and the eyes peering over them take on a devilish glint. *If I'd taken my clothes off, I'd have got an ad*, she declares with an earsplitting finality none of the younger, prettier women in the room seem remotely tempted to question.

It is just another manic Monday at *Avenue*. The vitriolic, high-decibel shrieking usually starts the week before the magazine goes to bed as Judy vents her rage at advertisers who she feels are letting her baby go hungry. Former employees describe a few of her favorite insults: One director of advertising has *a stick up his ass not even an overdose of Ex-Lax would loosen*. The chairman of an enormous consumer-products firm is a *nasty little man* (Judy despises "little people"), because he pulled his advertising from *Avenue*. The owner of an exclusive retail chain is a *fat little Napoleon*. An important longtime advertiser's president is the *hunchback of Notre Dame* and would *double her ad schedule for a date*.

Once Judy gets warmed up, the infantile epithets really start to fly. So do the homosexual slurs. It's Sergeant Potty Mouth come to rally the troops. Judy begins broadcasting her motivational sales slogans for everyone on the floor to hear: *I don't give a fuck. I'll make it happen. I'll make it happen*. In her last-minute sales sprees, says one former staff member, Judy is "so many different personalities in the space of 20 minutes, you keep waiting for her head to start spinning around."

In a typical virtuoso performance, according to *Avenue* veterans, Judy plays all the leading

to buy an ad....

Now she's on the phone again, this time to Sara Fredericks, a tony New York dress shop. *Make flying noises*, she barks at the four young women in her office. They all sit there going *Shhhhh, shhhhhhh, shhhhh* in the background while Judy claims she's calling from a plane.... She dials a rich real estate broker who thus far has refused to take her calls. *Hello*, she greets the secretary in a high, breathy voice. *This is his girl—um—friend and I'm in trouble, so you'd better put me through*.

According to former employees, Judy believes that "eccentricity" is a useful sales technique. To this end, she has been taking singing lessons and telling people around her that she plans to start a rock band. During one particularly wacky luncheon at Le Cirque, she whipped out a pair of psychedelic glasses, slipped on a spangled headband and squealed in a mock Madonna voice, "I'm gonna cut an album. At the Garden you'll all have front-row seats!" Explaining her newfound musical aspirations to one skeptical editor, she said, "I always wanted to be a rock star—and it will also help me appeal to young media buyers."

Judy Price is a singularly irresistible saleswoman. Her personal sales calls are known to be hair-raising experiences, horrifying scenes that witnesses say defy description. She sobs and pleads, threatens and cajoles, slashing her rates every few seconds like Crazy Eddie on crystal meth. In an incident that she is fond of describing to her protégées, she once flung herself down on the



Park Avenue's toniest couple sets out for another night of social climbing.

sofa of a potential advertiser and refused to leave until she got an ad. On another occasion she threatened to throw herself out the window of a businessman's office if he didn't place an order. "It was probably on the first floor, knowing Judy," comments a Price acquaintance. "But it works. People will do anything to get her out of their office. I'd take out a loan to buy an ad if it would get rid of her."

"She's no Caspar Milquetoast, that's for sure," says a grudging semiadmirer. "She's larger than life. A kind of giant bird that swoops down, only with huge talons and horns. She is the meanest person I've ever known, the most amoral, pugnacious and cruel. She's satanic." The admirer pauses a moment. It's that eerie, Hitchcockian stillness before the onslaught of wings and beaks. "But in a weird way, she's also charismatic. She has a certain kind of frenetic power."

The focus of Judy's fierce devotion is *Avenue*, with its empty, prettified prose, its Fifth-through-Park brownnosing profiles and excruciatingly boring social-calendar section. For all its glossy heft, however, this magazine about rich people delivered free to residents of America's most prestigious ZIP codes—10021 in New York, 60043 in Chicago, 90210 in California—is neither powerful nor influential. Sure, *Forbes* last winter called its president "the beautifully brainy, ever-smart-in-every-way Judy Price," but *Avenue* panders to its readers in the same way dress-shop clerks flatter their patrons. The puffy references to wealthy luminaries are aimed shamelessly at advancing the Prices' own fortunes, both personal and professional. Feature articles such as "Twenty-nine Movers and Shakers Reveal Their Winter Getaways" are designed to include as many potential business benefactors as possible. In one particularly egregious case of editorial prostitution, the January 1989 issue ran a lengthy feature that lovingly profiled the women of the Comité Colbert, a consortium of French luxury-goods companies. One month later the February issue had as its centerpiece an interminable advertorial section devoted to the luxury goods themselves.

Year in and year out for 14 years now, *Avenue* has played the same sycophantic tune. The magazine is a make-believe world where no one is unattractive, badly dressed or from the outer boroughs. *Avenue* anoints the new debs, crowns the stars of the fall social season and applauds gentlemen bankers and tasteful tycoons. Judy designed this little world in much the same way a lonely child would decorate an extravagant dollhouse, and she, along with her husband,

Peter, controls what goes on in the miniature rooms. The magazine has given her all that she ever wanted from life—money, the illusion of power and some semblance of position, which she spends every waking hour defending. Because like any fantasy held together with wishfulness and a little paper and string, it can all fall apart so easily.

This unraveling may already have started. They're saying terrible things up and down the avenues from Fifth to Park. They're saying that *Avenue's* new editor in chief, gossip columnist Susan Mulcahy, has limited editorial experience; they're saying that the magazine's exceptionally flexible ad rates are beginning to trouble advertisers. One media buyer said he refuses to deal with *Avenue* because it is an "unreliable publication." Price acquaintances and past employees are spilling the beans (I spoke with more than 20 of them, some of whom bore fresh psychic bruises), deluging me with incriminating tips and letters.

Where are the Prices headed? The next few months will tell. Peter Price, briefly the publisher of the *New York Post*, is making another stab at big-time publishing with *The National*, the new sports daily that hit the stands in January. If the newspaper fails to catch on, it will be a very public and costly debacle for a man with a less than spectacular track record. Judy, too, is banking on a new venture: *Japan Avenue*, set to debut next month. She already has a Japanese publisher and an *Avenue* bureau there. Perhaps it will work—perhaps the Japanese elite will fall for Judy's act with the same indiscriminating abandon with which they have greeted Disney theme parks and *Oh, Calcutta!* Then again, they may not. One thing is certain, though: it is upon *Avenue*, the American mother publication, that the Prices' social fortunes chiefly depend. Who would put up with this insufferable couple if they lost their precious ingratiating magazine?

For both the 47-year-old Judy and the 49-year-old Peter, history seems to have begun at Time Inc., where they worked in the late 1960s. Peter, a graduate of Princeton University and Yale Law School, started as assistant to the publisher of *Life* and rose to become Time Inc.'s



SELLING ADS THE JUDY WAY, Tip No. 1: Be dramatic. If the potential advertiser seems diffident or unenthusiastic, threaten suicide.

director of corporate development. Judy, a University of Pennsylvania graduate, worked as a researcher.

Although by all accounts she is loud, obnoxious and unrestrained, while he is calm, graceful and reserved, the Prices are in a sense a perfect match: media megalomaniacs linked by their pursuit of power and status. In their own way they seem very committed to each other (though there was that time she wanted to increase his insurance policy after a Mafia threat on his life). They have renewed their marriage vows any number of times — once in India, another time in a Japanese ceremony. "They play off each other very well," says one intimate. "They're a very effective team. One makes up for what the other lacks."

As a couple, they are something of a power-precinct burlesque act, with Judy playing the cackling joker and Peter the unruffled straight man. "They are like cartoon characters," says Michael Caruso, a former editor at *Avenue* and now executive editor at *The Village Voice*. "They are so studied and affected, the grossest nouveau riche caricatures you could think of. The key to their whole act is insecurity and overcompensation."

The show is a triumph of careful planning.

For example, Judy has been known to schedule several breakfasts at the Regency Hotel at precise half-hour intervals. Peter will join her and her clients for the first sitting. Then he will exit, and Judy will pretend to be horrified that she has mistakenly scheduled a second breakfast for the same morning. "It's all hype," says one insider. "She wants to show how busy she is."

Over the years, the Prices have been ceaselessly polishing their act to correspond more closely to *Avenue's* WASPy, inbred image. The

ethnic revisionism is extreme. Although they were both raised in Jewish families, Peter has apparently listed Protestant church activities on his curriculum vitae; Judy denies being Jewish and tells people her background is Catholic and that she attended a Catholic school. Judy has also dumped her poor relations back in Philadelphia: her sister, Susan Flynn, a beautician, confirms that Judy hasn't sent so

much as a card in 15 years.

Judy's mother, Sylvia Mitnick, now a widow, says she does not know why her daughter has forsaken her. "There are no black sheep in our family; no one's ever been arrested," she says. "Our only fault is that our bank account isn't high enough." The Mitnicks lived the sort of stalwart, hard-scrabble life that Mario Cuomo, for one, brags about:

they owned and lived in an auto-parts store; the kitchen was on the first floor, and at another end of the shop a staircase led up to the living room and bedrooms. Today Mrs. Mitnick has a habit of speaking of her eldest daughter in the past tense. "I have only one daughter now," she says in a voice without emotion. "It's one of those things I've learned to live with. She was born with blue blood; I was born with red blood."

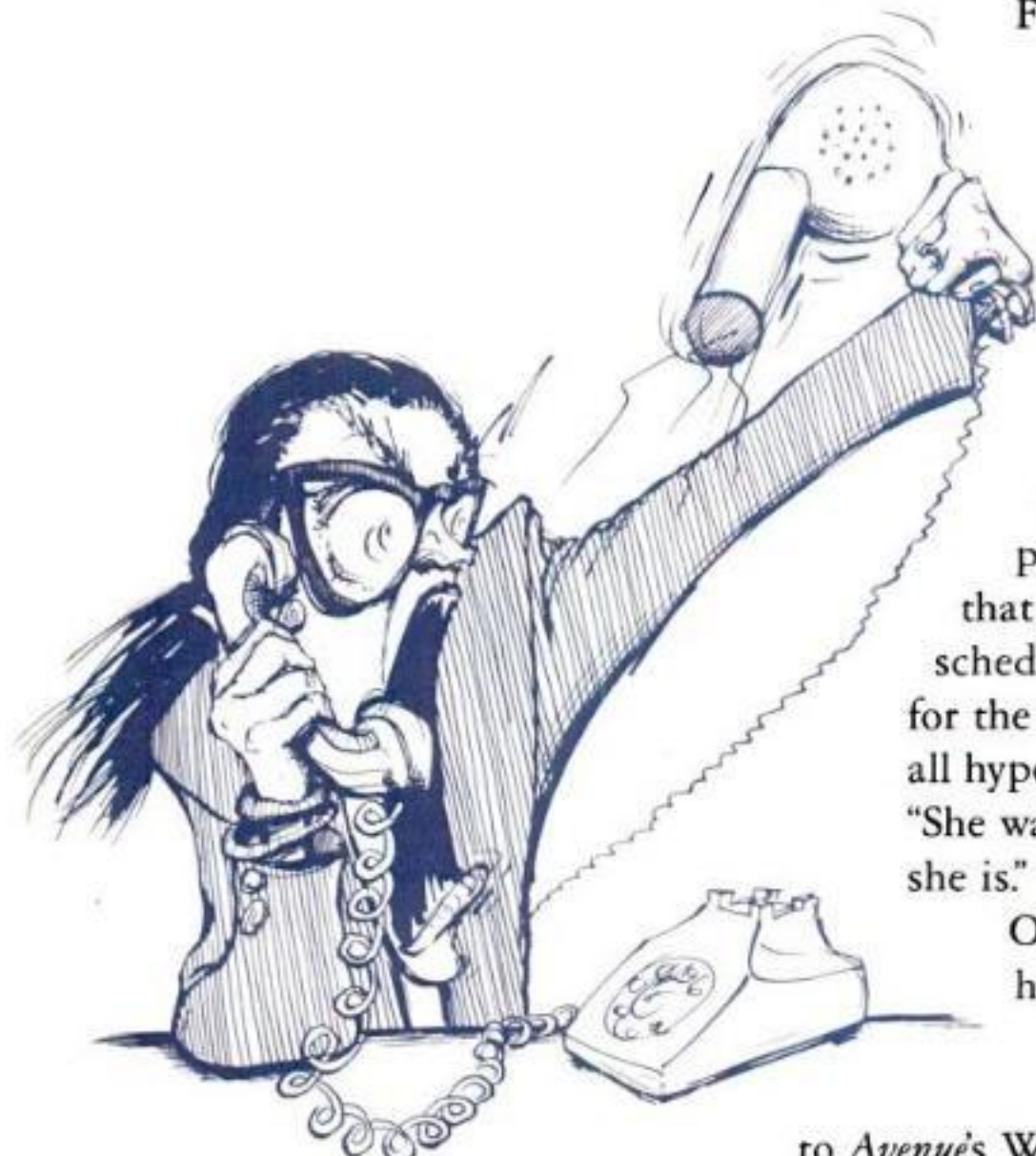
A study of Judy's past reveals that her fuzzy autobiography has, like most successful obfuscations, the hint of a grain of truth. While she most definitely did not attend a Catholic school, she did grow up in a poor section of North Philadelphia populated mainly by Irish Catholics. In the public schools she attended, nearly all her classmates were Catholic. Her father, Larry Mitnick, was of Russian descent, her mother's father came from Latvia — but they were not religious people and did not observe Jewish holidays at home. They did, however, send Judy and her sister to Jewish Sunday school at the Y on Broad Street.

Judy and Peter Price were married by a rabbi in a service at his parents' Philadelphia town house. Susan, Judy's sister, felt Peter's mother looked down on the Mitnicks and that Judy was ashamed. According to Susan, "Judy was always angry, even when she was young. She always wanted more, a better house. She focused on money to make her feel better."

Why Peter isn't closer to his family is anybody's guess. He is the only child of a well-to-do Philadelphia family. His mother ran a fancy dress shop near Rittenhouse Square; his father, Beryl Price, was an architect. But Peter Price, says an old friend, was "always desperate to make



Amid the seventies-retro, faux-Japanese fittings of her work space, Judy strikes a relaxed pose.



SELLING ADS THE JUDY

Way, Tip No. 2:

Be creative. By simulating static, a blow-dryer can turn those humdrum local phone calls into exciting long-distance events.

Issues of Avenue

good." His social aspirations surfaced early. After college and law school, an eager Peter moved to New York and organized a luncheon group for select people in communications who were interested in meeting important personalities. He once arranged for William F. Buckley Jr. to address this little set. Perhaps Peter's labored, high-toned manner of speaking—once described by a colleague as a fair imitation of Henry Luce—dates back to those heady days.

Peter's obsession with pedigree eventually led him to join the Young Presidents' Organization (YPO), a club of CEOs and top executives who earned their titles before they turned 40. "He has a terrible need for status," says an old friend. "He just hides it better than she does."

Later on, Peter would make his reputation—for cold-bloodedness, if nothing else—by managing the Connecticut Limousine Group and bringing it back from bankruptcy. His great accomplishment was extracting contract concessions from his labor force, a coup he was proud of. He boasted to an associate about firing hundreds of workers and forcing them to come crawling back to accept management's terms. "Peter is satin-smooth," says someone who once worked closely with him. "Judy's very explicit, like a storm front. You see her coming. He's very implicit and subtle. He's much more dangerous."

Peter left *Time* in 1970 and helped found a magazine advertising company, Media Networks Inc., which was sold to 3M in 1977 for \$20-million. Peter pocketed his healthy cut and went home. Together, he and Judy outlined plans for a sophisticated, high-end city magazine that would be distributed free to a wealthy audience and almost entirely supported by advertisers. "Judy and Peter realized that if Palm Beach, an infinitely smaller universe, could support a 'shiny sheet,' Manhattan could do it," says James Brady, a columnist for *Advertising Age* and *Parade*. He adds, "There is in this sort of journalism the inevitable bum-kissing."

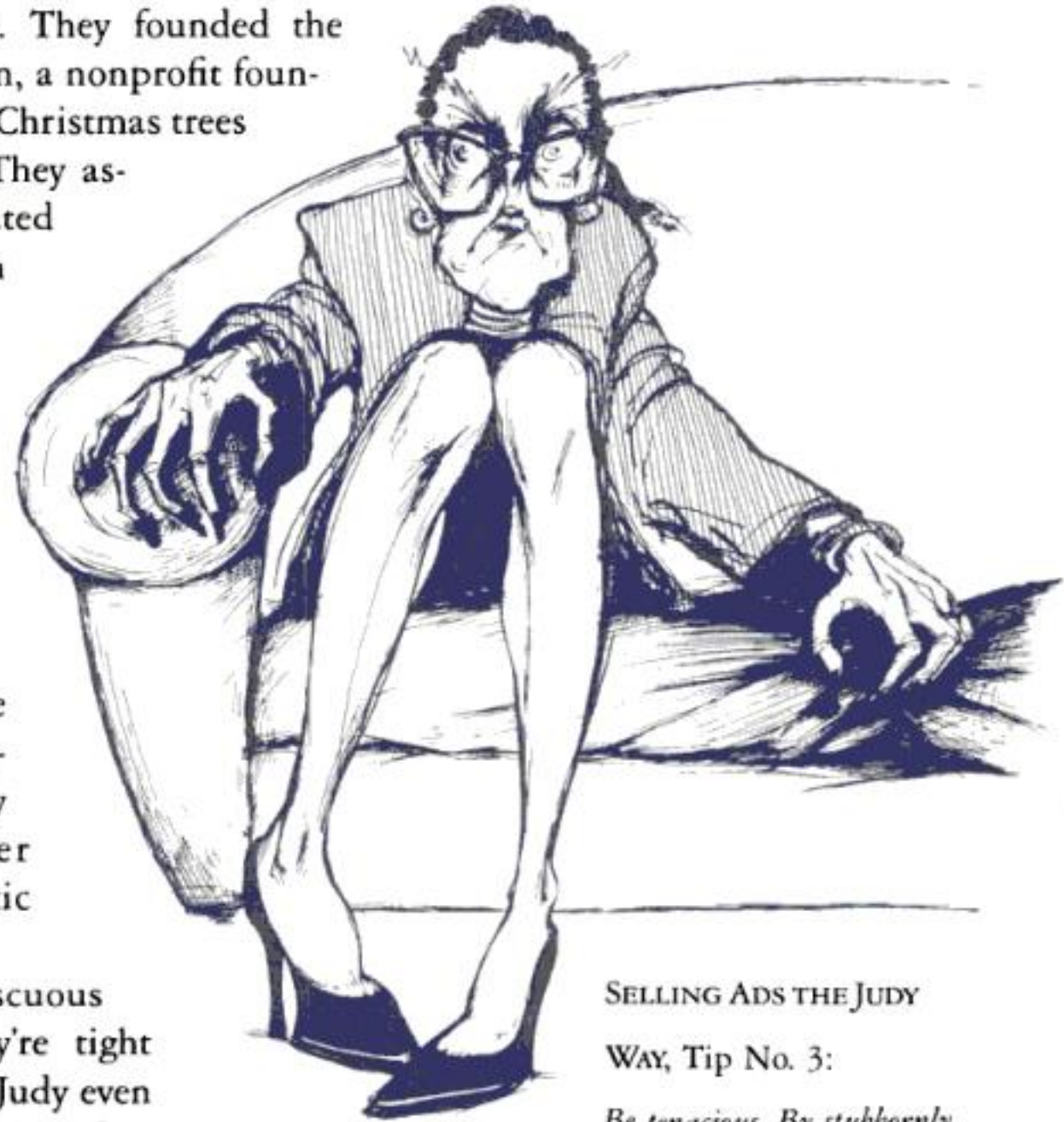
But it took the Prices to elevate bum-kissing to a full-time business. In the beginning they worked out of a small office. Eventually they

status and the wealth of those in whose lobbies it is tossed, *Avenue* officially charges an astronomical \$18,000 for a borderless full-page color ad, which makes it a uniquely expensive buy for a publication of its limited scale.

Judy and Peter rode *Avenue* all the way up the social ladder—or as far as it could take them. They live in a luxurious apartment at 550 Park Avenue. They founded the Avenue Association, a nonprofit foundation that plants Christmas trees on Park Avenue. They assiduously ingratiated themselves with New York's elite, making rich new friends as quickly as they lost interest in shabbier old ones, and chasing after the Forbeses and the Trumps like particularly hungry greyhounds after ever-elusive plastic rabbits.

They're promiscuous about saying they're tight with the Trumps. Judy even goes so far as to say, "Donald will be president someday." Two whole years after claiming to visit Trump's Florida estate, Mar-a-Lago, Judy still yammered on about the trip. They have even wangled their way into Alice Mason's socialite-glutted dinner parties. "They are the most socially desperate people," says one source. "And everyone can tell. People loathe them, just loathe them."

Desperate? That sounds a bit strong. But no. Once, while the Prices were throwing a party in honor of a hundred *Avenue* advertisers, they received a last-minute invitation to join Malcolm Forbes on his yacht, the *Highlander*. The Prices were so ecstatic they ducked out



SELLING ADS THE JUDY WAY, Tip No. 3:

Be tenacious. By stubbornly clinging to a potential buyer's office furniture, you give him a clear-cut choice: take out an ad or relocate.

are not delivered by limousines, as has been claimed; they're dumped off by vans

moved into a warren of offices and cubicles at 145 East 57th Street, above Hammacher Shlemmer, that has expanded to 4 floors and approximately 80 employees. Judy carried out Peter's plans, building the glossy publication from a parochial giveaway with a circulation of 40,000 to a quasi-national giveaway with a distribution of 80,000—half on the Upper East Side, half elsewhere. Because of its national

of their apartment, presumably leaving an embarrassed assistant at the door to greet their bewildered guests.

Perhaps more troubling than the Prices' tendency to forget their friends is the way they often seem to forget their own heritage. One Passover, Judy turned to an ad sales assistant and told her, "Go out to all the shops that are open today, because they hate Jews, and we'll

get a lot of business." Peter once went so far as to pitch a story casting Edward Elson, former chairman of the board of the American Jewish Committee, as "the thinking man's Jew." He then elaborated on his idea to three editors, who sat and listened in stunned silence. One of the editors now says, "They take the concept of *self-hating Jew* a few steps further." The Prices have made a science of snobbery. They prefer the old-money Brooke Astor crowd to the nouvelle-society scene, "probably because the latter hits a little too close to home," as one former colleague puts it. But since all the new people have all the money, the Prices have made pragmatic adjustments. "Carolyn Roehm is Judy's ideal," says Caruso. "Judy is so uncomfortable with herself—she wants to be something she'll never be." No wonder, then, that Judy once marched her entire ad sales staff into Roehm's Seventh Avenue Studio to outfit the lot of them at wholesale. "The *Avenue* uniform," Judy told anyone who would listen.

Avenue, like its proprietors, is not all it appears. Much of the magazine's glamour and mystique exists only in Judy's mind. The issues are not delivered by limousines, as has been claimed: they're dumped off by vans. They go to all the right addresses, but many of the right people never bother to pick them up, even though they're free. Many advertisers do not pay the full price, and some pay a small fraction of it. For a magazine that lives by ad dollars alone, that is a bad sign.

The magazine is thick, but there is evidence that Judy—at least in the past—has kept up appearances with radically discounted ads. One former advertiser we spoke with claimed to have paid only \$7,000 for a full-page color bleed—quite a bargain, though still not as favorable as the deal Anne Klein got: \$6,250 for the same category of ad. According to a onetime staff member, "Highly unusual rate negotiations took place at *Avenue*." "It's not unusual," maintains one media director at an ad agency that has stopped doing business with *Avenue*. "She's not doing anything other privately owned books aren't doing.

to offset the special deals being given to others, it is hard to imagine that such a strategy can be maintained forever.

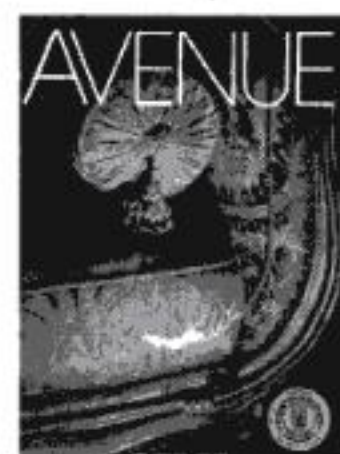
In the meantime, at sales meetings Judy drills her pretty young cadettes in her inspiring personal credo: "Do whatever you have to do to sell an

ad." She enforces a provocative dress code—short skirts, silk blouses and plenty of cleavage. She can't abide extra pounds or bad skin. When one employee broke out in pimples, Judy told everyone within earshot that the poor girl needed a facial, then ordered her to visit

Georgette Klinger for a good scrubbing. Judy also ridicules women she thinks are overweight, poking them in the stomach and braying, *You're getting fat*. She confiscates morning muffins; she rummages through desks and removes hidden candy bars, leaving a note pinned to the crumpled wrappers: *YOU SHOULDN'T BE EATING THIS*. But perhaps Judy's most absurd pressure tactic is to claim, as she did to one former employee, that she is a "witch" with extrasensory powers, able to read her staff's negative or disloyal thoughts.

Though Judy regards the turnover at *Avenue* as "low," a former secretary disputes this: "The faster people came, the faster they left. People left, then were rehired, then left again. It was crazy."

If ad sales staffers called in sick, Judy ordered them to come in anyway. If they had a death in the family, she told them to use it to play on clients' sympathy. If they got engaged, she said they were throwing their life away. If they turned up pregnant, she would grant only two weeks' maternity leave (this may now have been extended to one month) and then phone the new mothers to talk about business. Sources report that just a few hours after one employee gave birth, she



Thick, boring

and monthly, or thin, inconsequential and biweekly. Take your pick!

Avenue's sales staff abides by a provocative dress code: short skirts, silk blouses and

Everyone's flexible and creative these days. [Judy] will accept whatever she can get."

If a magazine becomes too widely known for granting such cut-rate ad deals, there is a danger that soon no one will want to pay full freight. Now the word is leaking out that at *Avenue* the cost of a full-page color bleed in recent years has varied by as much as \$10,000, depending on who negotiated the deal. While full-price advertisers like Bulgari and Estée Lauder help

received a phone call from Judy reminding her about the sales quota she had to fill. "You have to sign your life away in blood for *Avenue*," says one media director who is familiar with the magazine. "If you attack it in any way, she can be a vindictive bitch."

When *On the Avenue*, the as-yet-unprofitable biweekly tabloid sister publication of *Avenue*, began to be outdone in every way by *7 Days*, the young, inexperienced sales staff broke down

under Judy's relentless pressure. They started submitting fake ads to meet their quotas. "They were so petrified, they doubled ads," says one former employee who was not part of Ad-Scam '88, as it was dubbed by employees. "When they couldn't make their quotas, they'd call production and have a quarter-page ad blown up into a half-page, or a half-page ad made a full-page. They were afraid of the wrath of Judy."

As the months went by, *On the Avenue's* ad pages increased while its revenues failed to keep pace. Finally, Peter audited the books. Once it was discovered what was going on, three staffers quickly departed, and to the chagrin of advertisers, the inflated ads were shrunk to their legitimate size. The magazine swallowed the losses, and news of the whole messy affair began to make the rounds. In the meantime the Prices kept going to parties and giving their signature power breakfasts, always thirsting for new advertisers and new connections. Peter landed a quite respectable job as publisher of the *New York Post*. It was a shrewd appointment: the dapper Peter, with his Princeton pals and glammy style of life, was assigned by *Post* owner Peter Kalikow to lure upscale advertising to the downscale paper.

Peter's new job went straight to his wife's head. She fantasized about strong-arming advertisers by dropping her husband's newly influential name. "She used to tell us, 'My husband runs the *Post* and if they don't advertise, I'm going to get them on Page Six,'" recounts one former employee.

In truth, Peter Price's presence at the *Post* was utterly unremarkable. Price did little but cash in a few chits that yielded trial ads—his boffo client list rarely produced any steady takers. In the end, Peter will probably be remembered best for his absurd after-dinner tours of the newsroom. "At 10:30 they'd appear with another couple, all dressed up and Judy in fur, and take a little tour," recalls a former *Post* employee. "It was like Busby Berkeley walks into the *The Front Page*. To impress his friends, he'd always take someone aside and say, 'How are we doing here?'"

How Peter will fare as publisher of *The National* is hard to predict. His strategy so far has been to

plenty of cleavage spend lots of money for talented people—he's hired his Princeton

buddy Frank Deford of *Sports Illustrated* and the *Daily News's* Mike Lupica, both sportswriting stars. But is Peter the man to make the concept work? His former colleagues say that nobody was ever less interested in things athletic. (He claims to be a tennis man, but no one seems to know whether he actually plays.) His sole memorable contribution to the *Post's* sports section was to call in one evening and suggest—with a stop-the-presses breathlessness—that they

hold the edition for the results of a U.S. Open tennis match. The results came in on time, but as publisher, Peter ideally would have known that the last time the *Post* had actually stopped the presses was the day of JFK's assassination.

Approximately seven months into Peter's tenure at the *Post*, Emilio Azcarraga Milmo, a Mexican communications mogul he knew socially, pitched the idea for *The National* to him. They began negotiations. As his situation at the *Post* failed to improve, Peter may have been looking to *The National* as a way out. "He would have been an extraordinary PR man," says one former colleague. "He can put a spin on things that is interesting. After he left the *Post*, he somehow ended up sainted in *The New York Times*. He will forevermore be known as the publisher of the *New York Post*. That will open a lot of doors." Not bad for a year's work.

Actually, both husband and wife are brilliant at public relations. While they seem to be widely disliked—particularly Judy—they have successfully marketed their names and their magazine. New York society, which accommodates all manner of loathsome creatures, is buying the act—acknowledging their existence, paying tribute in the form of advertising. "Between the two of them, they're up there," says a former Price employee. "But they have no family. No real friends. Only this image. If they were ever to lose *Avenue*, they'd have nothing at all. No legacy. Nothing."

Still, it is not as if Judy Price lacked all traces of normal human feeling and common decency. When their father died ten years ago, Susan called Judy to give her the news. Judy arrived at the funeral in a limousine and even stayed a little while. Before leaving for New York, Judy turned to her sister, whom she hadn't seen in years and hasn't seen since, and pointed to Susan's two teenage sons, her own nephews. "So," she said, "what are the boys' names?"

"I could've strangled her just then," says her sister, not realizing, apparently, what a struggle it must have been for the self-created, self-obsessed and self-deluded Judy to acknowledge her family's existence at all. ■



SELLING ADS THE JUDY WAY, Tip No. 4:

"Do whatever you have to do!" (A dramatization.)



Low flow showerheads and dripless faucets save hot water and the fossil fuels it takes to create it. They also save you money.



Carpooling, taking public transportation or even riding your bike to work can reduce the pollution that causes global warming. Try one of these alternatives at least one day a week. You'll save money and you'll also be in a better mood when you get there.

Paint thinners give off fumes that deplete the ozone layer. Vinegar is a safe alternative.



Your baby could be making a bigger mess than you think. Disposable diapers can take up to 500 years to decompose, and their contents can spread disease. Use a diaper service.

If you don't person can make in the world what you've

Our environmental problems are so big most of us assume the solutions are big, too. But the long-term solution to things like global warming, overpopulation, extinc-

tion and waste disposal is really quite small. The solution is one person at a time deciding he or she is going to help the world, not hurt it. It's you, with all your other

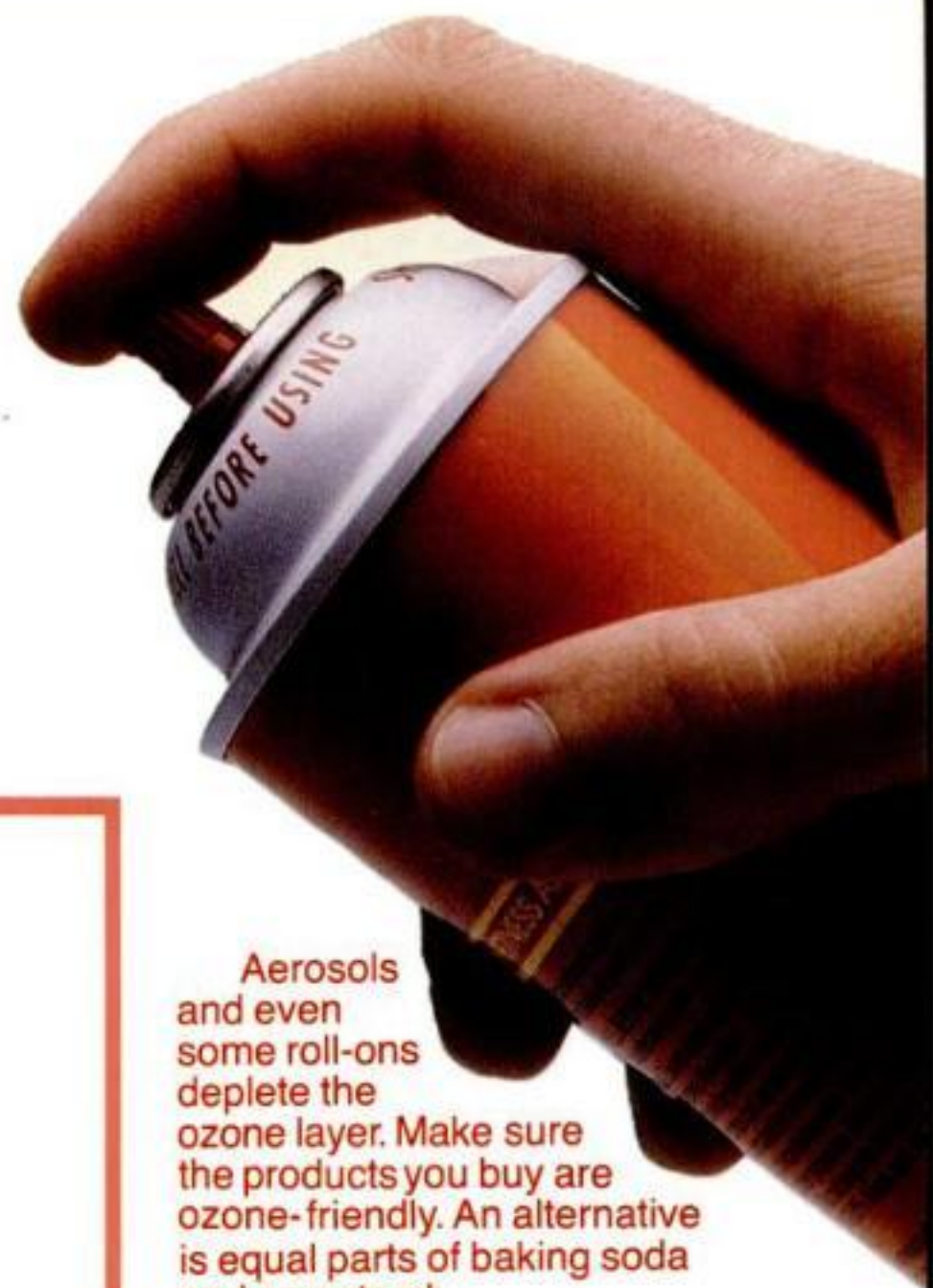
The sprays we use to kill bugs in our homes are also harmful to our environment. You can learn to control household pests using good old-fashioned home remedies.





Our landfills are full and highly toxic wastes are leaking into our groundwater, rivers and lakes. Recycle everything you possibly can.

Many household cleaning products can be replaced with homemade non-polluting alternatives.



Aerosols and even some roll-ons deplete the ozone layer. Make sure the products you buy are ozone-friendly. An alternative is equal parts of baking soda and cornstarch.

Don't think one can make a difference alone, consider what's already done.

obligations in life, realizing that saving our environment isn't just up to people who like whales.

Government and corporations aren't going to provide the

real answers. Commitments on the part of ordinary people will.

To find out how you can get involved in a cause you care about, call 1-800-433-0880.

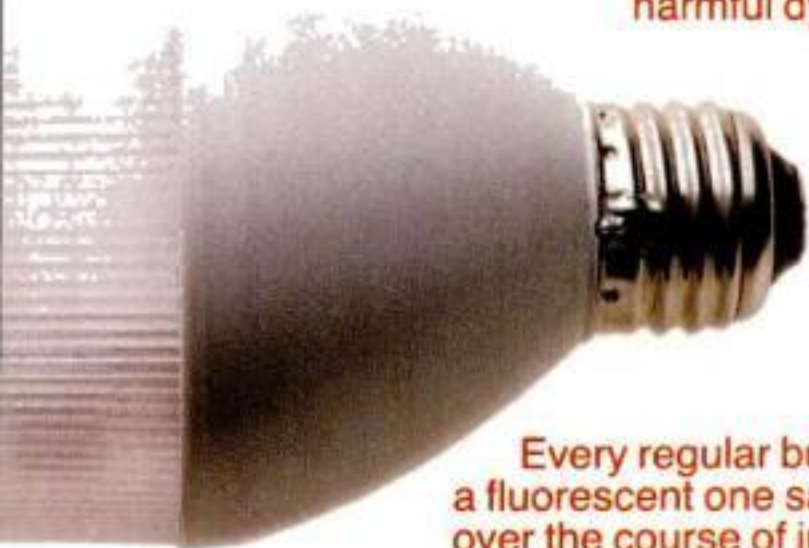


Each year the amount of energy wasted in the United States is equivalent to the energy produced from all the oil that flows through the Alaska pipeline.



SAVE THE WORLD

If we're not all helping,
we're all hurting.



Every regular bulb you replace with a fluorescent one saves a ton of coal over the course of just five years.



Toilet tissue made from recycled paper reduces deforestation, and it doesn't leak harmful dyes into the water supply.

COFFEE, TEA AND

ME!

*The restaurant critic who talks
with her mouth full, about herself*

BY HENRY 'DUTCH' HOLLAND

The good news is that *Rolling Stone's* overassigned movie reviewer, Peter Travers, remains off his usual cheerleading game. A late-January issue found him writing up four "honorable failures" and presenting his ten-worst list for 1989. We'll

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

wait and see whether Travers's flirtation with actual criticism blossoms into something meaningful and lasting. The bad news follows.

"Now, I love Holly Hunter," wrote *American Film's* Chris Hodenfield in his December editor's letter. "Whenever she talks, it's like a meadowlark slapping you to death with an orchid." Hold it right there, Hodenfield. According to Peterson's, the eastern meadowlark (*Sturnella magna*) is capable of many things—rapid wingbeats, short glides, perching on posts, a "musical *tee-yah, tee-yair*" and "a rasping or buzzy *dzrrrt*." But there's *nothing* in Peterson's about whacking film-magazine editors upside the head with perennials.

Liz Smith's inevitable affection for 7 *Days* columnist Lewis Grossberger was tested this winter when Grossberger came to Frank Rich's defense. Grossberger audaciously contended that critics are entitled to criticize. What's a knuckle-rapping gossipeuse to do? Well...rationalize: "I agree. But still, when a critic has his thumb down all the time, he becomes someone who bears watching by his employers and then it is doubly the responsibility of a great newspaper, at least, to be sure the musicals and plays their critic doesn't like get coverage in other portions of the paper." Like, say, the gossip columns? Increasingly Smith has been providing just this service:

"So they say *She-Devil* is a flop. To me it

was like a big pink box of chocolates with poison centers and I found its feminist point of view interesting, with wonderful performances by all."

"[*A Few Good Men*] has great acting, precision directing...a riveting, suspenseful storyline...This is one of the best plays and best productions in years." (Smith even appeared in TV commercials for the play, which might be a conflict of interest if Smith were a bona fide critic and not just a thumbs-up, error-prone, show-biz-loving gal with moxie, trying her darnedest to do Broadway a favor in addition to churning out six columns a week.)

Smith pulled out all the stops for *City of Angels*. She devoted her entire *Daily News* column to vintage Lizgush, evidently the only suitable antidote to actual theater critic Howard Kissel's pan in the same edition (his review's headline was LITTLE HOPE FOR FALLEN 'ANGELS'; Smith's was A HUGE 'HOSANNA!' TO 'CITY OF ANGELS'): "Nothing in the world compares with the excitement of knowing you are watching what has to be a real Broadway hit musical! [*City of Angels*] is like a magnificent timepiece that has been wound up to the apex and then, complete with revolving figures narrowly



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missing one another, makes its changes, with bells that ring exactly on time and on pitch. There is all the beauty of the unwinding perfect mechanism and all the intelligence of excellent writing and all the impact of true art. This is one of the most innovative, brilliant, perfect, breathtaking, entertaining pieces of theater I've ever seen....It's a not-to-be-missed experience." Take *that*, Kissel!

Smith's forays into criticism can be justified by her admirable sense of balance. Writing about *Tru*, Smith said she "loved" and "admired" Truman Capote but also "deplored and disapproved" of him. Indeed, she was "often both amused and appalled" by him. And *Tru* was "both an exalting and a humbling experience." In other words? That's right: "I laughed and I cried."

Which is what I did while reading Vincent Canby's *New York Times* review of *We're No Angels*. Canby wrote, "Apparently because it's supposed to be a comic fable (and is thus not accountable for its own silliness), the film is set in 1935, in a state somewhere near the Canadian border." Ah, the Depression-era Dakotas—the traditional time and place for comic fables.

And Canby evidently saw a rare, abridged version of *Driving Miss Daisy*. The movie contains this exchange:

DAISY: You should have let me keep the La Salle. It never would've behaved this way and you know it.

BOOLIE: Mama, cars don't behave. They are behaved upon. Fact is, you demolished that Chrysler all by yourself.

Canby leads his review this way:

"That car," says Miss Daisy, "misbehaved."

"Cars don't misbehave. Mama," says Boolie Werthan. "They have to be caused to misbehave."

Obviously a closet script doctor.

Writing in the *Times* about the star of the big pink box of chocolates with poison centers that is *She-Devil*, Glenn Collins employs all the appropriate point-clarifying stage whispers required by a schoolmarmish newspaper intent on broadening its readership. When Roseanne Barr describes feeling "overwhelmed with all of these actresses," Collins is there to remind us helpfully that Ms. Barr "was referring to her work with Ms. Streep, Ms. Hunt and Miss Miles."

When she says, "I want to be Elaine May-slash-Woody Allen, although I won't have the rabbi go blind," Collins, sensing the potential for widespread reader panic, identifies this as "a reference to *Crimes and Misdemeanors*."

The *Times*'s customary formality was sorely missed in Paul Chutkow's astonishing, overwrought front-page Arts & Leisure story on Tom Cruise. Sounding alternately like a bad airport paperback and a stack of breathless PR releases, it had the sort of light touch that turns an actor's normal preparation for a role into "the private war of Tom Cruise" and a "stunning personal journey...deep into the very core of his own manhood." Chutkow writes, "Mention 'Vietnam' to Tom Cruise, and the single word works like a trigger, igniting words and sentences and feelings and sending them spraying forth." When Cruise and director Oliver Stone hooked up, they were "forming common bonds." And when author-subject Ron Kovic met with Cruise, yet another "bond was forged." Soon enough, "the bonds multiplied and tightened." Eventually, "the bonds hardened."

Here's a notable stretch from the piece: "And that face. Unblemished. Uncut. Cocksure. How can this be? And just when you're about to sigh, well, Hollywood is a world unto itself, Tom Cruise comes forward into the light. And for the first time you can see it. You look into his eyes and see all that raging fire. And all those surprising depths of color. Blues and greens and browns and even flecks of yellow. People in the movie business, insiders who have watched his talent and his power grow, tell you he's intense. Focused. Driven. That doesn't begin to describe it." What does? Well—get this—*Cruise takes vitamins and works out daily*. Leading Chutkow to conclude, "Action. Snap to." Who said the *Times* was dull?

Extremely patient readers of the 7 Days Restaurant Rotator learn something about the city's restaurants, but they learn much, much more about Liz Logan, the intermittently amusing "Rotator." Her review of America is typical: "There the Rotator was," she begins, "wandering around lower Fifth Avenue, investigating Matsuda (interesting, but she'll stick to Anne Klein, thank you very much) and such, when she realized she had forgotten about lunch—not a thing that tends to slip her mind. She turned a corner and

saw America, and took the opportunity to remedy the pop-cultural deficiency..." And so on, eventually pulling up short with a few words about her meal. It was easy to piece together a biographical sketch of Logan by reading just a few months' worth of her reviews:

Liz Logan is 32 years old (Village Atelier). She recently joined *Mademoiselle* (Lion's Head) after a brief stint at *Cosmopolitan* (Hard Rock Cafe). She has spent a good deal of time in Texas (El Teddy's), now lives in downtown Manhattan (Barney Greengrass), usually dresses in black (*passim*) and reads six papers a day (Cafe Greco). She enjoys collecting guidebooks about New York (Gage and Tollner); attending readings at the 92nd Street Y (1022); shopping at Anne Klein (America) and Bergdorf's (Cafe Vienna); keeping cats (Myers of Keswick); watching Woody Allen movies (Cafe Greco) and *North by Northwest* (UN Delegates' Dining Room); James Taylor (Cafe Greco and Pasta & Dreams); and reading paperback mysteries on cold afternoons (Myers of Keswick). The writers she likes include Angela Thirkell (Pierre Rotunda), Dodie Kazanjian (Petaluma), Lynn Yaeger (Alison on Dominick), Laurie Colwin (Shaheen Sweets), Susan Barron (Algonquin), Patricia Volk (Paper Moon) and Marissa Peisman (Myers of Keswick). She is obsessive (Oyster Bar) but also admits to being somewhat disorganized (Wally's and Joseph's), with the result that she tends to overbook herself (Petaluma). Similarly, she's possessed of both self-sufficiency (Sarabeth's Kitchen East) and, at times, a fragile self-image (Lucky Strike). She finds she likes old things—books, boyfriends, movies, restaurants—more and more as she gets older (Gage and Tollner). She has a courageous, altruistic side: once she tried to foil a purse-snatching (Village Atelier), and another time she put out a flaming napkin at a nearby table (Ferrier).

Little else can be gleaned about Logan from her restaurant reviews—except, of course, that when she was younger, she often used to stay up late (Veselka); that her mother is Belgian (Flamand), lives in El Paso (Cent'Anni) and visits her (Bagel Buffet); that Thanksgiving 1989 was a good one for her (Village Atelier); and that James Toback once tried to pick her up (Pasta & Dreams).

Now can we eat? ☛

MY TASK FORCE, MYSELF

*Why California spent \$735,000
to find out that Hitler wasn't
a socially responsible dude*

BY JESS BRAVIN

Shall we indulge in some stereotyping? In California, where at any given time the most intellectually taxing topic of conversation is where to park, leaders are giving an inordinate amount of attention to a political issue that is remarkably fatuous even by their state's standards. The issue is self-esteem, a subject that the rest of the country has managed to confine to self-help books and therapists' offices, but that in the dizzyingly balmy climes of the Golden State has become so throbbingly important that it now has its own governmental organization, the California Task Force to Promote Self-Esteem and Personal and Social Responsibility, to administer it; its own powerful official, Democratic assemblyman John Vasconcellos, to champion it; and state funds to the tune of \$735,000 to finance a lot of talk about it.

The CTFPSEPSR is the brainchild of the burly Vasconcellos, a 23-year veteran of both the legislature and psychotherapy who became convinced that California's estimated \$27.8 billion annual outlay on crime, drug abuse, welfare dependency, teenage pregnancy and so on was being spent not on real social problems but on mere *symptoms* of the greater, more insidious problem—low self-esteem. Or as James Newman, the Los Angeles County self-esteem task force chairman, spelled it out in language all Angelenos could

understand, "We drive through life with our brakes on, and one of those brakes is low self-esteem."

Creating a commission to raise self-esteem had long been the ambition of Vasconcellos. In 1987 his compelling arguments—along, perhaps, with his control, in his capacity as Ways and Means Committee chairman, of everyone else's self-serving pork-barrel bills—persuaded his colleagues and the governor that he really had a darn good point about this self-esteem stuff. Once funds were allotted, more than 350 people, mostly self-help gurus and New Age acolytes, applied for appointment; eventually 25 were named to the commission, including a pioneer in self-hypnosis audio-cassettes, the author of *The Believe in Yourself and Make It Happen Guide*, the editor of the book *Gourmet Parenting*, the cofounder of Parents of Punkers and, through his ex officio status, Vasconcellos himself. The commission shouldered its duties in earnest. The CTFPSEPSR hired reluctant University of California professors to find evidence for their theories about self-esteem; goaded county governments into creating their own self-esteem task forces; published a dreary newsletter; and held tedious hearings at which as few as three people showed up, including a born-again Christian convinced that the project was a veiled attempt to create "one world religion and one world government under one leader: the Anti-Christ." And of course the force spent many, many hours debating its purview (*self-esteem*, in case you're cloudy about this, officially means "appreciating my own worth and importance, and having the character to be accountable for myself, and to act responsibly toward others").

Having defined their terms, the CTFPSEPSR proceeded to define the world, illustrating "the pivotal place of self-esteem in all human endeavors." Indeed, one report asserted that the three most "visionary" events in American history were the drafting of the Declaration of Independence, President Kennedy's "unbelievable" announcement "in 1964 [*sic*]" that a man would land on the moon within ten years and the founding of the CTFPSEPSR itself. The task force cited research purporting to explain in terms of self-esteem such events as the Kent State killings (National Guardsmen responding to "threats to their self-esteem")

and the police brutality during the Attica prison riots (the prison guards "were shamed by their powerlessness relative to the inmates"). Other historical questions were trickier: a task force member suggested that while Adolf Hitler *seemed* to display a good deal of self-esteem in his work, his was the wrong kind—that is, self-esteem not linked to personal and social responsibility.

After nailing down this Hitler question once and for all, the commission turned its attention to California's more immediate problems and ended up drafting some dramatic preliminary findings. Here's what they found:

On poverty. Being poor tends to lower self-esteem. The commission recommended funding "welfare reform programs that motivate and support self-sufficiency and the development of self-esteem and personal and social responsibility."

On drug and alcohol abuse. Low self-esteem contributes to alcohol and drug abuse. The commission recommended "support for and replication of successful intervention and treatment centers which include a self-esteem component."

Shannaboff-Khalsa

*was miffed at the commission's
reluctance to recommend the
reinstatement of Prohibition*

On crime and violence. Self-esteem is a "fundamental and critical element in determining criminal and violent behavior." Their recommendation? Establish "crime prevention strategies with an emphasis on self-esteem and personal and social responsibility."

On teenage pregnancy. As it turns out, "both high and low self-esteem girls are apt to engage in intercourse, [but] high self-esteem females rely heavily on contraception," while those with low self-esteem do not. The commission suggests that "attempts to reduce adolescent pregnancy by raising self-esteem be accompanied by information about, availability

of and permission to use contraceptives."

Impressive? *Fer sher!* But, the commission noted, adopting its recommendations would do more than just make people feel perkier; a particularly buoyant agency working paper projected that by the year 2000 violence and homelessness, not to mention pollution and political corruption, would be things of the benighted, non-self-esteeming past.

Unfortunately, every sweeping, universal, powerful theory has its wormholes; in this case the personal agendas of some members just couldn't be accommodated by the larger umbrella of self-esteem. One task force member, gay activist Paul Froman, was disappointed by his inability to win explicit support for programs to raise the homosexual parent's sense of self despite Froman's argument that getting beaten up by Orange County thugs can be damaging to one's self-esteem. Also snubbed was "human resource manager" and newish mother Lynn Siltan, who wanted to establish special parking places for mothers of young children in order to demonstrate society's esteem for parenting, and its "importance to the survival of our society as we know it."

Thwarted, too, was the religious bloc formed by commission members Bill Johnson, a wiry self-professed "far-right fundamentalist," and the turbaned Sikh Yogi David Shannahoff-Khalsa, the group's most forceful advocate of Kundalini-yoga techniques. For a while the pair offered dire murmurings about filing a dissenting minority report; they objected to the majority's emphasis on self-esteem at the expense of the personal-and-social-responsibility angle (not the Hitler thing specifically—Johnson was annoyed at the majority's opposition to spanking, while Shannahoff-Khalsa was miffed at the commission's reluctance to recommend the reinstatement of Prohibition).

The task force's funding will run out this year. While the commission has researched ways to justify continued funding, it hasn't made any concrete proposals. If the commission hopes to usher in a crimeless, homelessnessless, nonpolluting, personally and socially responsible future, it has only about three months left. After that, unless Assemblyman Vasconcellos scratches more backs, it'll be every hypnosis-therapy-seminar coordinator-facilitator and Kundalini-yoga teacher for himself. **D**

THE ULTIMATE NUT

*What tasteless morsel
that comes from Hawaii
do poor people harvest
and rich people eat?*

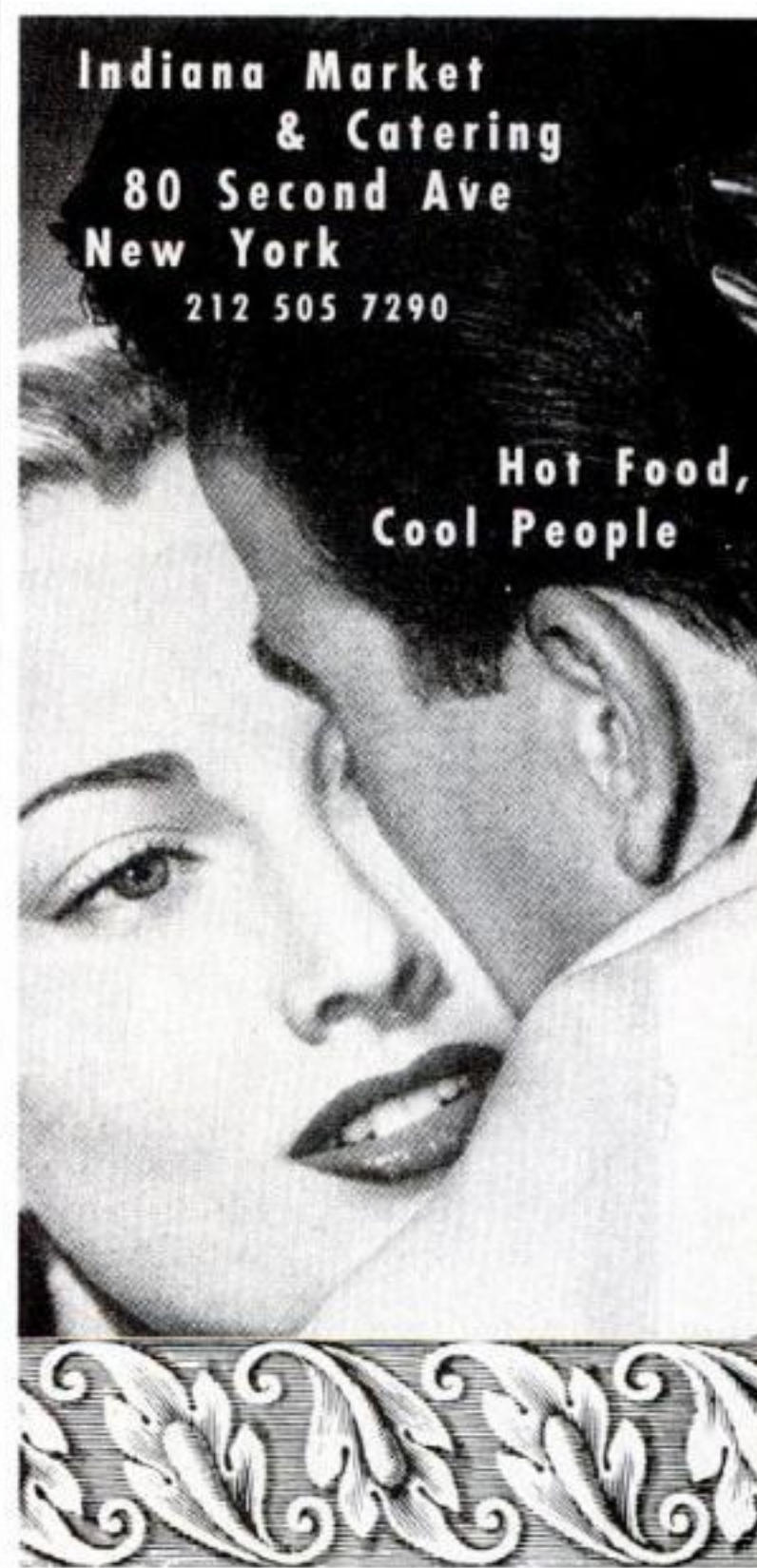
BY ANN HODGMAN

When I left Australia fourteen years ago, the only way of getting at the kernel of the Macadamia was with a large hammer... If your swing was even slightly angled, the nut disappeared with the sound of a ricocheting bullet, and you might see an old lady collapse in the street, clutching her forehead.

—Clive James, *Flying Visits*

Clive James knows a lot about nuts—as he demonstrates when, for instance, he compares Arnold Schwarzenegger to a brown condom filled with walnuts. He's also on target when he says that once you start eating macadamia nuts, there is no way of stopping until you faint. I can testify that this is true. To research this column, I've had to eat quite a lot of macadamias—perhaps more than some people might think was scientifically necessary. And only the sheer weight of the nuts massed together in my stomach keeps me from toppling over right now.

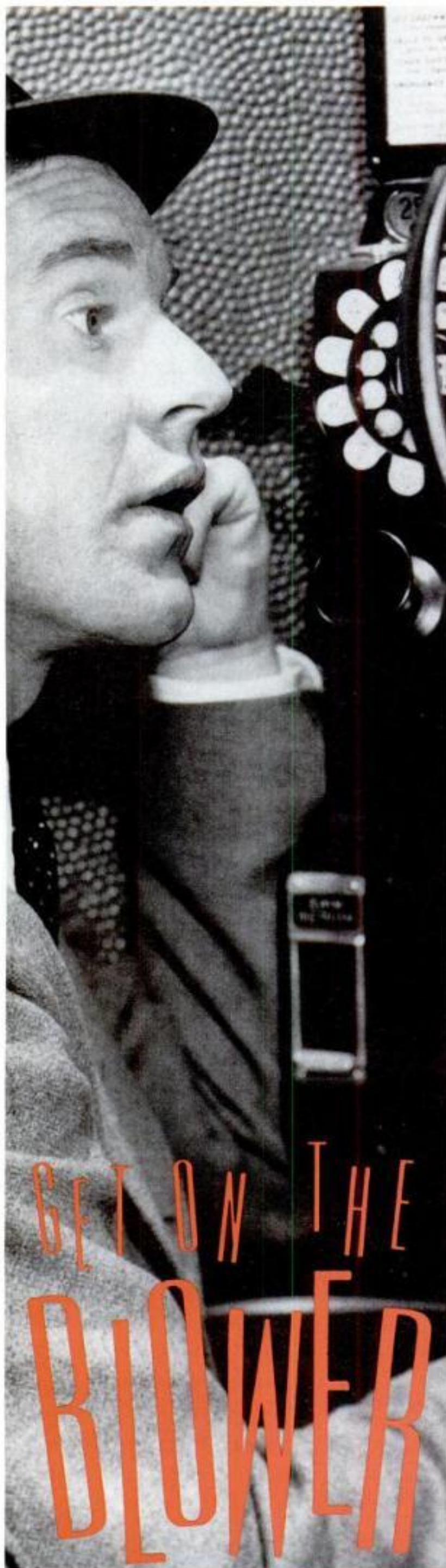
Just today, in the last three hours, I've tested a 12-ounce jar of macadamia nuts, a pint of macadamia-nut ice cream, two bags of macadamia-nut cookies and a whole can of macadamia-nut brittle. I didn't love macadamias to start with, and I certainly don't like them at this moment, but I can't stop shoveling them in; they've taken over my brain. "Yes," I tell



myself robotically as I reach for another nut and another, "it is worth deforesting Hawaii for something that tastes like a ball of salted soap."

Most macadamia eaters are less ambivalent than I. Yet even the enthusiasts have trouble getting specific about the macadamia's actual taste, and with good reason: it doesn't have one. There are plenty of foods that are almond- or peanut-flavored, but it's impossible to imagine, say, a piece of macadamia-flavored gum or macadamia sauce. "The flavor of macadamia nuts can be described as sweet, creamy and delicate, with little of the bitterness of almonds or walnuts," wrote a reporter in a recent article in *The New York Times*—an article that was full of similar feats of descriptive subtraction by other food experts: "I think of their flavor as like coconut cream without the coconut." "Unlike, say, hazelnuts, they won't mask the flavor of fish."

Now can we get a word from somebody as to what macadamias *do* taste like? How about the Mauna Loa people in Hawaii, who grow more macadamias than anyone else? They can't do it, either. Oh, it's true that the first page of their



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ANSWERS

ACROSS

5. *Scratch* is the synonym. The exiguously pieced-together end of the answer is as follows: to low is to *moo*, Los Angeles is *L.A.*, and the front of *Hollywood* is *H*.

10. *MO* plus *fit* backward (in "regression").

11. *What he* rearranged ("confused") along with *R* (the beginning of *Rocky*) and *II*. According to his agent, O'Neill does commercials for the sake of his loved ones. That these people are needy in this society only points up O'Neill's failure as a legislator. He pitches not only for the aforementioned airline but also for several other companies. In one commercial for a motel chain he... well, as one ad exec puts it, "Having the Speaker of the House come out of a suitcase is a little weird."

12. *Green seas* rearranged ("swimming").

13. Antipathy is *hate*, consuming *s* (the latter half of *U.S.*).

14. Former is *ex*. Number one is *I*. *Gent* is short for *gentleman*. And *exigent* means "requiring a great deal."

19. Alongside is *by*. A business is a *line*.

21. "Grass" is *pot*. Where a golf ball should go is a *hole*.

23. A way is a *st.* (short for *street*). Inside, place half of *truths*, that is, *tru*.

28. "Sort of," here, betokens a rearrangement of the word *moral*. I have never noticed Marlo Thomas doing any commercials, and I apologize for dragging her into this mess. Except that maybe by dragging her into this mess we will save her from doing commercials. Maybe she was just on the brink of it when she read this. We don't know what good we may be doing in this world.

29. Dancer and Prancer are *reindeer*. When *i.e.* (the abbreviation for *that is*) is missing from that word, we are left with *render*, one synonym for which is *present*.

30. Old Grand-Dad is a brand of bourbon, which I do not endorse. Granddad is, of course, father's pop.

DOWN

1. The word *messily* signals a rearrangement of the previous words.

3. "Exploded" is another signal of rearrangement.

4. "Wildly" is yet another... Listen, I realize there are far more anagrams this month than usual. But that is not because this puzzle has

been made possible by a grant from the National Anagram Council, because it hasn't been. I just wanted to make that clear.

7. To go with the wind is to *sail*. That word going up, with *R*, for *right*, inside, is *liars*. Isn't it? Isn't it? Why would I say so if it weren't true?

8. In *horde* we hear "whored."

9. "Strangely" betokens a rearrangement of *silent*.

15. We rearrange *sixteen*, because "weird" tells us to, and we toss in *c* for *cold* and *e* for *energy*, and we come up with a synonym for *being*.

17. *Snoops* rearranged ("agitated") over *red*.

18. You didn't know that Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickok were buried in Deadwood, South Dakota? Well, maybe you ought to get out around the country a little more. Would Jane and Bill have done commercials? Well, hell, yes, probably. But they were scum. Okay, maybe Wild Bill wasn't *exactly* scum, but he *dealt* with scum all the time.

20. All together, now: when we see such a word as *crazy*, what do we immediately consider as a possibility (though not, of course, a cinch)? "That the previous or following few letters may well be rearranged to form the answer!"

22. This is a different form of clue. Poke around in *finest heroic tradition* and see if you don't find a biblical queen hiding in there. Why would a biblical queen be hiding anywhere? Well, maybe she is avoiding the temptation to do a myrrh commercial.

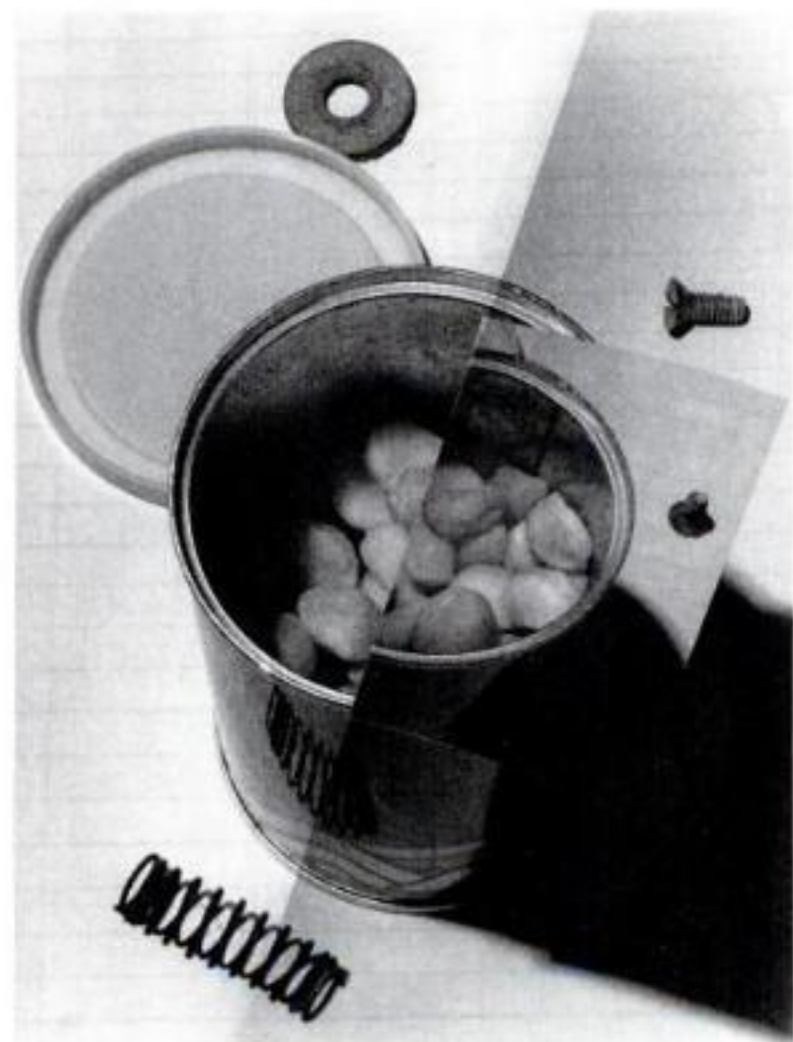
26. *Madman* with its head cut off. And let me just say that all you people in the advertising community have been awfully good sports to stick with this puzzle all the way to the end here, and where would we be without you? (I have accepted money to speak to advertising people too. In fact, this puzzle is a clever way of recycling some of the material from that speech.) The question is, aren't you being better Americans when you hire actors to pretend to be earnest about the products you are pushing than when you compromise people who heretofore actually *were* earnest? ☺

1	S	H	I	L	L	I	N	G	5	M	O	O	L	A	H
2	I	N	I	E	T	P	I	O							
3	M	O	T	I	F	W	H	I	T	E	H	A	I	R	
4	P	E	E	L	N	N	R	D							
5	E	A	G	E	R	N	E	S	S	H	A	S	T	E	
6	R	R			F	E	E								
7	E	X	I	G	E	N	T	L	I	A	I	S	E		
8	D	T	X					R	P	D					
9	B	Y	L	I	N	E		P	O	T	H	O	L	E	
10	E		S	T	O			N	A						
11	S	T	R	U	T			H	A	L	F	A	S	S	E
12	T	O	E	N	Y			D	O	W					
13	H	U	M	A	N	F	O	R	M			M	A	R	L
14	E	A	C	S	E			A	E	O					
15	R	E	N	D	E	R		G	R	A	N	D	D	A	D

macadamia-products catalog brags, "It's the Macadamia Nut, known the world over as one of the most exquisite delights of all." And a couple of pages later, they sternly remind us that "Mauna Loa Macadamia Nuts are very special and more than just another gift."

But other than that, the catalog's writers are forced to rely rather heavily on the word *crunchy*. Touchingly, they try to disguise the nut's bland indescribability by showering adjectives on everything else in sight. "Layers upon layers of moist, fudgy chocolate cake, and smooth, velvety chocolate cream mingle with crunchy morsels of Macadamia Nuts...sun-kissed pineapple and crunchy Macadamia Nuts...the finest, richest milk chocolate, loaded with crunchy Macadamia Nuts...caramel-glazed, crispy buttery pastry and crunchy macadamia nuts." Actually, the crunch *is* part of the macadamia's appeal—that and the fact that macadamia nuts don't look as much like brains as some nuts do.

But as with all popular foods, it is the macadamia's high fat content that really wins our hearts. Now that unabashed fat consumption has finally trashed the pursuit of health, we'll probably be eating straight butter pats next season. Until



then, macadamias will do very well. At 18 calories per nut, they're 80 percent fat—and that's before they've been roasted in coconut oil, which we all know is made by the Devil. No wonder macadamias taste delicate! Fat takes up all of flavor's side of the bed.

Of course, the fact that macadamias cost about a dime apiece also goes a long way toward making them likable. (Look

at caviar: if it cost 12 cents a pound, no one would let it into the house.) Recently I've been memorizing a sublime Mauna Loa publication called *The Macadamia*, which makes this point rather baldly—so baldly that it then rushes to take it back: "Macadamias are considered today to be the most exclusive of all 'fancy' nuts. Although it is a tree nut similar to cashews, almonds, pistachios, and the like, macadamias rank as a delicacy among nut connoisseurs. This is due partly to its cost, but mostly to its creamy, delicate taste and delightful texture. The widespread popularity of the macadamia has skyrocketed remarkably in just a few years due to its unique taste." They're so wonderfully expen—flavorful.

After introducing us to William H. Purvis, the "rabid plant collector" who first brought macadamias to Hawaii, the brochure goes on to reveal just why these fat little prima donnas are so expensive. For one thing, macadamia trees fall over easily. For another, the trees have to spend a babyishly long time in macadamia nurseries before they can be introduced to the real world ("Actual experience has proved essential to insure high survival rates," explains *The Macadamia* mysteriously). Even then, it takes years and years before they produce a noticeable number of nuts. And once the nuts are harvested, they have to be rolled between massive steel drums in order to be cracked.

Humans do what squirrels would probably rather do, which is pick up any nuts the mechanical harvesters miss. To make this point clearer, *The Macadamia* has chosen a photo of an overweight middle-aged woman in a hard hat laboriously stooping to pick up stray nuts under a tree.

I don't know about you, but to me the thought that someone in Hawaii is reduced practically to picking up macadamias with her teeth so that I can give myself a heart attack is curiously unappetizing. But I guess I'm being too squeamish. Mauna Loa should probably run the photo of the island laborer on its jar labels. It would seduce a lot of customers. After all, macadamias are virtually solid fat, they're tasteless, they're way too expensive and poor people we'll never see have to work incredibly hard to get them onto our cocktail trays. What more could we want? ☺

SPY

CLASSIFIEDS

Classifieds appear monthly in SPY. All orders must be prepaid. To place orders by phone, call (212) 633-6550. To calculate the cost, count each letter, space and punctuation mark in the ad you want to run, and divide by 50. The result is the number of lines in a type-set ad. Figure price accordingly (see prices, below). On request, we will set the first line in all capital letters. Please include your daytime phone number and address on all correspondence, and send to SPY, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003, Attention Gina Duclayan.

CLASSIFIED ADS: \$35 per line, two lines minimum; \$30 per line for two or more consecutive months.

PERSONALS: \$30 per line; limited abbreviations accepted. Add \$15 for SPY box number. Mail will be forwarded for eight weeks following publication.

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: \$230 per column inch; \$200 for two or more consecutive months.

ASTROLOGY

TRUE LOVE? Be sure with relationship analysis. Send birth date, time & place for each of you & \$30 to LICHTENSTEIN, POB 1726, Old Chelsea Stn., NY 10011.

AUTOS FOR SALE

Is It True...Jeeps for \$44 through the Government? Call for facts! 1-708-742-1142, Ext. 4140.

PERSONALS

Marge in Fla. Welcome back east. We forgive you for the blackout. Happy 27th!

Larry at Crystal Sound Recording: The demo came out great; you guys are the best. Keith.

Mom: HAPPY BIRTHDAY! from your loving #3 son.

R&R—Watch out for those human glue traps.—Francesca

Lynne—When you hot, you hot! (And you is hot)—S. Blue.

Attention Lucille Hero—I love you!—your 1st born.

Michele—Like go doubles?—Me.

Happy b-day Matthew, you copy king, you.



CONDOMS (EACH) \$5
T-SHIRT (EACH) \$12
T-SHIRT & CONDOMS \$16
SWEATSHIRT (EACH) \$18
WIC 4 1/2 XL 10 1/2 12 1/2 14 1/2 16 1/2 18 1/2 20 1/2 22 1/2 24 1/2 26 1/2 28 1/2 30 1/2 32 1/2 34 1/2 36 1/2 38 1/2 40 1/2 42 1/2 44 1/2 46 1/2 48 1/2 50 1/2 52 1/2 54 1/2 56 1/2 58 1/2 60 1/2 62 1/2 64 1/2 66 1/2 68 1/2 70 1/2 72 1/2 74 1/2 76 1/2 78 1/2 80 1/2 82 1/2 84 1/2 86 1/2 88 1/2 90 1/2 92 1/2 94 1/2 96 1/2 98 1/2 100 1/2 102 1/2 104 1/2 106 1/2 108 1/2 110 1/2 112 1/2 114 1/2 116 1/2 118 1/2 120 1/2 122 1/2 124 1/2 126 1/2 128 1/2 130 1/2 132 1/2 134 1/2 136 1/2 138 1/2 140 1/2 142 1/2 144 1/2 146 1/2 148 1/2 150 1/2 152 1/2 154 1/2 156 1/2 158 1/2 160 1/2 162 1/2 164 1/2 166 1/2 168 1/2 170 1/2 172 1/2 174 1/2 176 1/2 178 1/2 180 1/2 182 1/2 184 1/2 186 1/2 188 1/2 190 1/2 192 1/2 194 1/2 196 1/2 198 1/2 200 1/2 202 1/2 204 1/2 206 1/2 208 1/2 210 1/2 212 1/2 214 1/2 216 1/2 218 1/2 220 1/2 222 1/2 224 1/2 226 1/2 228 1/2 230 1/2 232 1/2 234 1/2 236 1/2 238 1/2 240 1/2 242 1/2 244 1/2 246 1/2 248 1/2 250 1/2 252 1/2 254 1/2 256 1/2 258 1/2 260 1/2 262 1/2 264 1/2 266 1/2 268 1/2 270 1/2 272 1/2 274 1/2 276 1/2 278 1/2 280 1/2 282 1/2 284 1/2 286 1/2 288 1/2 290 1/2 292 1/2 294 1/2 296 1/2 298 1/2 300 1/2 302 1/2 304 1/2 306 1/2 308 1/2 310 1/2 312 1/2 314 1/2 316 1/2 318 1/2 320 1/2 322 1/2 324 1/2 326 1/2 328 1/2 330 1/2 332 1/2 334 1/2 336 1/2 338 1/2 340 1/2 342 1/2 344 1/2 346 1/2 348 1/2 350 1/2 352 1/2 354 1/2 356 1/2 358 1/2 360 1/2 362 1/2 364 1/2 366 1/2 368 1/2 370 1/2 372 1/2 374 1/2 376 1/2 378 1/2 380 1/2 382 1/2 384 1/2 386 1/2 388 1/2 390 1/2 392 1/2 394 1/2 396 1/2 398 1/2 400 1/2 402 1/2 404 1/2 406 1/2 408 1/2 410 1/2 412 1/2 414 1/2 416 1/2 418 1/2 420 1/2 422 1/2 424 1/2 426 1/2 428 1/2 430 1/2 432 1/2 434 1/2 436 1/2 438 1/2 440 1/2 442 1/2 444 1/2 446 1/2 448 1/2 450 1/2 452 1/2 454 1/2 456 1/2 458 1/2 460 1/2 462 1/2 464 1/2 466 1/2 468 1/2 470 1/2 472 1/2 474 1/2 476 1/2 478 1/2 480 1/2 482 1/2 484 1/2 486 1/2 488 1/2 490 1/2 492 1/2 494 1/2 496 1/2 498 1/2 500 1/2 502 1/2 504 1/2 506 1/2 508 1/2 510 1/2 512 1/2 514 1/2 516 1/2 518 1/2 520 1/2 522 1/2 524 1/2 526 1/2 528 1/2 530 1/2 532 1/2 534 1/2 536 1/2 538 1/2 540 1/2 542 1/2 544 1/2 546 1/2 548 1/2 550 1/2 552 1/2 554 1/2 556 1/2 558 1/2 560 1/2 562 1/2 564 1/2 566 1/2 568 1/2 570 1/2 572 1/2 574 1/2 576 1/2 578 1/2 580 1/2 582 1/2 584 1/2 586 1/2 588 1/2 590 1/2 592 1/2 594 1/2 596 1/2 598 1/2 600 1/2 602 1/2 604 1/2 606 1/2 608 1/2 610 1/2 612 1/2 614 1/2 616 1/2 618 1/2 620 1/2 622 1/2 624 1/2 626 1/2 628 1/2 630 1/2 632 1/2 634 1/2 636 1/2 638 1/2 640 1/2 642 1/2 644 1/2 646 1/2 648 1/2 650 1/2 652 1/2 654 1/2 656 1/2 658 1/2 660 1/2 662 1/2 664 1/2 666 1/2 668 1/2 670 1/2 672 1/2 674 1/2 676 1/2 678 1/2 680 1/2 682 1/2 684 1/2 686 1/2 688 1/2 690 1/2 692 1/2 694 1/2 696 1/2 698 1/2 700 1/2 702 1/2 704 1/2 706 1/2 708 1/2 710 1/2 712 1/2 714 1/2 716 1/2 718 1/2 720 1/2 722 1/2 724 1/2 726 1/2 728 1/2 730 1/2 732 1/2 734 1/2 736 1/2 738 1/2 740 1/2 742 1/2 744 1/2 746 1/2 748 1/2 750 1/2 752 1/2 754 1/2 756 1/2 758 1/2 760 1/2 762 1/2 764 1/2 766 1/2 768 1/2 770 1/2 772 1/2 774 1/2 776 1/2 778 1/2 780 1/2 782 1/2 784 1/2 786 1/2 788 1/2 790 1/2 792 1/2 794 1/2 796 1/2 798 1/2 800 1/2 802 1/2 804 1/2 806 1/2 808 1/2 810 1/2 812 1/2 814 1/2 816 1/2 818 1/2 820 1/2 822 1/2 824 1/2 826 1/2 828 1/2 830 1/2 832 1/2 834 1/2 836 1/2 838 1/2 840 1/2 842 1/2 844 1/2 846 1/2 848 1/2 850 1/2 852 1/2 854 1/2 856 1/2 858 1/2 860 1/2 862 1/2 864 1/2 866 1/2 868 1/2 870 1/2 872 1/2 874 1/2 876 1/2 878 1/2 880 1/2 882 1/2 884 1/2 886 1/2 888 1/2 890 1/2 892 1/2 894 1/2 896 1/2 898 1/2 900 1/2 902 1/2 904 1/2 906 1/2 908 1/2 910 1/2 912 1/2 914 1/2 916 1/2 918 1/2 920 1/2 922 1/2 924 1/2 926 1/2 928 1/2 930 1/2 932 1/2 934 1/2 936 1/2 938 1/2 940 1/2 942 1/2 944 1/2 946 1/2 948 1/2 950 1/2 952 1/2 954 1/2 956 1/2 958 1/2 960 1/2 962 1/2 964 1/2 966 1/2 968 1/2 970 1/2 972 1/2 974 1/2 976 1/2 978 1/2 980 1/2 982 1/2 984 1/2 986 1/2 988 1/2 990 1/2 992 1/2 994 1/2 996 1/2 998 1/2 1000 1/2 1002 1/2 1004 1/2 1006 1/2 1008 1/2 1010 1/2 1012 1/2 1014 1/2 1016 1/2 1018 1/2 1020 1/2 1022 1/2 1024 1/2 1026 1/2 1028 1/2 1030 1/2 1032 1/2 1034 1/2 1036 1/2 1038 1/2 1040 1/2 1042 1/2 1044 1/2 1046 1/2 1048 1/2 1050 1/2 1052 1/2 1054 1/2 1056 1/2 1058 1/2 1060 1/2 1062 1/2 1064 1/2 1066 1/2 1068 1/2 1070 1/2 1072 1/2 1074 1/2 1076 1/2 1078 1/2 1080 1/2 1082 1/2 1084 1/2 1086 1/2 1088 1/2 1090 1/2 1092 1/2 1094 1/2 1096 1/2 1098 1/2 1100 1/2 1102 1/2 1104 1/2 1106 1/2 1108 1/2 1110 1/2 1112 1/2 1114 1/2 1116 1/2 1118 1/2 1120 1/2 1122 1/2 1124 1/2 1126 1/2 1128 1/2 1130 1/2 1132 1/2 1134 1/2 1136 1/2 1138 1/2 1140 1/2 1142 1/2 1144 1/2 1146 1/2 1148 1/2 1150 1/2 1152 1/2 1154 1/2 1156 1/2 1158 1/2 1160 1/2 1162 1/2 1164 1/2 1166 1/2 1168 1/2 1170 1/2 1172 1/2 1174 1/2 1176 1/2 1178 1/2 1180 1/2 1182 1/2 1184 1/2 1186 1/2 1188 1/2 1190 1/2 1192 1/2 1194 1/2 1196 1/2 1198 1/2 1200 1/2 1202 1/2 1204 1/2 1206 1/2 1208 1/2 1210 1/2 1212 1/2 1214 1/2 1216 1/2 1218 1/2 1220 1/2 1222 1/2 1224 1/2 1226 1/2 1228 1/2 1230 1/2 1232 1/2 1234 1/2 1236 1/2 1238 1/2 1240 1/2 1242 1/2 1244 1/2 1246 1/2 1248 1/2 1250 1/2 1252 1/2 1254 1/2 1256 1/2 1258 1/2 1260 1/2 1262 1/2 1264 1/2 1266 1/2 1268 1/2 1270 1/2 1272 1/2 1274 1/2 1276 1/2 1278 1/2 1280 1/2 1282 1/2 1284 1/2 1286 1/2 1288 1/2 1290 1/2 1292 1/2 1294 1/2 1296 1/2 1298 1/2 1300 1/2 1302 1/2 1304 1/2 1306 1/2 1308 1/2 1310 1/2 1312 1/2 1314 1/2 1316 1/2 1318 1/2 1320 1/2 1322 1/2 1324 1/2 1326 1/2 1328 1/2 1330 1/2 1332 1/2 1334 1/2 1336 1/2 1338 1/2 1340 1/2 1342 1/2 1344 1/2 1346 1/2 1348 1/2 1350 1/2 1352 1/2 1354 1/2 1356 1/2 1358 1/2 1360 1/2 1362 1/2 1364 1/2 1366 1/2 1368 1/2 1370 1/2 1372 1/2 1374 1/2 1376 1/2 1378 1/2 1380 1/2 1382 1/2 1384 1/2 1386 1/2 1388 1/2 1390 1/2 1392 1/2 1394 1/2 1396 1/2 1398 1/2 1400 1/2 1402 1/2 1404 1/2 1406 1/2 1408 1/2 1410 1/2 1412 1/2 1414 1/2 1416 1/2 1418 1/2 1420 1/2 1422 1/2 1424 1/2 1426 1/2 1428 1/2 1430 1/2 1432 1/2 1434 1/2 1436 1/2 1438 1/2 1440 1/2 1442 1/2 1444 1/2 1446 1/2 1448 1/2 1450 1/2 1452 1/2 1454 1/2 1456 1/2 1458 1/2 1460 1/2 1462 1/2 1464 1/2 1466 1/2 1468 1/2 1470 1/2 1472 1/2 1474 1/2 1476 1/2 1478 1/2 1480 1/2 1482 1/2 1484 1/2 1486 1/2 1488 1/2 1490 1/2 1492 1/2 1494 1/2 1496 1/2 1498 1/2 1500 1/2 1502 1/2 1504 1/2 1506 1/2 1508 1/2 1510 1/2 1512 1/2 1514 1/2 1516 1/2 1518 1/2 1520 1/2 1522 1/2 1524 1/2 1526 1/2 1528 1/2 1530 1/2 1532 1/2 1534 1/2 1536 1/2 1538 1/2 1540 1/2 1542 1/2 1544 1/2 1546 1/2 1548 1/2 1550 1/2 1552 1/2 1554 1/2 1556 1/2 1558 1/2 1560 1/2 1562 1/2 1564 1/2 1566 1/2 1568 1/2 1570 1/2 1572 1/2 1574 1/2 1576 1/2 1578 1/2 1580 1/2 1582 1/2 1584 1/2 1586 1/2 1588 1/2 1590 1/2 1592 1/2 1594 1/2 1596 1/2 1598 1/2 1600 1/2 1602 1/2 1604 1/2 1606 1/2 1608 1/2 1610 1/2 1612 1/2 1614 1/2 1616 1/2 1618 1/2 1620 1/2 1622 1/2 1624 1/2 1626 1/2 1628 1/2 1630 1/2 1632 1/2 1634 1/2 1636 1/2 1638 1/2 1640 1/2 1642 1/2 1644 1/2 1646 1/2 1648 1/2 1650 1/2 1652 1/2 1654 1/2 1656 1/2 1658 1/2 1660 1/2 1662 1/2 1664 1/2 1666 1/2 1668 1/2 1670 1/2 1672 1/2 1674 1/2 1676 1/2 1678 1/2 1680 1/2 1682 1/2 1684 1/2 1686 1/2 1688 1/2 1690 1/2 1692 1/2 1694 1/2 1696 1/2 1698 1/2 1700 1/2 1702 1/2 1704 1/2 1706 1/2 1708 1/2 1710 1/2 1712 1/2 1714 1/2 1716 1/2 1718 1/2 1720 1/2 1722 1/2 1724 1/2 1726 1/2 1728 1/2 1730 1/2 1732 1/2 1734 1/2 1736 1/2 1738 1/2 1740 1/2 1742 1/2 1744 1/2 1746 1/2 1748 1/2 1750 1/2 1752 1/2 1754 1/2 1756 1/2 1758 1/2 1760 1/2 1762 1/2 1764 1/2 1766 1/2 1768 1/2 1770 1/2 1772 1/2 1774 1/2 1776 1/2 1778 1/2 1780 1/2 1782 1/2 1784 1/2 1786 1/2 1788 1/2 1790 1/2 1792 1/2 1794 1/2 1796 1/2 1798 1/2 1800 1/2 1802 1/2 1804 1/2 1806 1/2 1808 1/2 1810 1/2 1812 1/2 1814 1/2 1816 1/2 1818 1/2 1820 1/2 1822 1/2 1824 1/2 1826 1/2 1828 1/2 1830 1/2 1832 1/2 1834 1/2 1836 1/2 1838 1/2 1840 1/2 1842 1/2 1844 1/2 1846 1/2 1848 1/2 1850 1/2 1852 1/2 1854 1/2 1856 1/2 1858 1/2 1860 1/2 1862 1/2 1864 1/2 1866 1/2 1868 1/2 1870 1/2 1872 1/2 1874 1/2 1876 1/2 1878 1/2 1880 1/2 1882 1/2 1884 1/2 1886 1/2 1888 1/2 1890 1/2 1892 1/2 1894 1/2 1896 1/2 1898 1/2 1900 1/2 1902 1/2 1904 1/2 1906 1/2 1908 1/2 1910 1/2 1912 1/2 1914 1/2 1916 1/2 1918 1/2 1920 1/2 1922 1/2 1924 1/2 1926 1/2 1928 1/2 1930 1/2 1932 1/2 1934 1/2 1936 1/2 1938 1/2 1940 1/2 1942 1/2 1944 1/2 1946 1/2 1948 1/2 1950 1/2 1952 1/2 1954 1/2 1956 1/2 1958 1/2 1960 1/2 1962 1/2 1964 1/2 1966 1/2 1968 1/2 1970 1/2 1972 1/2 1974 1/2 1976 1/2 1978 1/2 1980 1/2 1982 1/2 1984 1/2 1986 1/2 1988 1/2 1990 1/2 1992 1/2 1994 1/2 1996 1/2 1998 1/2 2000 1/2 2002 1/2 2004 1/2 2006 1/2 2008 1/2 2010 1/2 2012 1/2 2014 1/2 2016 1/2 2018 1/2 2020 1/2 2022 1/2 2024 1/2 2026 1/2 2028 1/2 2030 1/2 2032 1/2 2034 1/2 2036 1/2 2038 1/2 2040 1/2 2042 1/2 2044 1/2 2046 1/2 2048 1/2 2050 1/2 2052 1/2 2054 1/2 2056 1/2 2058 1/2 2060 1/2 2062 1/2 2064 1/2 2066 1/2 2068 1/2 2070 1/2 2072 1/2 2074 1/2 2076 1/2 2078 1/2 2080 1/2 2082 1/2 2084 1/2 2086 1/2 2088 1/2 2090 1/2 2092 1/2 2094 1/2 2096 1/2 2098 1/2 2100 1/2 2102 1/2 2104 1/2 2106 1/2 2108 1/2 2110 1/2 2112 1/2 2114 1/2 2116 1/2 2118 1/2 2120 1/2 2122 1/2 2124 1/2 2126 1/2 2128 1/2 2130 1/2 2132 1/2 2134 1/2 2136 1/2 2138 1/2 2140 1/2 2142 1/2 2144 1/2 2146 1/2 2148 1/2 2150 1/2 2152 1/2 2154 1/2 2156 1/2 2158 1/2 2160 1/2 2162 1/2 2164 1/2 2166 1/2 2168 1/2 2170 1/2 2172 1/2 2174 1/2 2176 1/2 2178 1/2 2180 1/2 2182 1/2 2184 1/2 2186 1/2 2188 1/2 2190 1/2 2192 1/2 2194 1/2 2196 1/2 2198 1/2 2200 1/2 2202 1/2 2204 1/2 2206 1/2 2208 1/2 2210 1/2 2212 1/2 2214 1/2 2216 1/2 2218 1/2 2220 1/2 2222 1/2 2224 1/2 2226 1/2 2228 1/2 2230 1/2 2232 1/2 2234 1/2 2236 1/2 2238 1/2 2240 1/2 2242 1/2 2244 1/2 2246 1/2 2248 1/2 2250 1/2 2252 1/2 2254 1/2 2256 1/2 2258 1/2 2260 1/2 2262 1/2 2264 1/2 2266 1/2 2268 1/2 2270 1/2 2272 1/2 2274 1/2 2276 1/2 2278 1/2 2280 1/2 2282 1/2 2284 1/2 2286 1/2 2288 1/2 2290 1/2 2292 1/



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Page 4: Photofest (Eden).

Page 7: H. Armstrong Roberts (boy); Cynthia Johnson/Gamma-Liaison (Atwater); UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Capote); Photofest (bracelet).

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Page 32: Frederic Lewis (man with microphone); Kathy Savage/Ron Galella, Ltd. (Tarnower); Bob Evans/LGI (Smith).

Page 34: Photofest (Boxleitner, Wagner, MacCorkindale, Eden, Roberts, Hexum, Clokey).

Page 35: Photofest (fans).

Page 36: John Brodie (house).

Page 38: H. Armstrong Roberts (beakers).

Page 67: Sara Barrett (Monheit); Culver Pictures (Narcissus).

Page 68: Michael P. McLaughlin (freshener).

Page 70: Culver Pictures (God).

Page 71: Darryl A. Turner/museum (man).

Page 74: Courtesy of The New York Times (Gelb, Rosenthal); Bill Aller/NY Times studio (Frankel).

Page 78: Frederic Lewis (store).

Page 79: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (bottom left photo on book).

Page 81: Howard Frank (Hollywood Squares); John Messina/Black Star (Buckley).

Page 82: Ron Galella, Ltd. (Kissinger); AP/Wide World Photos (Brzezinski).

Page 83: Ron Sachs/Uniphoto (Gorbachev); AP/Wide World Photos (Leno); Frederic Lewis (bridge); AP/Wide World Photos (people).

Page 84: Sygma (B-2); Frederic Lewis (field).

Page 85: Michael P. McLaughlin (chess set, figure).

Page 86: UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos (Khrushchev).

Page 87: AP/Wide World Photos (guard); Michael P. McLaughlin (phone).

Pages 88-89: Peter Gridley/FPG (palm trees); Lee Salem (Simpson).

Page 91: Peter C. Borsari (Cruise); Henry Groskinsky (office).

Page 93: Marazzo/Ron Galella, Ltd. (Cruise); Photofest (Beals); Bruce Talamon (Murphy).

Page 97: Peter C. Borsari (Simpson, left); Scott Downie/Celebrity Photo (Simpson, right); Henry Groskinsky (Simpson at home).

Page 102: Photofest (Liberace); Ewing Galloway (coins).

Page 103: Photofest (men); Frederic Lewis (bullion); Culver Pictures (teeth).

Pages 104-5: H. Armstrong Roberts (cemetery).

Page 105: Frederic Lewis (miner, teeth).

Page 107: Marina Garnier (Price).

Page 108: Marina Garnier (Price).

Page 110: Arnold Adler and Crain Communications Inc. (Price).

Pages 126-7: Patrick McMullan (Adams, Savalas, Barrows, Cavett, Haden-Guest unbuttoning shirt and biting leg, Brill with Montauk and Colacello, Lawford, Neal, Clemente).

LET'S

GIGGLE!

Editor Harold "Hal"

Rubenstein is a literary

Joy Buzzer

BY WALTER KIRN

On August 2, 1989—a day that will live in publishing history—the offices of Forbes Incorporated issued an oddly worded press release announcing the development of an oddly titled new magazine, *Egg*. Set to debut this month and targeted

at a readership of free-spending urban insomniacs (a group the press release refers to as "the zestfully awake ones in New York, Los Angeles, and other major metro areas"), *Egg* represents Malcolm Forbes's reaction to his unsuccessful bid to buy the more straightforwardly titled *Interview*. Presumably, Forbes's hopes for *Egg* are twofold: first, that it will widen his influence over America's aging CEOs to include their club-hopping, trust-fund-wielding offspring; and second, that it will widen his influence over his own trust-fund-wielding child Timothy "non-Kip" Forbes, who was promptly named "president" of *Egg*. (Reportedly, the modish Timothy was growing increasingly restless in his role as chief of the widely respected but seldom-read *American Heritage*.)

Thus the idea for *Egg* was born—the spawn of an old adventurer's stubbornness and a young man's need to get in touch with his hitherto thwarted wild side. But as if to quell any suspicions that *Egg* would be merely a vanity project—perhaps the Forbes equivalent of Princess Stephanie's swimwear "collection"—the press release named as *Egg*'s editor a figure whose year-round carrot tan and

dippy, epigrammatic writing style were already fabled throughout New York: Harold "Hal" Rubenstein.

The story of how Hal got his job at *Egg*—and with it a fighting chance to form the nineties in his own, Richard Simmons-meets-Harrison Ford, decidedly late-seventies image—has a fairy-tale-like quality. "I went in to interview Malcolm for a piece I was writing," Hal told an acquaintance, "and three hours later, when I came out, I had my own magazine!" Hal's miraculous story, true or not, jibes with another tale he tells, that of his first big break as a writer back in the early eighties. Young Hal, a caterer at the time, was working a party for *Details* editor Annie Flanders when the two of them got to talking. The next thing Hal knew, the powerful editor had hired him as her restaurant critic! Is there any better explanation for why *Details* is the magazine it is?

What is it about Hal Rubenstein, one wonders, that makes his wildest dreams come so abruptly and unexpectedly true? "He's a classic, old-fashioned poseur," says a freelance writer who claims, not very convincingly, to be a friend of Hal's. "At movie screenings," says the friend, "he always comes a little late and makes a big show of not knowing where to sit. This way he gets to strut back and forth in front of the crowded room." When pressed for further evidence of Hal's irresistible magnetism, the friend resorts to metaphor: "He reminds me of a best-of-breed show dog—kind of nervous, kind of high-strung, but also kind of attractive, in a vacant, meaningless sort of way."

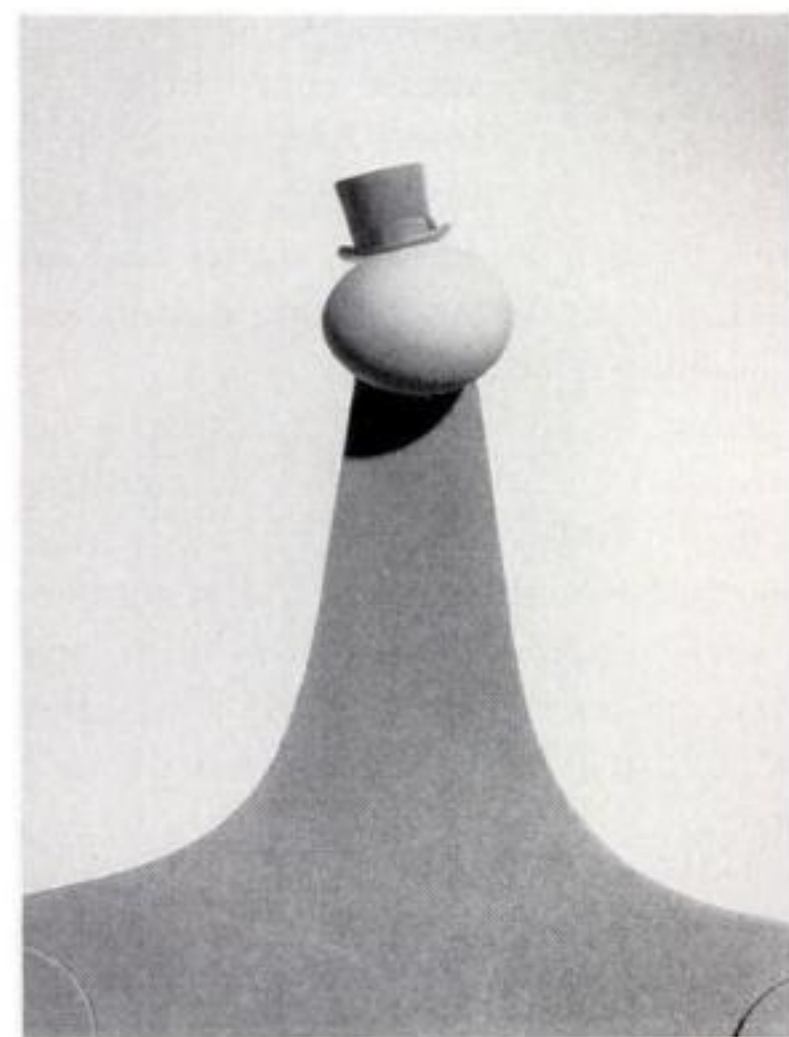
At last we understand.

But perhaps not fully. Vacant, show-dog good looks may land you a bartender's job at Stringfellow's, but they usually aren't sufficient *in themselves* to gain you the helm of an eleven-by-eleven-inch glossy magazine aimed at the nation's spherical elite ("*Egg* readers are the ball bearings in social wheels," said the press kit of this loyal audience, masterfully glossing over the fact that not a single copy of *Egg* had as yet been purchased by anyone). No, the secret of Hal's success—his peculiarly contemporary rise from fey, chatty caterer to literary chef—must have another, more *tangible* basis. And of course it does. As Malcolm Forbes himself explained to the press, he hired Hal Rubenstein on the strength of his "spar-

kling observations."

Observations, one has to assume, such as this one from Hal's television column in *7 Days*: "Little House on the Prairie is Father Knows Best in candlelight with a body wave." *How true*. Or maybe this was the aperçu that made Forbes light up, also from *7 Days*: "The concept of the miniseries is being broodily re-regarded as a Byzantinely brocaded Scaasi worn to a White Castle." Broodily—*touché*! Or could it be that Malcolm Forbes (whose highly developed taste for verbal elegance is borne out every two weeks in *Forbes's* Other Comments section and in the must-read closing page, Thoughts on the Business of Life) fell for Hal after reading in *Details*, "I never use this phrase because it's overused by chintz-lovers and too many Iranians, but this is barbecued chicken to die for now"? *I sure am glad he used it this time!*, Forbes can almost be heard to exclaim.

Setting out stylistic rules of thumb and then breaking them is one of Harold



"Hal" Rubenstein's favorite rhetorical tricks. In what he likes to refer to as "my column in *The New Yorker*" (a weekly unsigned demiparagraph in the listings section, known as Edge of Night Life), Rubenstein made a list one week of the language's dumbest adjectives (*divine*, *gnarly*, *rad*) and then proceeded to wacky up his copy by using *every single one*. He has assured his fans that he will continue writing this "column," which he dismisses as "a finger exercise," even while masterminding the launch of *Egg*. It's good news, because, after all, where else can we turn for a steady diet of Byzantinely brocaded similes that

have the shape, if not the wit, of jokes? In *The New Yorker* Rubenstein has apparently found an audience (or, at least, a group of editors) prepared to laugh at the merest trace of an epigram: in one installment, he has a club doorman "sensing that compensation for sitting on a parked car struck us as more askew than the Cure's Robert Smith's haircut." Effortless.

But perhaps we are being unfair to Hal, and to his newfound multimillionaire patron. Perhaps it was during their fateful three-hour meeting that Forbes became enamored of Hal's "sparkle," for it could be that Hal shines brighter in conversation than he does on the page. Determined to learn the truth, we asked several people who know him—including Hal himself—to help us assemble a file of his sayings on topics both sacred and profane. Herewith, a brief selection.

Hal on Woody Allen's *Crimes and Misdemeanors*: "I mean, blow me! I could have had more fun at home, sucking on my middle toe."

On people: "The only people I don't like are people who are mean to people."

On history: "I'm not the prophetic type. As far as the magazine coming out in the nineties, I think it's more a coincidence in time than anything else."

On music: "I love Debbie Gibson. In fact, the entire staff loves Debbie Gibson."

On his pet peeve: "Indian food! I *hate* Indian food! It's worse than anything I've ever swallowed!"

On his editorial philosophy: "I just like the way I look at things."

On the meaning of *Egg*: "An egg is this round thing a chicken lays.... Plus it's a neat word—it's a giggle.... Not to mention the whole which-came-first thing."

On the content of *Egg*: "You know, the stuff in the corners of the TV screen."

On joy: "I think there's a lot more fun to be had than what people are having. Basically, I think it's a lot more interesting to look in the corners."

On what he means by *the corners*: "The corners of the TV screen. You know."

On religion: "Remember that H. L. Mencken quote that God is a comedian with an audience that's afraid to laugh? Well, that's basically it—I just find a lot of things very humorous."

Us, afraid to laugh? Not anymore we aren't. The delirious, giggle-packed *Egg* decade has begun! **D**

MAKING

IT

*When big things happen
to little people*

BY ELLIS WEINER

By the time you read these words, I'll be dead. Then again, maybe not. I'm speaking figuratively. By the time you read



these words, a book of which I'm coauthor (insert discreetly encrypted plug here: SRENNAM REWOLFYAM, published by YA-

DELBUOD) will have been in the stores about a month—just long enough to judge if it'll "take off," "hold its own" or "bomb." (Note that all three evoke, surely significantly, the *Enola Gay* and its epochal mission of carnage and destruction.) During odd moments of introspection I find myself hoping it will be staggeringly, blindingly successful—this not so much for the sake of others as for my own. Because I'm ready for The Big Score.

Let us not pretend we don't know what I'm talking about. Almost everyone in New York and its intellectual suburbs has some expectation of The Big Score in his or her chosen field of endeavor: a hit single; a best-seller; making partner; being bought out; getting tenure; having that screenplay actually filmed; being named department chairman, creative director, editor in chief, president. The Big Score can of course include, or even be defined as, a lot of money, but it mainly implies an ascension to a higher and more powerful professional plateau, a quantum leap of the résumé after which nothing will ever be the same, or at least not in the same way.

There may be an anthropological dimension to this (an assertion one can and should apply to just about anything): The Big Score has the feel of a sanctified,

credible rite of passage, one of those somber, mystical tribal ceremonies in places like Tanganyika and New Guinea through which boys become men, girls become women, couples are united and so forth—incontrovertibly life-changing events of which modern Western culture is so famously, proudly bankrupt.

But there is also, inevitably, an individual human dimension. Note the *The*. It denotes one's feeling of entitlement to The Big Score—or if not to this impending one, then to a subsequent one, sooner or later but certainly *eventually*. The Big Score is a gift of fate, or a reward for being a "genius." The Big Score is that one with your name on it on the shelf over there, to which you have an inalienable right because everybody else seems to be getting one.

But perhaps I'm revealing more about myself than I know, like the guy at the party who blurts out after his third manly bourbon, "You know how when you're in bed with a girl and you start making noises like a Formula One racer?" and then waits, in vain, for the general assent.

The grown-up desires a Big Score

as much as the next guy,

*but he does not gnash his regularly
flossed teeth over it*

Maybe it's just my generation, as others have suggested, that grew up with a sense of entitlement—to success, money, health, security, sex, love, fine wines, front-row seats and, by inference, The Big Score.

Granted. But I think certain professions nurture expectation of The Big Score regardless of one's age or expertise in pretending otherwise. Take writing. As all students of literature, from the most casual of dilettantes (they know who they are) to the most serious of dilettantes (I know who I am), are aware, writers—and artists, actors, directors and anyone else whose professional fate depends on the subjective response of an audience—must, in time, succumb to a

gnawing feeling of being *due*.

And then there is the success of mediocrities. This phenomenon, available for study not only in the various arts but in every other profession on earth, lends bite and snap to one's feeling of deserving The Big Score. If a mediocrity like, say, X can score big with the overrated, gimmicky, not-even-good-on-its-own-impoverished-terms A, surely one can score *bigger* with one's vastly superior B! This assumption lasts as long as it takes for B to yield a Little Score, after which it is replaced with the axiom "Look, what can I tell you—we don't live in a meritocracy." Then, when new project C starts to take shape, the cycle begins all over again.

Enter the grown-up, who more and more seems to resemble a description I read years ago of Captain Frank Furillo: Furillo, this critic or pundit said, was like "a man who has been successfully psychoanalyzed." The grown-up is able (God knows how) simultaneously to inhabit the subjectivity of his feelings and to apply some objectivity via his intelligence. To the grown-up, The Big Score is an infantile—oh, all right, an adolescent—narcissistic fantasy of power projection. (This may not be correctly worded in a technical sense. In fact, I'm making it up. But you know what I mean when I talk about narcissism. I know you do. You have to, because I want you to.)

The grown-up desires a Big Score as much as the next guy, but he does not gnash his regularly flossed teeth over it. Note that his Big Score is *a*, not *The*—he knows that entitlement has practical meaning chiefly as a federal budget category. He works toward self-defined goals and accepts or rejects their rewards with the knowledge that at the heart of each plum is a stone, and that every bonus exacts its price. (Yes, yes, and absolute power corrupts absolutely; we know all that. What about the money? The grown-up takes the money, but only if its cost—fealty to the corporation, entrapment in a luxe life-style—is one he is willing to pay.) He doesn't waltz around feeling foreordained about it all and then stamp his little foot if the dreamed-for success fails to materialize on schedule. Does that betoken a lack of go-for-it confidence? No. It betokens a lack of being a spoiled brat. And it makes the Score, should it come, feel especially Big. ■

CASHING IN

ON CREDIBILITY

*Would George Washington
have done commercials?*

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

Is it just me, or what? Correct me if I'm wrong. But my understanding is that certain Americans devise, with difficulty, certain licks, moves and expressions of fact and feeling that carry credence. And then capitalism comes along and tries to turn those licks, moves and expressions of fact and feeling into means for selling doodads.



Now, we all know that prosperity depends on the selling of doodads. But *credence* depends on telling the truth. And the truth about doodads is that some of them work and some of them don't, and even the ones that do work don't often work to the extent that advertising says they do.

So. How come Tip O'Neill and Norman Mailer did commercials for an airline owned by a man to whom this magazine often refers as a short-fingered vulgarian? I didn't think self-respecting people would even *fly* on the son of a bitch.

Alexander Haig and Don King also appeared in these commercials. Al Haig is an act. Don King is an act. Who cares what they do? But I thought—I know, I know, this is really uncool, but I thought Tip O'Neill and Norman Mailer, like, *stood* for things.

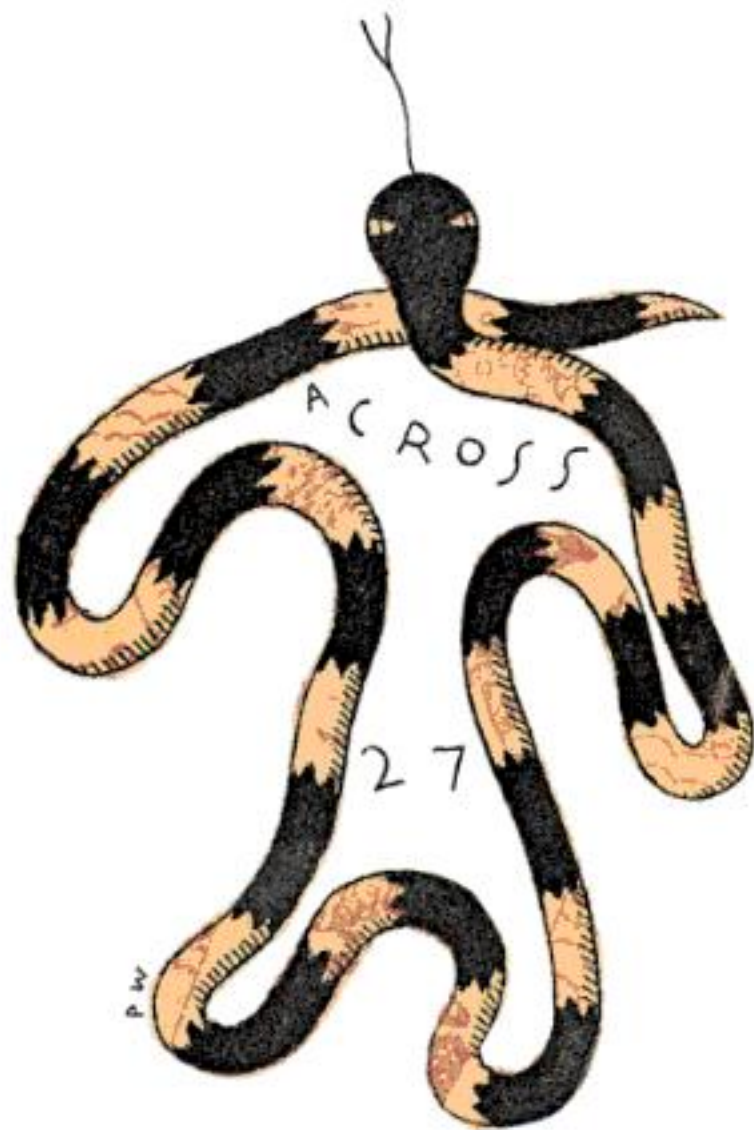
With respect to advertising, I am not, myself, wholly virginal. I try not to denounce things that I have not tried. ("Once a philosopher," goes the saying, "twice a pervert." I don't know who said this. Was he a philosopher? Did he ever repeat it? If

he never did, was it because he didn't believe in saying things twice or because he had started doing things twice?) I have done things that the late Samuel Beckett would not have done. (I assume that Beckett never did a commercial. Hard to picture that craggy visage intoning, "I can't go on. I will go on. Thanks to heaping bowls of Nut & Honey.")

In 1975 I did a beer commercial that was broadcast in the Pittsburgh area a number of times. I liked that kind of beer. I needed the money.

I worked in a plug for my first book. But now that I am making a living writing what I want to say, why would I get into the business of saying what somebody else wants me to say?

Some years ago I wrote an uncensored signed paragraph of "shirt criticism" for a



clothing-store chain's catalog in return for three shirts and a now-defunct discount card. In retrospect I feel that that was a bad idea, but I am willing to make speeches, for money, to people like lawyers. (Once I even addressed a business association that included, I learned to my horror, companies that specialized in peddling products by phone. And by mail—I sat next to an envelope manufacturer who said, "If you ever saw envelopes being

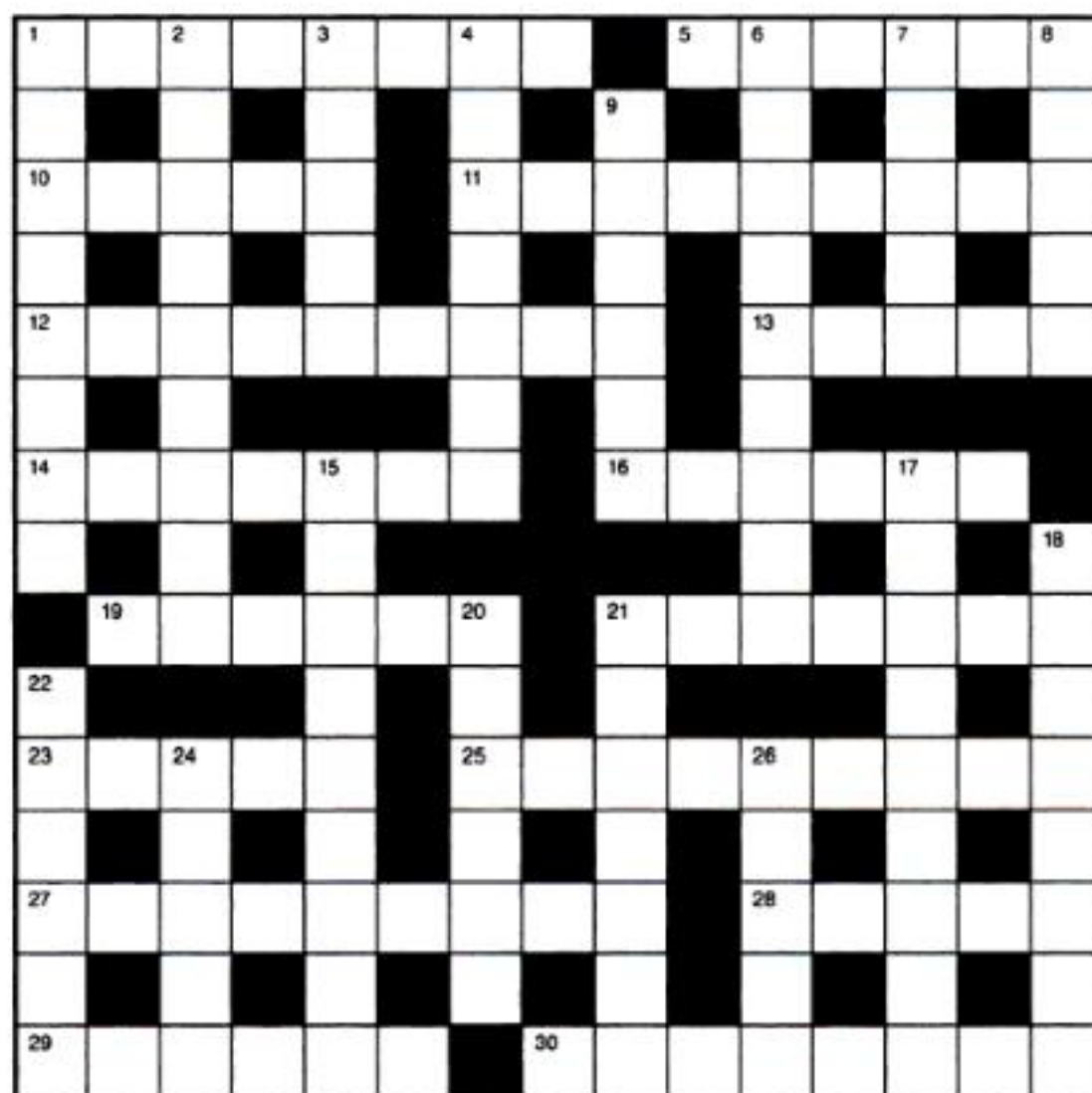
made, you'd never lick one.") Not only am I willing for my own works to be advertised, I am touched by the gesture.

I have, however, declined to become the TV spokesman for a stockbroking company and a cellular-phone company, and to be the voice of a radio ad for a discount-store chain, and I've rejected a feeler for a national beer commercial. I also passed on the chance to write a brief story for a magazine-ad tribute to storytelling sponsored by a telephone company.

You may think, therefore, that I am a fool. Especially since I have, in fact, frequently drunk that beer and patronized that discount chain. ("Shop at So-and-so," I could have said in all candor, "if you belong to, or would like to keep in touch with, the lower lower middle class.") But I didn't feel right about being paid to say so. I hate all telephone companies. And I don't know anything about cellular phones or stockbroking.

This southern stockbroking firm wanted me to do a spiel whose punch line was "Southern...and smart." It took me a while to figure out what was wrong with that concept: it was not much different from "Southern...but smart." My people have never served themselves well by *claiming* to be smart. Jimmy Carter, for instance, claimed to be a nuclear physicist, and then it came out that he wasn't a physicist and he couldn't pronounce *nuclear*.

So let me assure you that I don't know a whole lot. But I do know that when a person whose medium is free speech shows up in a commercial, it makes people doubt that free speech *means* anything.



ACROSS

1. Hustling for coin. (8)
5. Scratch low Los Angeles/Hollywood front. (6)
10. Theme of Missouri: suitable regression. (5)
11. What Tip still has that's pure: what he confused with beginning of *Rocky II*. (5,4)
12. Swimming green seas with alacrity. (9)
13. Antipathy consumes half of U.S. with speed. (5)
14. Former number one gentleman, in short, is requiring a great deal. (7)
16. Oddly, Ailes and I communicate. (6)
19. Journalist's name alongside business. (6)
21. Driving hazard in grass where golf ball should go. (7)
23. In a way, half-truths proceed proudly. (5)
25. One cheek, Ed, is slapdash. (4-5)
27. What Satan may take and people run true to. (5,4)
28. Donahue's wife is moral...sort of. (5)
29. Dancer and Prancer missing! That is, present. (6)
30. Bourbon without old father's pop. (8)

DOWN

1. Mr. Si peed messily and foolishly smiled. (8)
2. Honesty confuses tiny tiger. (9)
3. Rifle exploded, and he's in for keeps. (5)
4. Quaint sixties political concept flew wildly into net. (3, 4)
6. Hate-prone corrected by type of surgery. (4-5)
7. People who pretend to be earnest in commercials go with the wind up right inside. (5)
8. Sold intimate favors, we hear—to a great mass of people. (5)
9. Glitz is strangely silent. (6)
15. Weird sixteen with cold energy being... (9)
17. ...paid for by snoops agitated over Communist. (9)
18. Calamity Jane and Wild Bill lie here with useless workers. (8)
20. Crazy hens to form cultural group. (6)
21. What commercials say tires have in them—could be more ply. (7)
22. Biblical queen in finest heroic tradition. (6)
24. Polanski's kind of nose. (5)
26. Decapitated lunatic is person responsible for commercials. (5)

Answers appear on page 120.



Society lapdog Christopher Mason and society patroness Judy Peabody. That's right, "Separated at Birth?" *live*—the eighties magazine feature becomes a nineties life-style craze!



PLEASE STAND Some church-basement production of *The Lion in Winter*? A Manhattan courtiers' cabal? Or something we'd rather not know about? Whatever the case, likable, well-fed designer Geoffrey Beene is on his knees in front of likable, well-fed decorator Mario Buatta.

At Bukhara, more-accurate-than-Liz Smith gossipist Cindy Adams and delusional memoirist Shelley Winters apparently arguing over who is wearing the louder print.



WHEEZY RIDER Why does Malcolm Forbes ride a Harley-Davidson? Because it's a surefire way to get babes—and what's more, to get them to lift up their skirts, as Argentine beef baroness Amalita Fortabat did recently outside The Plaza.



CELEBRITY OSMOSIS In the intensely monitored world of big-game celebrity, a moment of limelight can be experienced by anyone occupying space even *near* a famous person. (1) At the Crane Club, two fortuitously seated diners thrill to their proximity to swimwear designer-night-life fossil Carmen D'Alessio—and to the flashbulbs she attracts. And (2) at Regine's, 1970s-revival beneficiary Telly Savalas is only too pleased to share the adulation of paparazzi with socialite—Roseanne Barr impersonator Aline Franzen.



Guess what Sydney Biddle Barrows was for Halloween.

PARTY poop



DEPTH PERCEPTION It may be more romantic to kiss with the eyes closed, but it's riskier too. (1) At a benefit, Pat Kennedy Lawford shares an intimate nasal embrace with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. And (2) at Helen Hayes's birthday party, Patricia Neal and low-tech therapist Ann Landers demonstrate the double-edged dangers of kissing with eyes closed *and* mouth open wide.

At Mortimer's, having taken it upon himself to stand outside and keep low-rent gawkers at bay, close-friend-free millionaire Donald Trump poked one particularly shabby-looking old gent and seemed to say, *Move along, fella*. Or, perhaps, *Hey, guy—check out my new cummerbundless-sateen-Sansabelt-waistband look!*



SMUG SHOT Diamond dealer John Reinhold intently studies eighties painter Francesco Clemente, trying to learn how to make his face into the contemptuously bemused and self-satisfied expression required of art-world somebodies these days.



As a way to showcase and offset her new, ersatz-Bardot look for the very early nineties, former fatgirl and current wig-abusing mannequin model Dianne Brill deliberately poses with tired old eighties party hacks Haoui Montaug, Bob Colacello and their respective chins.



BYRD IN HAND (1) At the Bombay Palace, liberal-minded TV hosts Robin Byrd and Dick Cavett swap strategies on how to get talk show guests to reveal themselves. (2) Another busy night, while celebrating the publication of Michael Musto's *Manhattan on the Rocks*, Byrd is waylaid by the legendary charm of hardworking journalist and SPY Ironman emeritus Anthony Haden-Guest—who may be keen to appear on her quasi-pornographic cable show, if (3,4,5) a few recent impromptu café appearances are any indication.



KA-BLAMM! KLU-KLUNK!

are the sounds emanating from the Avenue of the Americas in our New, Improved New York, where the formerly traffic-and-pedestrian-clogged thoroughfare is blocked off and turned into a giant bumper-car-drome. Hurling oneself and several hundred pounds of metal at a stranger is the way to relieve pent-up stress at the end of the day (perhaps even the stress caused by not being able to drive or walk up one of the city's main avenues). And besides being a natural beta-blocker, careering in free-range bumper cars is downright frolicsome and — like so many other quintessential New York experiences — stylishly exclusive. Toddlers, leveraged-buyout artists and theatrical agents need not apply; the height requirement is stringently enforced by the MTA.

For people who like to smoke...



LIGHTS
Regular
and
Menthol.

BENSON & HEDGES

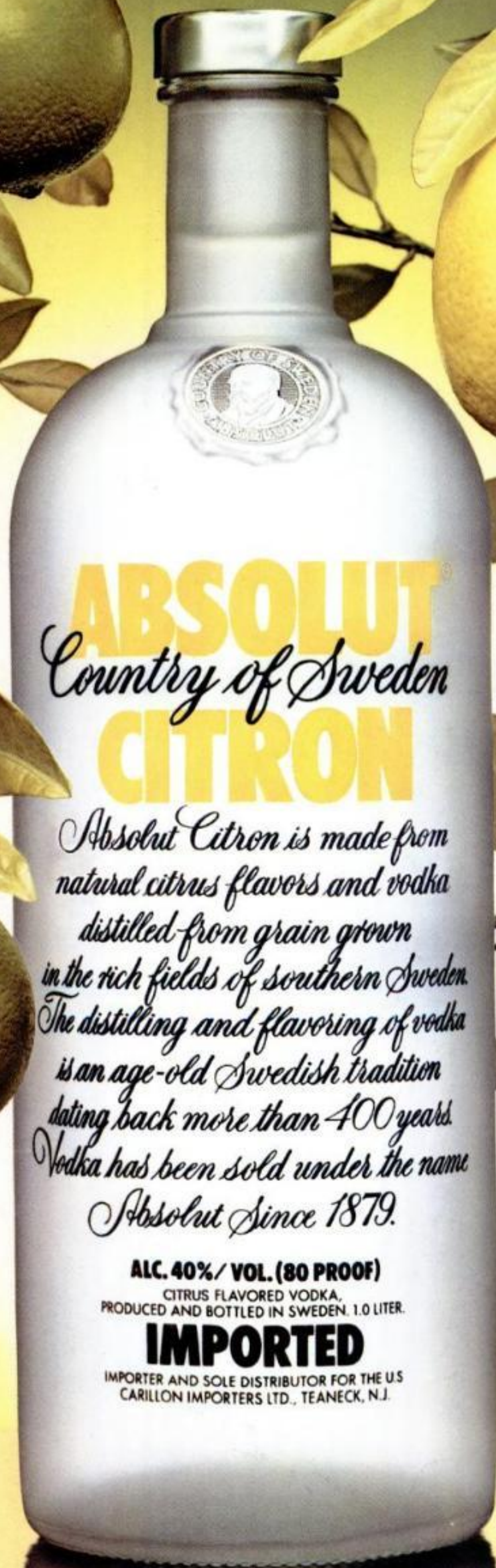
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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Regular: 10 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Menthol: 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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